ARK MASQUERADE— AND CRIME AND REDEMPTIO

CAN YOU DISCOVER THE ILLUSTRIOUS ANONYMOUS AUTHOR?

MAY 23,
1936

Liberty

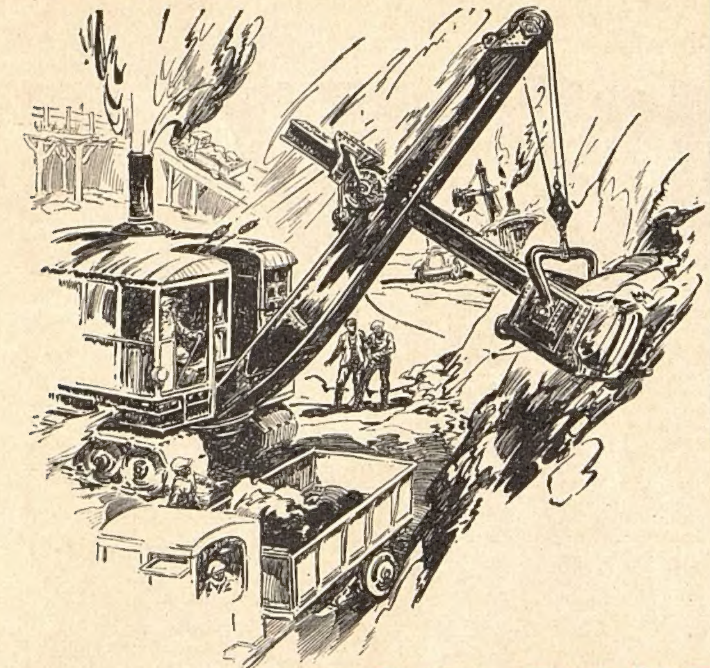
5¢

A FIRST-HAND REVELATION— WHAT COMMUNISTS PLAN FOR YOU—

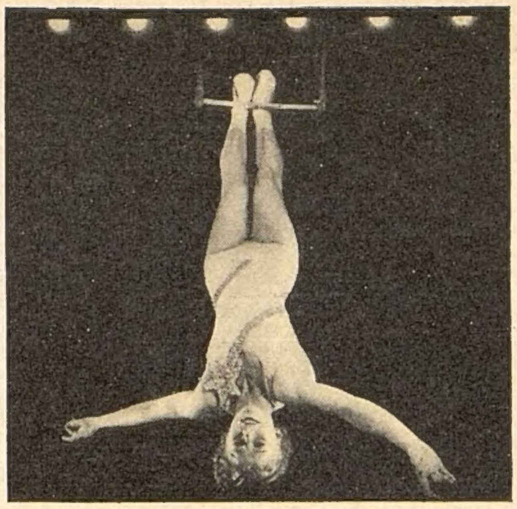
YOU CAN'T SAY ANYTHING
YOU CAN'T WRITE ANYTHING
YOU CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING
YOU CAN'T GO ANYWHERE
YOU CAN'T LEARN ANYTHING
YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING—
EXCEPT WHAT YOU'RE TOLD

Read These Facts— Told for the First Time

"WORK COMES FIRST . . . eating, second," says Bob Duffey, steam-shovel operator. "Camels make even a quick meal taste and feel good."



ENGINEER of the C. & N. W. "400," A. L. Spear (*above*), says: "To keep in condition, I light up a Camel after meals. It makes digestion easier."



WHIRLING UPSIDE DOWN. Vera Kimris (*above*) of the New York hit, "Jumbo," says: "Thanks to Camels, I get added enjoyment out of my food."

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . . SMOKE CAMELS

Scientific research shows that the comforting experience of smoking Camels definitely promotes good digestion

Good digestion depends largely on the unhindered flow of the digestive fluids. Unfortunately, hurry, worry, and noise slow down this necessary flow.

Smoking Camels *renews and increases* the secretion of the digestive fluids. Camels encourage digestion. That is one reason why you feel so cheered when you enjoy the delightful flavor and mildness of Camels after a delightful meal. Smoke Camels with meals, between meals—as often as you like. They never get on your nerves or tire your taste. Camels set you right!

DINING AT THE
PIERRE
IN NEW YORK

What will you have? It's pleasant to imagine. Perhaps *Borsch Polonaise,* then *Suprême* of Halibut *à la Russe,* a Camel . . . a crisp salad . . . *demi-tasse* and—Camels. "Camels are by far the most popular cigarette here," says M. Bonaudi, banquet manager of the Pierre. Camels are part of the art of dining.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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She Learned in Her Grade School

The new technique against "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

MOTHERS AND FATHERS—you will be glad, in years to come, if you wisely decide today to encourage the practice of Ipana and massage in your own family.

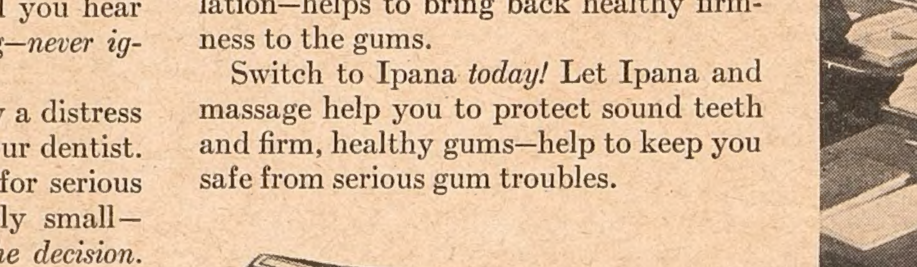
This common-sense rule for dental health is emphasized more and more each year—yes, even in the schools of the country. You hear it from dental authorities—you hear it from nurses and teachers—. "Use Ipana with massage to guard sound teeth and healthy gums." And you hear constantly that sober warning—*never ignore "pink tooth brush."*

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a distress signal. When you see it—see your dentist. The chances of your being in for serious gum trouble are comparatively small—*but your dentist should make the decision.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender and flabby under our modern soft food diet—gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—and as your dentist will so often advise—gums that will be helped with *Ipana* and *massage.*

For Ipana is designed for a double duty—to care for the gums as well as the teeth. Simply rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, with brush or fingertip, every time you clean your teeth. It starts new circulation—helps to bring back healthy firmness to the gums.

Switch to Ipana *today!* Let Ipana and massage help you to protect sound teeth and firm, healthy gums—help to keep you safe from serious gum troubles.

• Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MAY 23, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 21

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Inciting to Riot

BERNARR MACFADDEN

STRANGE things are happening in this country of ours. And the climax of dangerous experiment has surely been reached in the Federal Theater Project, which presents a Communist propaganda play financed by the United States government.

The thing surpasses belief, but there it is: the red, white, and blue official emblem, U. S. A. WORK PROGRAM, WPA, on the doors of the Biltmore Theater, in New York City, while the drama of hate unfolds within.

We must admire the skill and cheek of the fellows who are working this racket. Their comrades, who are crudely rioting in the WPA headquarters building, are amateurs. Mr. Victor F. Ridder, the administrator, promptly issued night sticks, had their heads cracked, and spoke out in meeting about it. Before the New York Rotary Club at the Commodore Hotel he said recently:

"We try to be rough. We are rough. And we are going to be rougher. I am an old-fashioned American. We are not going to stand around and let these cheap rats of agitators fasten their name and tag of vermin on our workers. If there is anything I really want to earn, it is the undying hatred of this crowd of cheap Communists."

Brave words from an official of the national administration in these sad confusing days. For the same people are in the Biltmore Theater, not very far from Mr. Ridder's office, inciting thousands to renewed violence—with American taxpayers' money!

We must get out of our heads, once and for all time, the idea that the Communists in America are a political party. They are nothing of the kind. They are a *revolutionary junta* working day and night to overthrow our society and government—not by ballots but by a bloody uprising of an armed minority in an hour of crisis. To print their ballots out of public funds is a crime against law and order. It should be stopped. In more than one European country it is now a felony to preach Communism or to join one of its "cells." It should be so here.

For they would not only smash our business world: they would destroy the church, the home, our liberties and our ideals, and blot the name of God from human speech. And on the ruins of it all they would build a great hogpen with a common slop trough. They would give us equality—yes!—and there would be no more unemployment. Of course not! All men and women would be *compelled* to work, under the lash of a Soviet overseer. Millions of *slaves* driven by a little group of *masters*.

History has no habits save the single one of repeating itself. This inexorable fact is worth remembering in the light of what happened one hundred and fifty years ago in the theater. Pierre Augustin Caron, who assumed the name of Beaumarchais, produced in the Théâtre Français an apparently innocent sequel to his earlier play, The Barber of Seville. It was called The Marriage of Figaro.

Beaumarchais, who had been confidentially employed by Louis XV and later by Louis XVI, previously had been invited to give a command performance in the Petit Trianon. Neither his royal patron nor Marie Antoinette recognized themselves as being lampooned. Later audiences in the Théâtre Français immediately sensed the inflammatory call to revolution. In the words of a subsequent historian: "Beaumarchais wished to fire a squib and he exploded a magazine." It was a spark which helped set France on fire—a conflagration that on January 21, 1793, cost Louis his head. Marie died under the same guillotine on October 16.

The astounding play at the Biltmore, Triple A Plowed Under, is done with skill and dramatic power. Its words are a mere smear of cheap sentiment, but the purpose of the dramatist must be found in the final emotions stirred in the minds of the audience.

In this case nothing is left to chance for any misunderstanding. Mr. Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party in America, is impersonated as one of the heroic characters of the play, making the climacteric speech denouncing the Supreme Court of the United States. From start to finish, the method used by the dramatist is to stir the ugliest passions of the poor against the rich and destroy the foundations of private property. In the grand finale we are all urged to join the so-called Communist-Farmer-Labor Party. The play is beautifully and artistically mounted and acted—with money from the United States Treasury!

We stand before the spectacle amazed and confused. At the Port of Authority Building on Eighth Avenue Mr. Ridder's guards are ordered to crack the heads of Communist rioters. Farther uptown, in a Federal Project theater, Communists are inciting the people to riot—financed by the same government that is cracking their heads at WPA headquarters.

With increasing wonder we ask how it is that our Relief Administration is infested with thousands of these crackbrained theorists who are grabbing salaries with one hand while they distribute their calls to violence with the other. Surely it is time to get out our rattraps and delousing machinery.

It is inconceivable that the President should knowingly be a party to these infamies.

We modestly inquire, then: Who is really running this country? Certainly Congress should begin at once an investigation that will uncover the mysterious high official somewhere in the shadows of Washington who is responsible for the present activities of Communists in our government service.

Bernarr Macfadden

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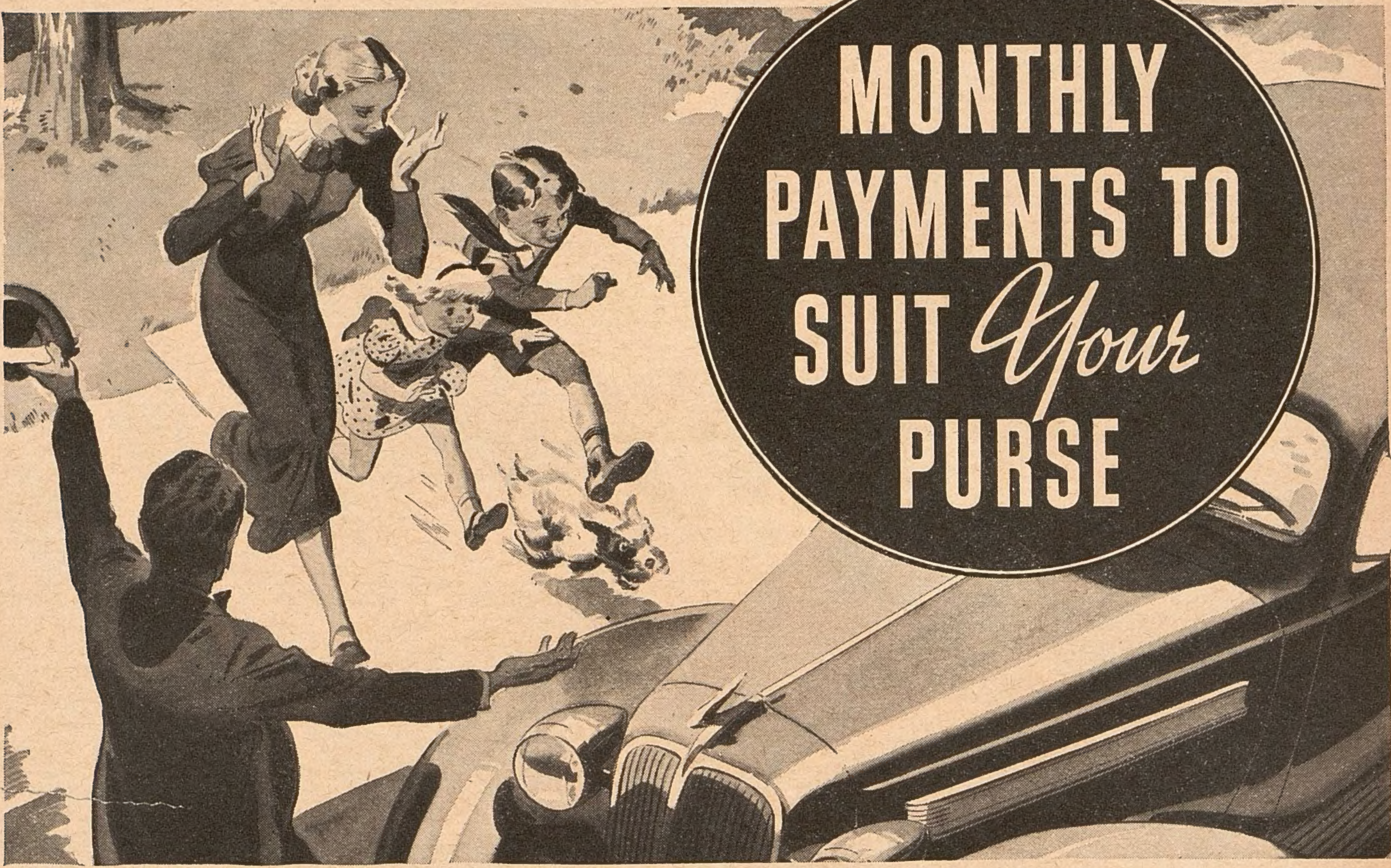
New car to suit the family?



The General Motors Instalment Plan enables dealers in General Motors cars to arrange the monthly payments best suited to your circumstances and the car you buy—whether the payments are $15, $20, $25, or any other amount per month.

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The most satisfactory and economical plan on which to buy a car on instalments is *the* plan which exactly suits your individual requirements.

Seldom are two instalment buyers in the same financial circumstances. They differ both in the amounts they can pay down—and in their ability to pay comfortably certain amounts per month.

If you agree to pay *more* per month than you can afford, your car may become a burden and not a pleasure. If you pay *less* per month than you can comfortably afford, you pay too much for a financing service you do not need.

The General Motors Instalment Plan makes it easy for you to figure yourself what the costs of various payment terms are—at ½ of 1% of the original balance per month—for example, 6% for 12 months. And it will pay you to compare costs on this plan with other plans. *When you do, be sure to include equally complete insurance protection.*

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Effortless SHAVING

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BLADES
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GEM
MICROMATIC
BLADES
SINGLEDGE

● How would *you* like a shave that seemed to *melt* away your whiskers, no effort, no scraping, no after-irritation? You needn't wish it any longer! It's here!

Treat your chin to Effortless Shaving —made possible by the Gem Micromatic. This razor puts into your own hand the easy, gliding stroke of the master barber. Its beveled top automatically fits every hillock and hollow, at the correct angle, flat against the skin. Instead of *scraping* hairs off mid-way, the Gem Micromatic ripples softly through lathered whiskers to leave you smooth as silk the first time over...

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) 5-point-locks the blade, rigid, so you can safely whisk off your beard with keener edges than were ever before possible. Keener? Gem Blades are made of surgical steel, 50% thicker, stropped 4840 times, under repeated scientific inspection. Only perfect, guaranteed edges can reach you.

If an old-fashioned razor has penalized your face with nicks and scratches, why not buy a Gem and enjoy the new luxury of Effortless Shaving? The regulation chromium-plated Gem Micromatic Razor, attractively cased with 5 Gem Blades, at all dealers, $1.00.

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This below-cost offer makes it easy to convince yourself. 25¢ and our coupon bring you a test outfit consisting of handsome gold-plated Gem Razor (regularly $1.00) with a single- and a double-edged blade. A quarter's a low price for learning years of comfort!

GEM BLADES NEVER IRRITATE THE FACE!

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Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.,
Dept. L34, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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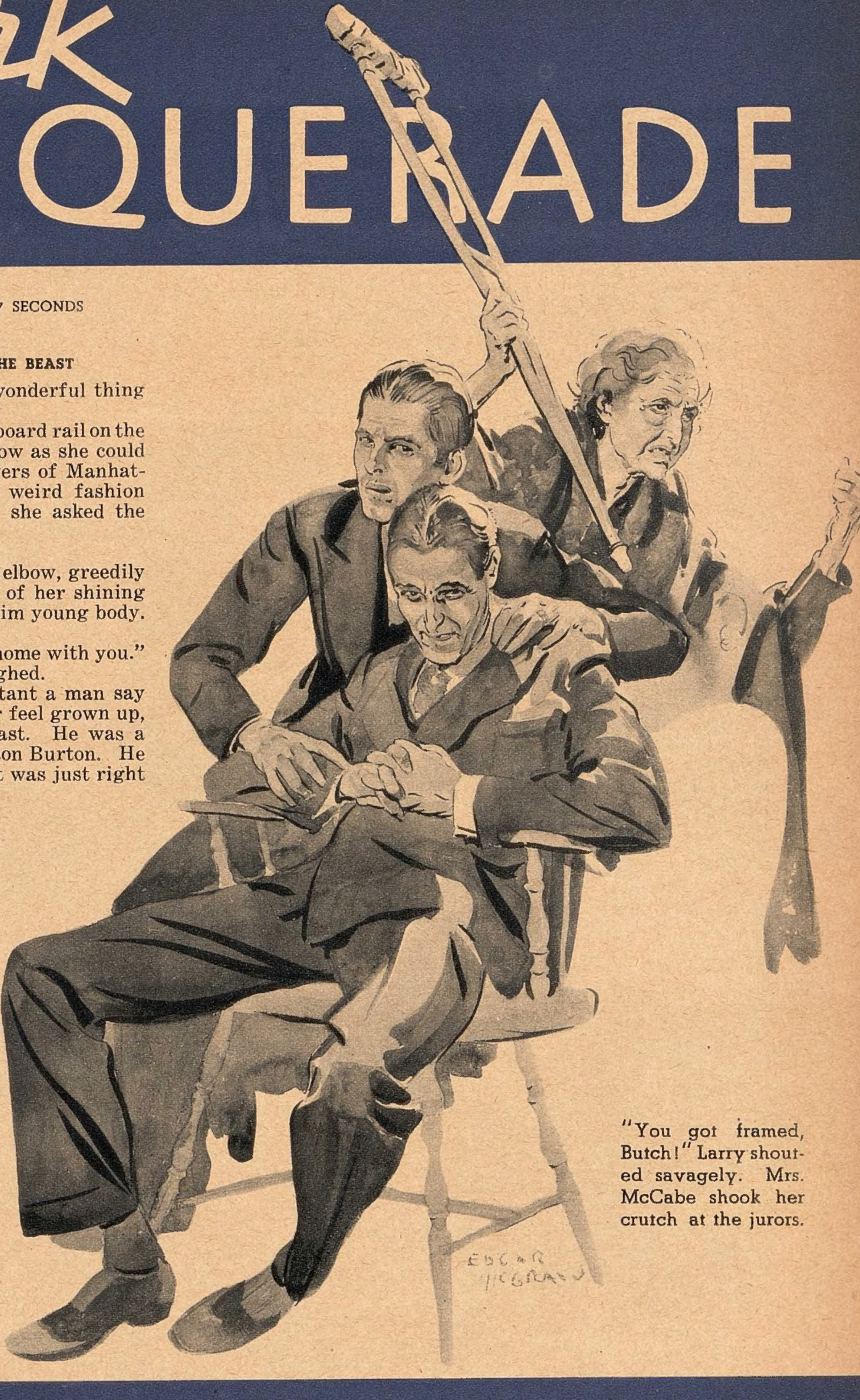
GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

BEGINNING

Dark MASQUERADE

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 57 SECONDS



"You got framed, Butch!" Larry shouted savagely. Mrs. McCabe shook her crutch at the jurors.

PART ONE—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"YOU know what's the most wonderful thing in the world?"

She was standing at the starboard rail on the promenade deck, as near the prow as she could get, watching the fantastic towers of Manhattan strut by like models at a weird fashion show. She did not look up as she asked the question.

"Yes," he answered.

He was standing at her right elbow, greedily filling himself with the charms of her shining eyes, her mist-wet mouth, her slim young body.

"It's coming home."

"Wrong, Betty. It's coming home with you."

She looked up at that and laughed.

It was nice to have so important a man say such things to her. It made her feel grown up, responsible, a real woman at last. He was a very handsome man, Mr. Hamilton Burton. He was in his late thirties; but that was just right for a girl going on eighteen, no matter how mother felt about it. Anyway, he didn't look his age. There wasn't a gray hair in his black head, nor a single line in his cheeks.

It was thrilling to have such a man monopolizing one, making one—as he called it—"a closed corporation." Everybody knew Hamilton Burton, the biggest criminal lawyer in New York.

Betty had been rather afraid to meet him at first, because she had heard he won his cases by bribing jurors, by playing tricks. It was said he was the legal head of a gang of gunmen and racketeers, a most sinister menace to society.

But he wasn't at all that sort of man. He had been

A STARTLING NOVEL OF LOVE AND CRIME AND REDEMPTION

CAN YOU DISCOVER THE ILLUSTRIOUS ANONYMOUS AUTHOR?

ruthlessly maligned. He was a man of ideals, a champion of the poor, the wretched, the persecuted. He was brilliant and big and fine, and one of the most interesting and charming men in the world. Even mother had been won over to him—partly—after her first few talks with him. The only fault she could find was the way he dressed.

"Clothes don't make the man," she had said, "but they certainly do catalogue him. And, shyster or saint, this man is overdressed. That shows a common streak in him. You can't get away with that. Can you imagine your papa in a purple shirt and a thirty-six-dollar pair of shoes?"

Betty had laughed, but no one ever laughed mother out of any idea once she had claimed it as her own.

"Coming home," Betty repeated. And now she sighed. "It's wonderful, but it's sad too. You meet so many wonderful people on the boat, and then—" She held out her hand, saying, "I suppose this is good-by."

"Wrong again." He pressed her hand warmly. "I couldn't say good-by to you, Betty—ever. I don't lose my cases so easily. I fight for them—to the bittersweet end."

They stood a moment silent, looking at each other. He had meant what he said! She felt a little sorry for him and for herself. She shook as though she were cold.

"Let's shuffle around the deck," Burton suggested.

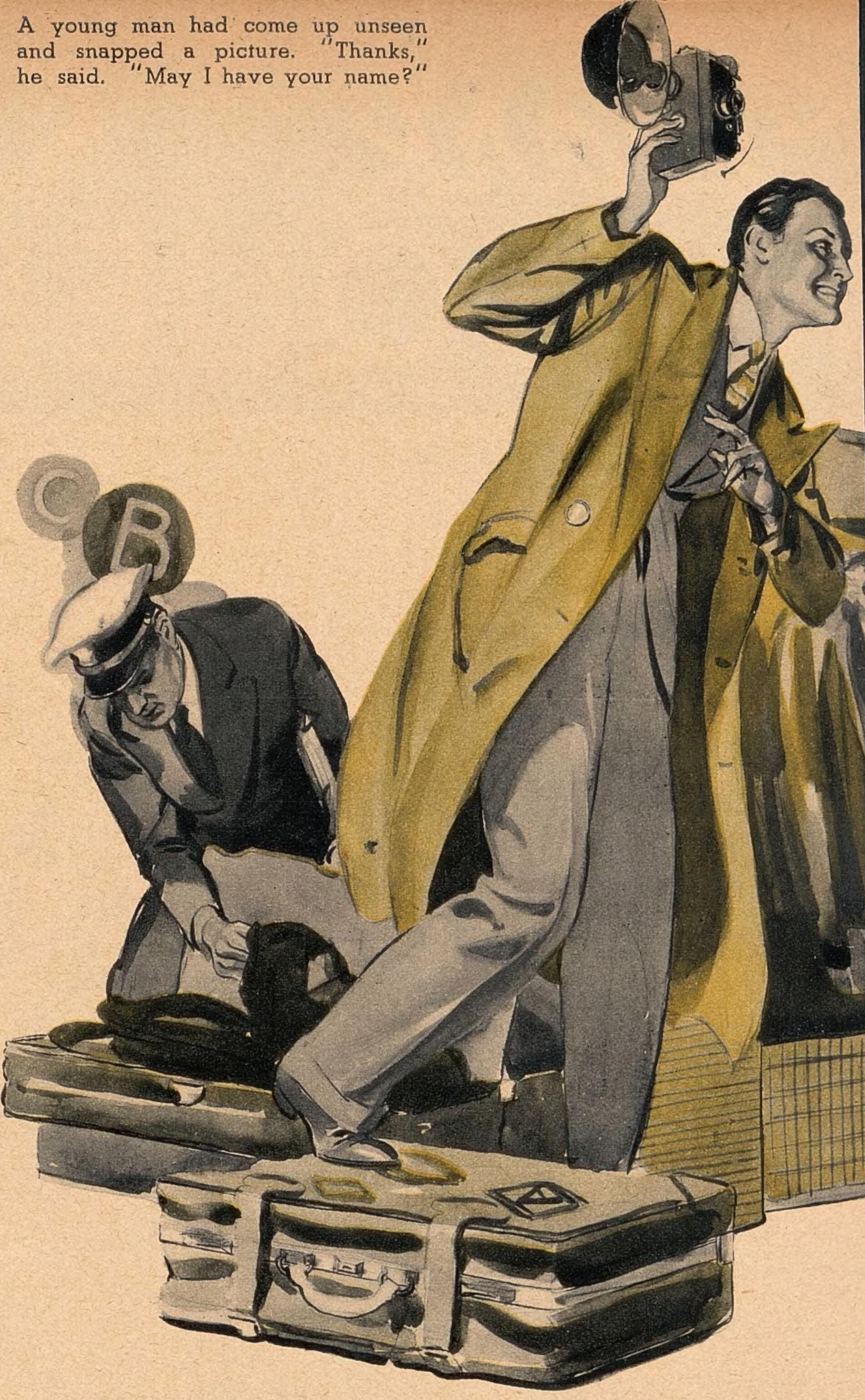
A group of newspapermen and photographers stood aft. They hailed Burton with enthusiastic shouts. Burton was always news.

The lawyer waved to them, doffed his hat. They besieged him with questions.

"A pleasure trip," said Burton. "Purely pleasure."

"What about the McCabe case?" asked the News.

"It's in the bag. Those two boys are absolutely innocent."



A young man had come up unseen and snapped a picture. "Thanks," he said. "May I have your name?"

"But they've been in jail before," observed the Tribune.

"We all make mistakes," Burton answered. "Hence napkins."

He turned to look into Betty's laughing face.

"Hold it!" some one cried.

A young man without a hat had come up unseen, and snapped a picture.

"Thanks," he said. "That was swell. Beauty and the beast. May I have your name, miss?"

Betty looked up at Burton, undecided. She liked this man. She loved his grin.

The young man turned to Burton.

"Be a good sport, Ham," he said.

Burton shook his head, smiling.

"No gentleman gives a lady's right name," he said.

The photographer laughed with the others.

"Oh, don't worry," he said. "This is for a classy magazine, and you needn't think I'm compromising her by leaving her in your company. I'm cutting you out of the picture altogether. And I'll bet the drinks I have the young lady's name before we dock."

Betty stood staring at him. He was such a tantalizing, challenging, splendid young animal! He was bigger than Burton, stronger, and when he smiled like that, with the wind rushing through his hair and his blue eyes gleaming with deviltry, he was actually godlike.

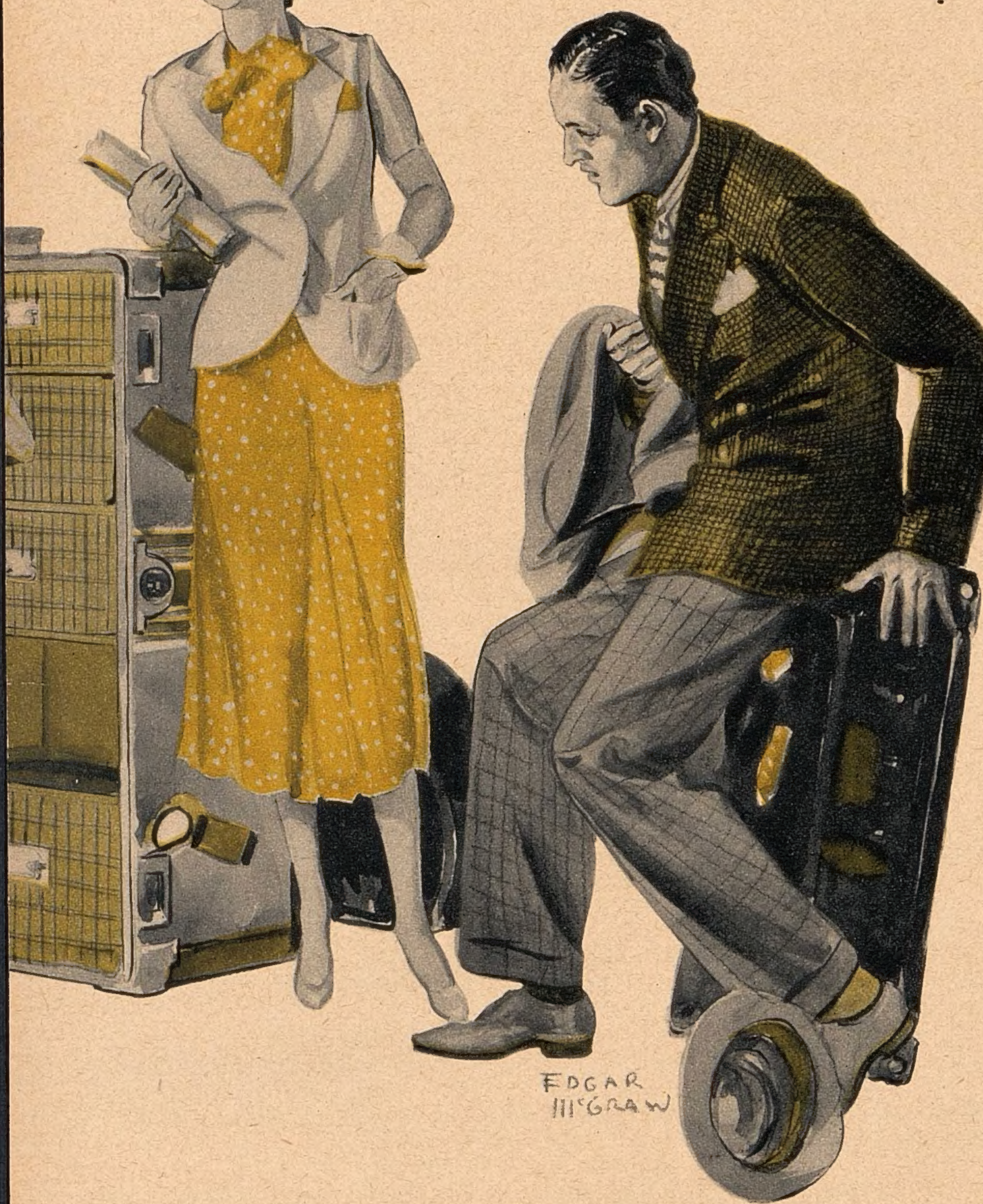
"Quit joking, fellows," the Times said, frowning through his specs. "This is serious with me. I didn't understand, Mr. Burton. Was this purely a business trip?"

"Well, it was a business trip," the cameraman said. "Mr. Burton was probably importing some witnesses for the McCabes."

Burton laughed easily, naturally, and took Betty's arm. They walked along the starboard side again, Burton talking about newspapermen until Betty pulled him to the rail. A pair of tugboats had come up alongside, far below.

"Tugs," Burton said. "Pulling you away from

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDGAR McGRAW



me. Let's not talk about them. Let's talk about us. When shall I see you again?"

She turned to him gravely.

"I don't know. It's been wonderful, Ham. I can't tell you how wonderful. But, you know how mother is. She watches me all the time. I'll have only a few months here. I've got to go back to school next September for my last year. After that—"

He switched the subject abruptly.

"Your mother doesn't like me, does she?"

"Mother thinks I'm still a baby," Betty tried to explain. "She doesn't hate you. Not at all. She just thinks I'm too young to have a man friend—I mean a real man, not a boy."

Her words conjured up the face of that young photographer, a smiling face with the wind blowing through his hair. How blue his eyes were!

"She doesn't like my being a criminal lawyer. That's it, isn't it? She believes all the things the newspapers say about me. But somebody has to protect people charged with crimes—the poor devils."

"That has nothing to do with it, Ham," Betty protested sincerely. "Please believe me. I think it's wonderful, the way you fight for all those innocent men and women who come to you. Next year, when I'm through school—"

"But that's an eternity, Betty. I must see you again soon. This summer. In New York. I've got to."

Betty studied him a little moment while her heart beat fast. He really was in love with her. And he couldn't tell her so. He was afraid.

"Maybe we can arrange it," she said in sudden pity. "But we'll have to be careful. If mother found out—"

Burton saw a shadow flit across her face and knew that Mrs. Allison was approaching. He dropped Betty's arm almost guiltily. He removed his hat with a flourish.

"Good morning," he said, making his greeting as hearty and cordial as he could.

Mrs. Allison dimpled and gave him her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Burton. Good morning and good-by. Thank you for taking such good care of my little girl. Do say good-by to Mr. Burton now, Betty, and thank him. We must hurry. There's so much to do."

Burton bowed as they left, imitating a manner he had noted abroad, put on his hat, and went back to the rail frowning.

Something would have to be done about that old hen, he thought. She was sweet and charming and meek. She ruled by meekness, against which no weapon had ever been devised, nor ever should be.

He knew very little about her, beyond the fact that she had lived most of her life in a small town in Vermont. Her husband had been a paper manufacturer, and no doubt had left her a considerable fortune.

Yes, something should be done, but in a gentlemanly way. What would a gentleman do?

Ever since he could remember, Burton had wanted to be a gentleman.

He went below to his room. He sat down, wrote his name, his office address, and his private telephone number on the ship's stationery; wrote Betty's name on an envelope, enclosed the note, sealed the flap, and thrust the envelope into his pocket.

Betty was loyal to her mother—but she'd call him. Burton was sure of that.

What a kid she was! Like all other American girls, she gave the impression of a sophistication far beyond her real knowledge of life. She was still an innocent baby chick with a deep-rooted idealism in her.

"I'll bet not even her mother suspects that well of idealism concealed in her. It's too deeply hidden. She has thoughts no third degree could drag out of her; secret admirations for fellows like Lindbergh and this Lawrence of Arabia—and me. She thinks we're all Galahads."

He frowned. Sir Galahad riding to the rescue of the McCabes—those dirty double-crossing rats!

"I'll have to get rid of them," he thought. "They're dangerous. I can't trust them. They're not safe. And when I marry Betty—no, before I marry her—I've got to be safe. I've got to be in a spot where no meddler can touch me. I've got to be a gentleman."

The liner was fast to the dock when he went topside. Betty was nowhere in sight. Burton hurried toward the gangplank, shouldering people out of his way. Betty would be in the customs, in the "A" section.

Julie Bowen was waiting in the "B" section for him, directly under the letter. She was slim, red-haired, and tall, dressed in white. She looked cool and lovely and glad to see him. He scowled. Suppose Betty saw her there and jumped to conclusions!

"Hello, Ham," Julie greeted him. "Good to see you back. Have a nice trip?"

Betty was only a few yards away, edging toward him, pretending to be looking for some of her trunks. Her mother was talking to a customs man.

Burton shook hands with Julie as though she were a man, an associate, anything but a pretty girl.

"Everything all right at the office?" he demanded.

His tone was businesslike and loud enough for Betty to overhear.

"The McCabe case," Julie answered—she seemed more amused at her employer's attitude than hurt by it—"is set for tomorrow morning."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Miss Bowen."

Julie lowered her voice.

"Don't overdo it, Ham. She knows by now I'm only your secretary."

"Huh! You see through everything, don't you?"

He turned, pretending he had just seen Betty.

"Oh," he said, "excuse me, Miss Bowen."

Betty was absorbed in a trunk.

"Betty!" Burton called, hurrying to her.

She turned quickly toward him, vastly surprised.

He thrust into her hand the envelope containing his private phone number. He held on to the hand.

"Call me soon, Betty," he begged. "Call me—and don't believe what the newspapers call me."

Something exploded behind him. He jumped, swung around.

"Thank you, Miss Allison," the photographer said.

Burton felt foolish. The photographer laughed.

"Just a flashlight," he said. "And you're not in it now. The girl is safe."

THE jury filed in slowly, solemnly.

Burton looked at "Butch" McCabe, who sat next to him, and across him to the younger brother, Larry. He looked beyond Larry to the third chair, where sat the wrinkled, bent, picturesque old woman who had given the defendants to the world.

Mrs. McCabe was chewing snuff. There were war lights in her eyes. Her thin brown talons gripped her crutch fiercely.

Burton, who loathed the very sight of "the old hag," felt his first stab of pity for her.

At the judge's command the McCabes rose slowly, unwillingly. Larry towered above his older brother. He kept opening and shutting his hands. He moistened his lips with his tongue. Butch, his slim little hands in his pockets, stood quite still. His face betrayed as much emotion as the dial of a clock.

The clerk read:

"We, the jury, find the prisoner Robert McCabe guilty of grand larceny, as charged. We find the prisoner Lawrence McCabe not guilty."

Butch sank slowly into his chair. He stared at Burton.

"I had a hunch," he said. "I had a hunch."

But there was incredulity in his eyes.

Larry threw his arms about his brother's neck and wept.

"They can't do this to you, Butch!" he shouted savagely. "You didn't do it. You got framed."

Mrs. McCabe shook her crutch at the jurors.

"Order in the court!" Judge Sludsky waited a moment, then addressed the jurors.

"The court thanks you for an intelligent verdict," he said, "a verdict rendered in accord with the evidence. You are discharged."

It took him only a few moments to deny motions for a new trial and postponement of sentence.

Then two bailiffs brought Butch forward. Larry followed them.

"Have you anything to say before the sentence of this court is passed upon you?"

"Your Honor," Burton interrupted, putting his hand on the prisoner's shoulder, "I must ask for mercy for my client. After all, he's only a boy—a victim of circumstances—the principal support of an aged widowed mother—"

Larry stared wide-eyed at the attorney. Had he gone goofy? What did he mean, a victim of circumstances? That was as much as hinting Butch was guilty. Burton was layin' down on the job.

The judge stopped Burton with the gavel.

"If the prisoner has anything to say," he announced, "the court will listen patiently. But the court has heard quite enough from you, Mr. Burton, during this trial. It wants to hear no more. McCabe, have you anything to say?"

McCabe shook his head from side to side.

"BEFORE pronouncing sentence," His Honor resumed, "this court would like to make a comment. The court has rebuked the attorney for the defense on more than one occasion during this trial because of his tactics. There is a line drawn beyond which no attorney may go in defending his client, but counsel has endeavored to go far beyond that line; and I think him a fit subject for examination by the Code of Ethics Committee of the—"

Burton interrupted angrily.

Again the court abused the gavel.

"In spite of your brilliant talents, Mr. Burton, you have a perverted legal mind, and I would be just as well satisfied if you tried your cases in some other court—or if you never tried another case. You are a comparatively new type of lawyer, a type that became important only since crime became organized, important only to organizations of mobsters and racketeers. You are a very dangerous type, and the worst feature of your kind is that you give the public a cynical disrespect for our criminal courts, for justice itself. You boast of your percentage of acquittals, won, for the most part, by trickery. Well, you won't boast about this case."

He blew on his spectacles, wiped them, and turned to the convicted man.

"Robert McCabe," he said, "I sentence you to twenty years in the penitentiary at Ossining, New York."

Butch was stunned.

"Twenty years," he said. "The limit!"

His mother, during the judge's lengthy speech, had got up from her chair, and now stood, leaning on her crutch, directly in back of her two sons—one of whom was having manacles fastened on his wrists.

Mrs. McCabe began to scream:

"Bobby b'y, don't leave your poor ould mither! Don't leave me in me ould age, Bobby."

"Silence!" thundered the court. "Order! Order! Bailiff, remove that woman. Order! You, Mr. Burton—"

Burton jerked Larry aside, bade him take his mother quickly out of court if he wanted to save her from jail. He snatched up briefcase and panama and hurried out.

Reporters surrounded him, begging a statement.

"Sure," he said. "I'll dictate it. Listen carefully. 'That poor woman just dragged screaming out of the courtroom made a natural human mistake. She thought to find in that court of justice some semblance of mercy, as well as some trace of justice. I made a mistake, too. I believed I should do all in my power to prove my client innocent. I was reproved, called harsh names. I should have realized the court has all the equity in abuse and I have none.'"

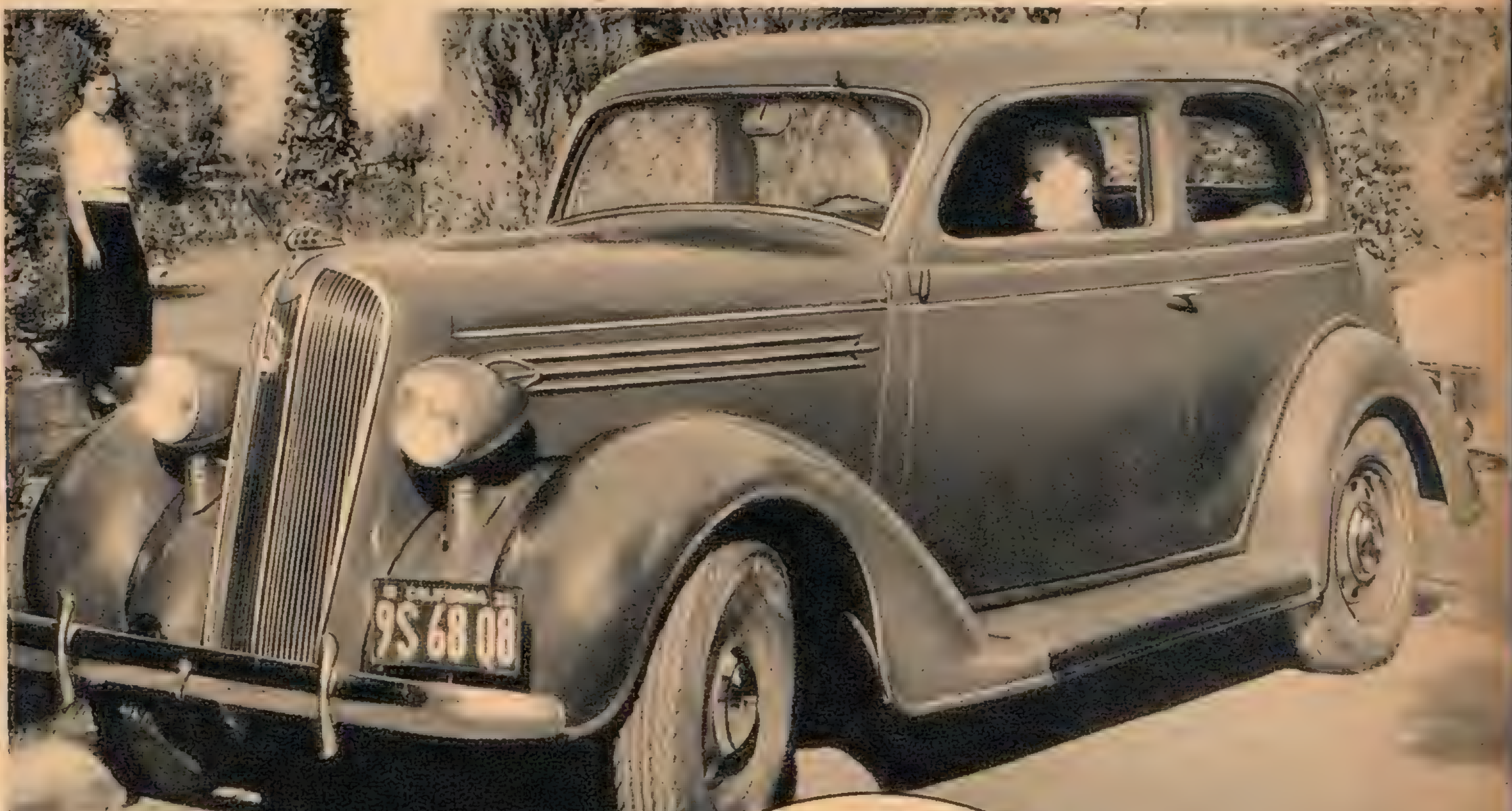
A little bombastic, but good, very good, he thought. Betty would read it. It would be in all the papers.

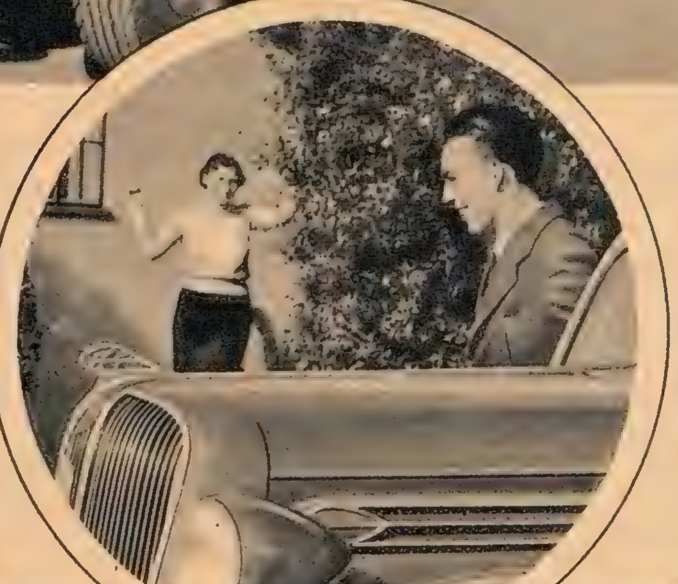
"'The court talks of investigating me. Let him. Let any man. Such an investigation might ferret out things I'd rather not have re-

(Continued on page twelve)

I Found Plymouth is Priced with the Lowest_

T'S MY CHOICE OF 'ALL THREE' ON COMFORT, SAFETY AND STYLE!"





ARY EVANS, Arcadia, California, is an engineer and designer. ooked at 'All Three' low-priced this year," he says, "and when nd 'em priced so nearly the same, settled it.

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PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

(*Top, left*) Mr. Evans is an engineer and designer of camping equipment.

•

(*Top, right*) "This big Plymouth is the only one of 'All Three' with the style, comfort, safety and performance I was looking for."

•

(*Left*) "A designer myself, I couldn't resist the beauty of the new Plymouth."

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• TUNE IN ED WYNN TUESDAY NIGHTS, 8:30 E.S.T., N.B.C. RED NETWORK, "GULLIVER THE TRAVELER"

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

(Continued from page ten)

vealed. But what man is not in similar predicament? Yet no man will ever discover that I drove out of my sight, by despotic force, a crippled woman wailing over the cruel fate of her son, nor that I sternly refused her the natural privilege of a mother—that of kissing her son a long good-by.' "

"Is that all?" a reporter asked.

He was still scribbling hurriedly, too busy to look up.

"End it with this—' Gentlemen, the quality of mercy, so far as Judge Sludsky is concerned, is still unstrained.' That's all. Thank you very much."

He bowed to them gravely, threw down his cigarette, and sprinted down the stairs. Mrs. McCabe and Larry, he had observed without seeming to, had just come out of the courtroom.

Butch was out of the way for twenty years or so. Burton had planned it well. He had intended to land both brothers behind the bars.

Larry left his mother abruptly and came hurriedly down, taking two or three steps at a time.

"They framed Butch!" he shouted. "And you let 'em. You a mouthpiece? A deaf-and-dumb guy could of done a better job than you did."

"Pipe down," Burton said calmly. "Want to draw flies?"

"Pipe down, huh? Sure I'll pipe down. I know why you want me to pipe down. Because I know too much. Because I know you could of saved Butch and didn't. You never lost a case before. But you never liked Butch. Maybe you was a-scared of him. He had a mind of his own. You couldn't order him around like Heinie Schwartz and them. Not Butch. So you got him twenny years. If I told the D. A. what I know about you—"

Burton said nothing. He merely looked at Larry. Larry stopped talking. Then he started again.

"I didn't mean that, boss," he said. "I didn't mean it."

"You didn't mean to tell the D. A. anything? Is that it? Suppose he found out about you and that Staten Island bank job?"

"I just got excited, boss. I ain't no squealer. Honest, I ain't. But it's tough to see your own brother sent to the can for twenny years. Twenny years! And on a bum rap! I apologize. I didn't mean it. I'm like the old lady, so damn nonpulsed, I'm batty."

Larry was crying now.

"I'll take it, boss. I got it comin'. I know you done your best. I see how you stuck up for the old lady. That was swell, boss. I'm sorry I said what I did. But I—"

"All right, then, Larry. I got a job for you to do tonight. See me in my office at six o'clock. At six sharp."

"O.K., boss. Thanks, boss. I'll be there."

It was late afternoon when Burton walked into his ornate and garish suite of offices in the Chambers Street Tower. He walked directly into his private office, threw his panama on the couch, and sat at his desk.

Julie entered without knocking.

"So the nasty old judge gave you a reading lesson," she said.

Burton wheeled viciously.

"Yes. When does he come up for re-election? Next year, isn't it? He'll wish he'd kept his trap shut."

Julie pushed some papers out of her way and sat on a corner of the desk, swinging a beautiful slender leg. She seemed to be engrossed in her fingernails.

"Any phone calls?" he asked.

Julie got up suddenly. She grinned at him.

"From Miss Betty Allison?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

The telephone tinkled gently.

"That's she now. She's called three times in the last half-hour."

Burton grabbed for the phone. It was almost a week since he had seen Betty. She hadn't called. He had tried desperately to find her but had failed. The Allisons were staying with friends in Westchester. That was all he knew.

"Hello," he said. "Hello, Betty! It's really you?"

He waved for Julie to get out and close the door. She went mincingly, turning every few feet to look over her shoulder and grin. She paused at the door.

"With every word you say," she said, "your voice gets refineder and refineder. The hard-boiled mouthpiece learns to speak softly! It must be love!"

Burton—his attention distracted by the voices of two women, one he loved and one he used to love—picked up a book and sent it sailing at her.

"Where are you, Betty?"

"I'm in town. In New York, at a girl friend's home for the moment. I'm going to a party. Mother's up in Larchmont tonight. With the Davises."

"Where's the party?"

"Priscilla Edmond's giving it. I thought—I thought—"

"Betty, why can't I take you up there?"

"Oh, can you, Ham? I'd be so thrilled! Pick me up at—at—"

She had to ask somebody for the address before she went on. Burton wrote it on a slip of paper, rewrote it.

"And where is the Edmond place, Betty?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. It's up the Hudson. Maybe Irvington, or Tarrytown, or Dobbs Ferry. Something like that."

"I'll pick you up at six thirty. I'm thrilled, too, Betty. Nothing so nice as this has happened to me in a long time. Say, did you read the papers?"

He was smiling like a schoolboy when he hung up and buzzed for Julie.

She came immediately. He forestalled her kidding.

"Cut the comments," he said, "and get me the Social Register."

She opened the desk drawer and handed him the volume.

"Listen, Ham," she said earnestly. "You're not going to get anywhere with that Park Avenue sprig. Park Avenue isn't your alley."

Ham shook his head impatiently, his finger moving down the Es.

Julie placed one exquisitely manicured hand on his, making him look up.

"Please, Ham," she said, "listen. I'm trying to save you from something. You can't get into society. That girl isn't your kind. She'll make a fool of you—the first woman that ever did. The very first. You've made fools out of all the other women you ever knew. That goes for me, too. I'm not kidding myself—any more. I've got over that, Ham. But I still don't want to see you get hurt."

Burton sat back in his chair, but his finger still remained in the Es and her hand still warmed his.

"They're human," he said, "society girls. Oh, I know they're not our kind. There's a sheen to them, a gloss. It takes generations to produce them. People like us are hammered out—we hammer ourselves out, most of us. They're molded. But—"

"Don't make me laugh. You'll find just as many drunks and dopes and harlots in society as in the slums, only they're called dipsomaniacs and other polite names. Oh, they're human, all right. What I meant was—they're snobs."

"Don't be common, Julie."

"I know what's the trouble with you. You've got this crazy idea in your head that you want to be a gentleman. Dammit, you are—in a way. You're as much a gentleman as you'll ever be. Even if you married the girl, it wouldn't change you. But you won't."

"Oh, a wise dame! Well, let me tell you something. I'm going to marry Betty Allison, and I'm going to be a gentleman if I die for it—and neither you nor Judge Sludsky nor any one else can kid me out of it."

The phone intruded its gentle voice again. Julie answered it, listened a moment, then put her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to her employer.

"Your double-crossing collector, Heinie Schwartz. Want to talk to him?"

Burton grabbed the phone from her.

"Get this, Schwartz. I'm sending Larry McCabe to talk to you tonight. You know where Tarrytown is? . . . Thought so. Remember that abandoned filling station we used to use? . . . Yes, on the Albany Post Road, just before you come into Tarrytown. On the river side. You know the place all right? . . . Sure? Then be there at ten fifteen tonight. Without fail. McCabe will meet you."

He put down the instrument thoughtfully.

"It actually *is* a small world, after all," he said.

"The filling station is near the Edmond estate, I take it," Julie said. "Makes it more convenient for you."

Burton pushed back his chair and rose, stretching his arms.

There was a bathroom and a clothes closet in Burton's suite. He bathed, shaved, and dressed hurriedly. When he had finished dressing, he put on his gloves, opened a patent lock on the filing cabinet back of his desk, and pulled out a drawer containing two automatics. He took up one of these, saw it was Larry McCabe's, made sure it was loaded, and thrust it into the leather-lined pocket his tailor had contrived for him.

After which he put on his silk topper, took up his cane, and studied himself in the mirror. He felt every inch the gentleman. A queer thought came to him as he stared at his reflection.

"Can a man kill a man and be a gentleman? Can a man become a gentleman by killing a rat—or two rats? Suppose the deaths of these two rats are necessary to insure his status as a gentleman. Suppose they need killing very badly. Shouldn't he kill them if he can get away with it? Sure."

He sat down to wait for McCabe.

"JUST a final shindig before the Edmonds go to their Newport place for the summer," Betty had described the party lightly.

But it was more, much more, than that to Burton. It was a little taste of heaven, a gentleman's heaven; a glimpse of what awaited him when he entered within the gates of society's Elysian fields.

Most all the young men were in linen Tuxedo jackets, or dark coats and white trousers, or mess jackets. Only Burton and one or two of the older men wore formal evening clothes.

"But I'm correct," he thought. "I must be."

Anyway, he believed, there wasn't any man present who had paid as much for his clothes as Hamilton Burton.

"You're a smooth dancer, Mr. Burton," Betty said, looking up with radiant eyes.

She was sweeter than he'd ever seen her before, more gracious, more dear. Was she beginning to love him?

"I could go on dancing with you forever," he said.

There was both tenderness and passion in his voice.

Betty smiled and shook her head.

"Forever's a long time," she said lightly. "I've only two months more here. Then a year in Switzerland. Then—"

"I'll go back there with you, Betty.

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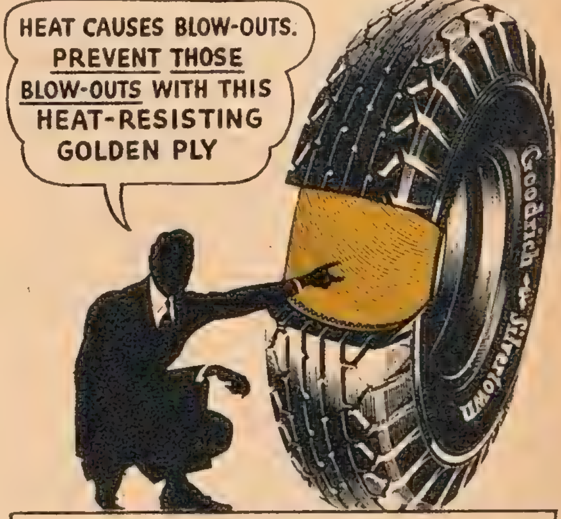
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I'll be your teacher. I'll bet I could teach you more than any school."

She laughed.

"You've forgotten mother," she said. "I'm afraid she'd object."

"Don't you ever travel alone? Is your mother always with you?"

"Always. So far as she's concerned I'm a child of the Elegant Eighties. I must have a chaperon and be in bed each night at ten."

"At ten?"

A slight gleam came into Burton's eyes. Over Betty's shoulder he looked at his wrist watch. It was five minutes to ten. He looked at the long stag line, something like panic in his blood. He mustn't be late. Ah—the young man with the Adam's apple and the glasses, the undersized fellow who'd been panting after Betty all night—he'd do.

"But not tonight at ten," he said, guiding her imperceptibly toward the goggled young man. Dexterously he reached out, caught the young man's shoulder, and drew him into an unexpected cut-in.

Betty was by no means pleased.

"Oh, hello, Dexter," she said.

Dexter gladly, albeit with some bewilderment, began to dance.

"How's your mother feeling?" was all he could ask.

Betty stopped dancing.

"Listen here, Dexter Putnam," she said. "If you ever tell my mother who you saw me with tonight I'll never speak to you again."

"Aw, gee, Betty. I didn't mean it that way. I'm no tattletale."

Betty looked around for Burton, but couldn't see him. What had she said, or done, that he should leave her that way? Where did he go? Why, he had been almost rude. She must find him.

"Will you pardon me while I powder my nose?" she asked.

"I'll still be waiting," he said.

She glanced about the terrace. Burton wasn't there. She dashed into the house.

She was disturbed, and warm, and cross; and there was sand in one of her slippers. She must have got it while showing Burton about the grounds.

She stepped into a room she thought was vacant, and leaning against the doorframe, took off her right slipper and shook the sand out of it.

"Hold it!" cried a voice. Some kind of light flashed.

For a moment Betty couldn't see anything. Speechless in her wrath, she started to put back her slipper. She lost her balance. She slipped. She fell with a smashing jar.

And the photographer stood there and laughed.

"Grand!" he cried. "Colossal! Society gal falls on her veranda!"

"Don't you dare—" Betty began.

"GET up and brush yourself off, Miss Betty Allison," the young man said. "I've been taking pictures of you all night—you and your escort. I've got a swell title for one of them. 'Heel and Toe.' Like it?"

And now for the first time, Betty recognized the man—the impudent photographer she had seen on the boat.

She stared at him, sitting where she was. She felt too bruised to rise immediately.

"Don't you dare call Mr. Burton a heel."

"A heel? He's a phony, a shyster, an alibi artist, a gunman boss. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Betty got up at that, no longer feeling her hurts.

"You've been drinking," she said. "No sober man would talk like that."

"Sure I've been drinking. So have you; and I've got pictures to prove it—pictures I'm going to print."

"In the newspapers?" She was terrified for a moment.

"Say, who do you think you're talking to? An ordinary cameraman? What do you mean, newspapers?"

"Oh, yes. I remember. Magazines."

"I'm Jimmy Cronin," he said. "I'm a camera *artist*. My stuff goes into the high-class mags. Exclusive! I portray high life in its lowest forms. The Rembrandt of the candid camera. That's me—with a lens that could find moss on the moon, or freckles on the ankle of Venus. And what it's got on you and your underworld friend is plenty.

"Why do you go around with that crook? Even a schoolgirl should know better than that. Are you still so green behind those lovely ears? Why don't you get yourself a real boy friend—some one my age, for instance? Your mother ought to spank you."

The last remark was too much.

HARDLY realizing it, Betty made a sudden move toward him, seized his camera, and threw it into the fireplace. It fell with a sound like the shattering of glass.

She stood over him, panting with emotion—subsiding anger, surging contrition. She had done something irreparable, it seemed. If only he wouldn't look like that at his broken lens!

"I'm sorry," she blurted out. "But you made me do it. I—I'll pay for the damage."

"Thanks," he said. "When?"

"Well, I haven't got it on me now."

"That's all right. How about tea at the Ritz tomorrow—before you go back to mama?"

"How do you know so much about me?"

"I've been interested in you for a long time, Betty. A week at least. Four o'clock tomorrow. Is it a bet?"

Confound his smile. It was irresistible. It made her smile too, against her will, forced her to thrust out a friendly hand.

"All right, Rembrandt, it's a bet. And I'm really sorry for everything."

"No, you're not."

"What do you mean I'm not?"

"You're not sorry you're traveling with a crook like Burton—and behind your mother's back."

"You're impertinent. And he's not a crook."

She held her head very high as she walked back on to the terrace. She felt like crying.

. . . . .

Hamilton Burton drifted into the crowd after he left Betty on the dance floor of the terrace, walked leisurely toward a shadowed corner. He was nervous. He wondered if people were looking at him. He stopped a moment, lighted a cigarette, and strolled off beyond the rim of light. He gained a grove of trees, threw down his cigarette, and began to run. After a little he slowed to a walk, taking care to tread only on the grass, to leave no prints in the soft dirt or leaf mold.

At a sheltered spot he vaulted a stone fence and was on the Post Road. He paused a moment to obliterate any footprints he might have left, then walked quickly into the abandoned filling station.

He took shelter behind a tall gasoline tank. He put on his gloves. He took out the gun, and held it in his right hand. The safety was off. He waited.

A car detached itself from the long caravan of passing autos and came to a stop a few feet away from Burton. It backed, straightened out, and stopped again, its lights shining directly out into the road.

A figure crossed the highway, a tall man in a straw hat. He limped.

"Is that you, Schwartz?" Larry called from the driver's seat.

The man stepped into the glare of Larry's lights and came forward.

"Hello, Larry. You're right on time. Tough luck about Butch."

"You don't know how tough. Got the collections?"

"Sure. Right here."

He held up a bag.

With the agility and silence of a cat, Burton crept from his place of ambush.

Is this the crafty Burton's way of eliminating the other McCabe brother? Will it be cold-blooded murder, or another frame-up? What other sinister plans are behind his determination to live up to Betty's belief in him? Watch next week's installment for surprising developments.

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What Communists

From Moscow and the Lips of Lenin! . . . A First-Hand Revelation of What Red Intrigue Really Threatens in America Today

by WILLIAM O. LUCAS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I SERVED under the Czar. I served under Kerensky. I knew Lenin. When the Bolshevik revolution began, I was employing 2,500 men in Russia and America, and making a net profit of $2,000,000 a year. When the revolution finished, I had nothing left in Russia.

Back in America, I let my whiskers grow, got myself up like a Red agitator, worked my way into the confidence of Communistic leaders until they assigned me to important duties at Communistic headquarters in New York.

Thus disguised, I learned of their plans to infiltrate the then forming Works Progress Administration with Communistic "cells." Promptly I took my departure, shaved my face, and became a WPA worker myself.

For months now I have been gathering information from inside as to just what Communists are planning to do *for*, *with*, and *to* you and me.

My investigations have taken me to all sorts of places and to all sorts of people. I recall, for example, one illuminating interlude which took place this very spring as the four hundred or more workers of WPA Project Number —— spread themselves out for a noonday siesta on the grounds of the park in the making along Shore Road Drive.

One interesting character was Pop Plummer. Pop was fifty-three and not much of a hero with the pick, so they had equipped him with broom, shovel, and wheelbarrow, and told him to "follow the horses."

With Pop was Sonny Plummer, eighteen and just out of high school. With Sonny was his girl, Molly, a few days out of a steno's job but expecting something to come her way in another week or so.

"See that young fellow coming up?" said Pop. "He's one of the Communist gang on this project. Bet you he's going to tell us to come to a meeting."

I knew the young man without any introduction—although, thanks to my safety razor, he didn't know me. He was one of the agents the Communists had planted in Project ——. I knew him and his racket—one of the meanest, filthiest rackets that ever existed.

"Hello there, Pop Plummer," he called. "You'd better come to tonight's meeting. Your job might be at stake. You want to keep it, don't you? You know they don't dare fire any member of our 'local' even if we take it easy at times. We might also be able to get you an increase in pay."

This was the stock approach. The Reds claimed to have connections higher up, both in Washington and in the field, which enabled them to make their threat or promise good—and judging by results, they spoke the truth. I myself had seen honest non-Communist WPA laborers forced to battle, eight hours a day and week after week, against the icy blasts of winter for $60 a month, while on another project, which happened to be Communist-controlled, an aggregation of habitual drunks, loafers, misfits, and political agitators drew a monthly wage which started at a minimum of $93.50.

"You better bring your boy and his girl, too," continued the agent, running his eyes over Molly. I knew that he was under strict instructions from headquarters to have no sex relationship with any feminine member of the "local" to which he was assigned, but to use these girls to entice other males into the ranks.

"What you selling?" broke in Sonny. "Some political bull about prosperity just around the corner?"

"Bull!" spat out the Communist. "We're not in that line at all. We'll bring you real salvation. We'll destroy the rich capitalists. We'll make this a paradise for the workers, like we've already done in Russia."

"Ho-ho!" said Pop. "Meet a friend of mine—friend of yours too. He knew that fellow Lenin you rave so much about. Spoke to him face to face, like you and me here."

The young man beamed upon me. "You and I must have a talk!" he declared as he wrung my hand. "But first, won't you help me explain things to these people?"

"With pleasure," I said, and grinned to myself.

"Well, while you're doing your explaining," broke in Sonny Plummer, "how about college for me? Do I get it under your deal, mister?"

"In the Communist state higher education will be given to all children of workers, and it will be free," assured the Communist. "You will be sent to a government university."

"What will they teach me there? I want to be an architect. How about it?"

"That will depend on whether the government deems you fitted. Instruction in the teachings of Marx and Lenin will be given to all. As for the rest, the government will decide what line everybody shall follow."

We were getting an audience now: Mrs. Muller, with her baby carriage and baby Snookums in it, and her eight-year-old Maxie; Fred Bonner, who ran the delicatessen underneath Mrs. Muller's apartment; and jovial little Mr. Sonnenstein, who owned the building which housed both.

"But don't I get a chance to *prove* what I can do?"

I was beginning to feel the urge to "explain."

"You don't get a chance to do anything, Sonny, unless the state says you can. Am I right, comrade?"

"Precisely!" he exulted, believing I was on his side.

"But how about my friend Jim Walters? His father runs an insurance business and he can pay for college."

"In the Communist state there will be no educational privileges for the former bourgeois and capitalist classes," answered the agent.

"I don't get you," said Sonny.

"He means," I said, "that you will get free college because your father happens to wield a pick or a shovel. As for Jim, his dad has saved up some money, which was a wrong thing to do, and therefore the state will decide for Jim to become a bum."

"Who's gonna be the state?"

"Our friend here," said I, "and his comrades."

"The hell with them!" said Sonny.

"How about baseball?" was Maxie's contribution.

"Baseball is a strictly capitalistic pastime."

That was over Maxie's head, but he insisted: "I wanna be like Babe Ruth and earn dough like he did."

"Such economic monstrosities as Ruth could not exist in the Communist state," said the agent.

"No baseball for you, Maxie," said I, and quickly added, "But no Sunday school either."

"What, no Sunday school?" gasped Mrs. Muller.

"Quite so," affirmed the Communist. "The state does not consider religious teaching beneficial."

"Do you mean to say you will tell me how to bring up

Plan for YOU

Snookums, here?" demanded Mrs. Muller in amazement.

"The state will take care of every child, my good woman," the Communist explained. "You won't be able to do it, because you will be out working."

"For what should I go out working when my husband makes seventy-five a week in the restaurant business?"

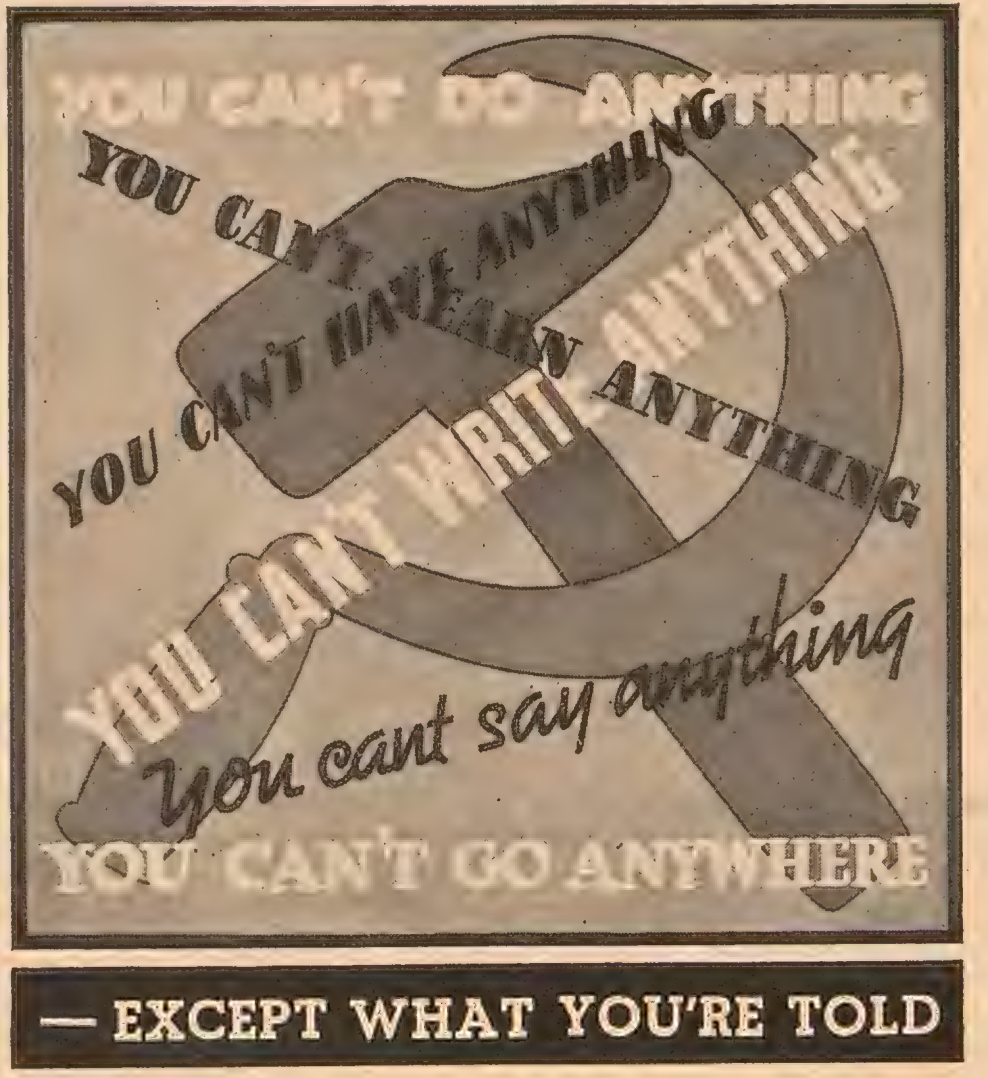
"There will be no such enormous wages in the Communist state," the man answered. "Everybody will be paid equal. Everybody will have to work."

Mrs. Muller protested vigorously that as a housewife and mother she did work. The youthful Communist smiled in his most supercilious manner. "Children," he repeated, "will be cared for by the state nursery."

"He means that your husband will have to cook at a labor camp," I explained. "You will work as a streetcar conductor. Maxie will be at a state school, and Snookums at a state nursery. That's the way things are run in Russia today, aren't they, comrade?"

"Why—er—yes," he admitted.

THUS far, he had been stating only the simplest and best known principles of the Soviet creed. The terrifying thing was that to these simple souls they came as an absolute surprise. If I had not chanced to be present, Mrs. Muller and those two boys might have fallen unknowingly for the crude threats and glib promises of this plausible young agitator, who was spreading, *at government expense,* the subversive antigovernment propaganda of the Communistic cause. In fact, they might themselves have become spreaders of this un-American gospel.



For the strength of the movement today, and its greatest menace, lies in the respectable men and women, boys and girls, of native origin, who have been converted to a cause which they do not begin to understand. And it isn't always the supposedly simple mind which is so deluded.

Pop Plummer now addressed our Communistic friend: "Young man, you might not think it, but I once owned a prosperous fruit farm on the Albany Post Road. In fact, I still own it—me and the mortgage company. But with times as they've been lately, I can't make an even break. That's why I'm here."

"Your problem is easy! Your farm will be thrown with many others into huge state farms, and you will participate in the crop, provided you partake of the work."

"He means you will participate in what's left of the crop after the state has taken out its share for taxes, supervision, and other things," I corrected.

"Why—er—yes," conceded the Communist.

"But the farm is mine," insisted Pop. "I'm the owner."

"The Communist state does not recognize private property claims," intoned my young friend.

"But I built the house myself. My mother and my wife have lived there with me."

"Silly sentimental reasons have no room in the affairs of the state."

"How about *my* house?" put in Mr. Sonnenstein. "Four nice steam-heated flats and a store."

"The state will take over your house and let you partake of the housing benefits," the Communist said.

"What are those?"

The harassed Communist looked to me for help.

"The state will permit you to live in your house," I said, "so long as you clean the street and repair the plumbing and cart away the garbage and do all the other work they tell you. If you don't, out you go to a labor camp—and no more house."

"The newspapers won't stand for that!"

"That's where you're wrong, Mr. Sonnenstein. Under the Communist state, the newspapers will print only what the state tells them to print and you'll read only what the state thinks is good for you to read. You'll go only where the state tells you to go and you'll have only what the state thinks you should have. And if you don't agree, the state will see that you burn. My comrade here will bear me out."

My comrade looked rather sour, but he nodded.

"*Und* my delicatessen, vill they take it from me?" asked Fred Bonner excitedly.

"Not exactly," I said. "They'll let you run it for the state until they find some one they think can run it better. Then they'll send you out on other work."

"But my investment?" demanded Bonner.

"Who ever heard of investments in a Communist state?"

Bonner was getting sore. "I'll fight for vot iss mine!" he declared hotly. "Ve vill all fight!"

"I hope to God you are right, Mr. Bonner," I replied. "But a lot of people said that in Russia in 1917—yet they didn't fight hard enough."

I told that group the essence of the conversation I had with Lenin, in the presence of Kamenev and Zinoviev, exactly five months before the Red revolution shook the world. Lenin had no reason to tell me of his plans. Yet he talked to me freely and frankly.

"We shall take over the armed forces of the nation," he began. "We shall subjugate the apparatus of government. We shall destroy all private property rights and take over the entire machinery of production and distri-

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bution. The individual will cease to exist."

"But," I objected, "that would conflict with the theory of Marx and Engels. They meant the state to die out. You intend to make it the supreme ruler of things."

"Marx and Engels did not know Russia. We do. The state will be supreme, and we shall be the state."

"How about the wish of the people?" I ventured.

"What people?" asked Lenin. "The industrial workers? They are all for us. The peasants? They have but two conceptions—the Czar and the landlords. The Czar has left his place for us, and the peasants themselves will destroy the landlords. The nobility? We shall deal with them in our own way. Who else?"

"The great middle class—the brains of the nation."

"The dregs, you mean to say!" Lenin laughed scornfully. "Irresponsible dreamers, or cringing slaves of an outworn autocracy. At the sound of the first shot on the streets, they'll hide underneath their beds and won't emerge until it is all over. Then they will do as we tell them."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I think you're crazy."

ZINOVIEV had a sharp retort on his tongue. Kamenev cleared his throat. But Lenin said tranquilly, "Perhaps you are right. Perhaps we *are* crazy, to the average mind. But where would the world be today if it had not been for the inspired madmen of history?" His eyes turned flashing steel. "But three things are certain. We have the courage of our convictions, we know what we want, and we know how to get what we want. You people don't."

I waited a moment for this bald statement of Communistic plans—as true now as it was in 1917—to sink into the minds of that cross section of American citizenry that stood and sat and lay on the green grass of WPA Project Number ——. Then I said:

"You people! You people with brains! You are what Communism calls 'the dregs'! Yes, you"—I nodded to Mrs. Muller—"and Pop Plummer, and Bonner, and Sonnenstein, and Sonny, and Molly—"

Pop Plummer rose to his most dignified height, pulled on his five-and-ten gloves, glanced appraisingly at his broom and shovel.

"Hold on!" cried Molly. "I want to ask this 'comrade' boy a question. What about a girl like me? What about a fellow for me?"

"The Communist state will provide suitable work for every girl," the bewildered young man replied. "It is hard to tell in advance what kind of work, of course. As for the other thing, you needn't worry. There will be a different fellow for you every day."

"I mean a fellow to marry me," persisted Molly.

"You can marry him if you want to," the Communist laughed. "It will take only ten minutes to divorce him when you've grown tired of him."

"And can he divorce me in ten minutes too?"

"Certainly. But then, you need not marry at all. We stand for the principle of free love, you know."

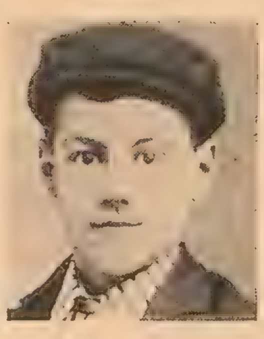
"Free love?" said Molly. "Free love my eye!"

Pop Plummer was even more severe. "That there horse," he said, "has just dropped something much more important than this stuff you're spillin' around here."

And he trotted off with his wheelbarrow!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—The very early photograph at the reader's right is of a popular columnist whose surname is preceded by twin ejaculations. *Oddly*, he strolls through Central Park with his limousine and chauffeur dogging his heels. Who is he?

2—What Belasco player starred in The Return of Peter Grimm?

3—Who was it who carried that memorable message to Garcia?

4—The apple was originally what fruit?

5—What is the derivation of the slang term "cop," meaning officer of the law?

6—How far are the elevators of New York City estimated to travel every weekday?

7—What is the name of the watery fluid that separates from blood when it congeals?

8—Lake Huron and Lake Superior are connected by what?

9—Why do the Swiss yodel?

10—When two candidates are running for office, which is greater—a plurality or a majority of votes?

11—What pudding for invalids is made of isinglass?

12—Do quiet fishermen catch more fish than noisy ones?

13—What is the value of CLIX in Arabic numerals?

14—Which three letters appear in alphabetical order on the keyboards of typewriters?

15—In which state are the Croatan Indians domiciled?

16—How much does a newly born brown-bear cub weigh?

17—To what use were penknives originally put?

18—Who is the champion contract-bridge player of the United States?

19—Where in the Bible is the beating of children advocated as a method of saving their souls?

20—What peddler and poet became the father of American ornithology?

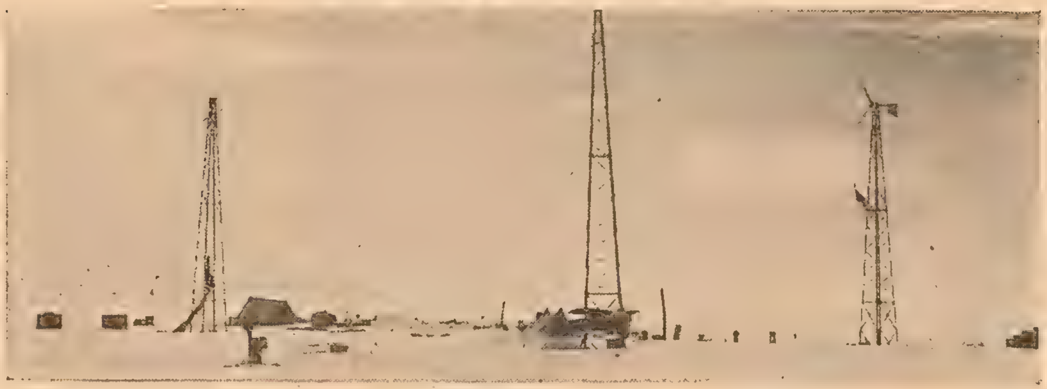
(Answers will be found on page 47)

Who Owns Little America?

A Piquant Sidelight on the International Enigma of the Land Over Which Admiral Byrd Raised the U. S. Flag

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



It was Little America when Byrd was there. What is it now?

To whom does Little America belong? Of course, to the United States. That's what you think and I think. Recent events, trivial in themselves, throw some doubt on the matter.

When the film based on Byrd's famous book arrived in England, the title, Little America, was changed to The Bottom of the World. That would signify nothing if the change had not been made, as we are informed, for political reasons, by order of the authorities.

Admiral Byrd and other bold adventurers took possession of Antarctic discoveries in the name of the United States. But it looks now as if John Bull, after gobbling up one quarter of the habitable globe, wanted Little America for dessert. What positive steps has the American government taken to assert our claims to these icy regions?

Official records disclose publication by the Navy Department on June 28, 1929, of a report by Admiral Byrd, describing the Rockefeller Mountains and the imposing range running in a southwesterly direction, in the land east of the 150th Meridian, "which was named Marie Byrd Land and claimed for the United States." Otherwise, it enunciates no territorial claim.

On December 2, 1929, the House of Representatives passed a resolution requesting the Speaker to convey to Commander Byrd and his associates the congratulations of the House on their recent successful flight over the South Pole. Yet no specific Act of Congress sets forth our rights and validates our claim in the frozen south. Such an act is now overdue.

Our rights are not based solely on the achievements of Byrd. Ellsworth recently raised the Stars and Stripes in Antarctica. Other areas have been discovered or explored by Americans in the course of a century. Without access to the files of the State Department, it is impossible to tell what claims have or have not been made. The State Department has made formal "reservations" of all rights which the United States "may have" in these areas; but there is no record of any positive act affirming title to our Antarctic possessions.

In his book, Little America, Admiral—then Commander—Byrd expressed satisfaction that the land east of the Ross Dependency could be "claimed" by the United States. In a dispatch dated December 20, 1929, he said: "They have penetrated Marie Byrd Land and are the first men to set foot on American land in the Antarctic. The area is, therefore, claimed for the United States and may be considered to extend to the Pole."

In a cairn which he built on top of a mountain in another area Byrd deposited, on December 21, the written declaration: "We are beyond or east of the 150th Meridian, and therefore . . . claim this land as a part of Marie Byrd Land, a dependency or possession of the United States of America. We are not only the first Americans, but the first individuals of any nationality to set foot on American soil in the Antarctic."

However, on his return, Byrd was quoted as saying that all his discoveries were "for the benefit of the world." A passage in his more recent book, Discovery, the story of his second expedition, reads: "Commercially barren and, for all calculable practical purposes, of no account, Antarctica has quietly entered geography as the *common domain.*"

What induced him to change his mind?

At any rate, the Acting Secretary of State told a newspaperman that, in his opinion, "Admiral Byrd's statement was not one which could affect the national claims in regard to the territory which he had discovered."

This leaves everything up in the air.

The British claim involves the sector known as the Ross Dependency of New Zealand, within which Little America is situated. On July 30, 1923, a British order in council established a government for that part of "His Majesty's Dominions in the Antarctic Seas" under the supervision of the governor-general of New Zealand. The British claim to the territory near the 150th Meridian is based merely on the fact that Captain Robert F. Scott in 1902 sighted the coast of what he named King Edward VII Land. No British subject set foot on Antarctica.

The United States does not recognize the so-called "sector principle" upon which Great Britain bases this and other Antarctic and Arctic claims. Having formally reserved its rights, the government is not precluded from asserting them officially. But will it?

Great Britain is less reluctant. On November 17, 1928, Great Britain dispatched a note to the State Department stating its claims "by right of discovery." When the note was published, it was predicted that the United States would contest this wide claim of sovereignty. But it was not until November 15, 1929, that Mr. Joseph Cotton, in reply, "assumed" that "the assertion of title was merely brought to the Department's attention for information" and that "no comment" by the Department seemed to be "called for at this time."

"It remains to be seen," said the London Times, after the receipt of the American note, "whether the question will be revived at some later date. If it is not, the conclusion is imposed that the United States Government rests upon the statement made in 1924 by the then Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes: '*In the absence of an Act of Congress,* assertive, in the domestic sense, of dominion over Wilkes Land, this Department would be reluctant to declare that the United States possessed a right of sovereignty over that territory.'"

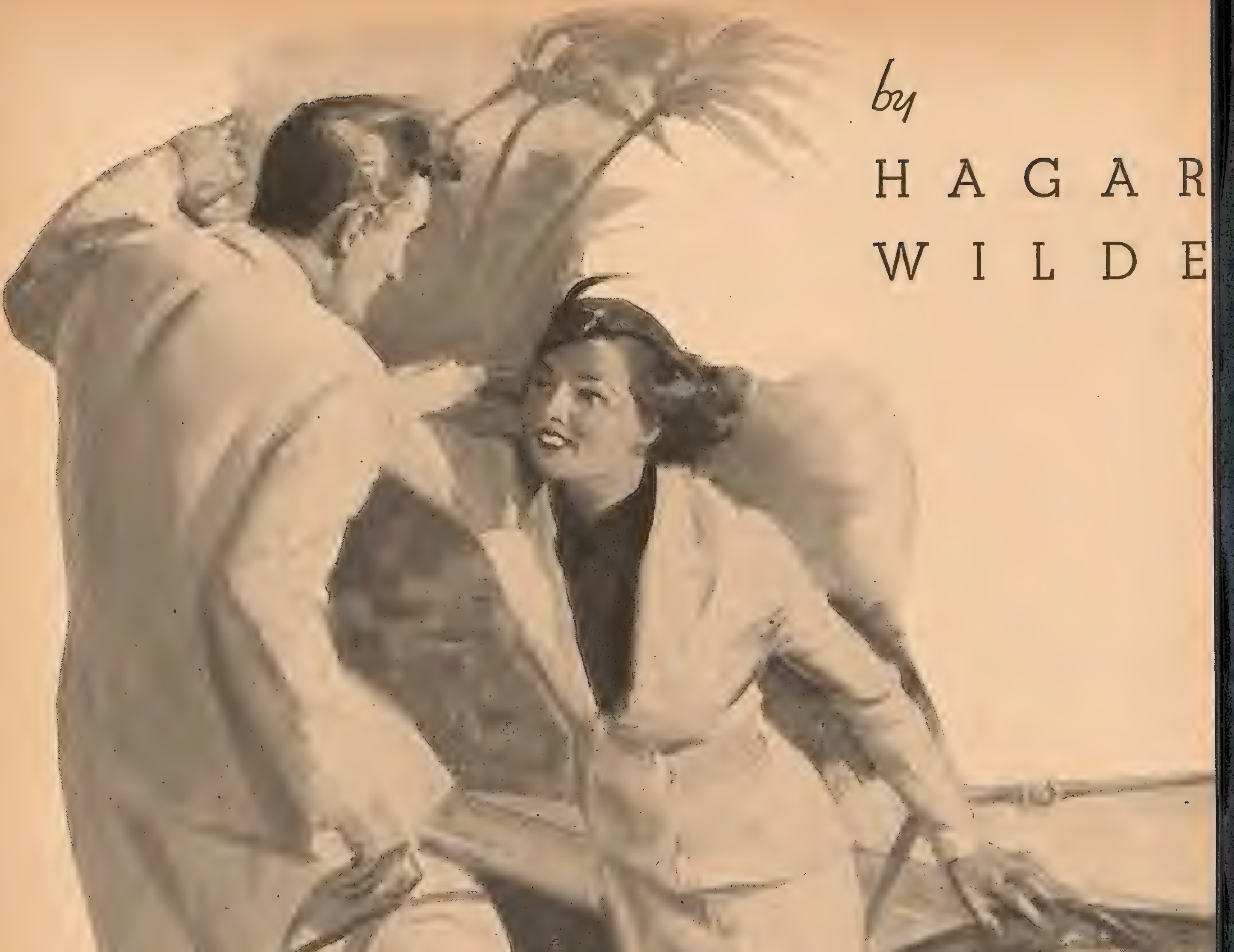
Now we realize the real significance of the change in the title of Little America. It indicates the refusal of the British government to recognize our Antarctic possessions. Not only the title *of* but the title *to* Little America and our other Antarctic territories will be forfeit unless Congress forthwith takes specific action to assert our rights.

Possibly these lands are "barren," but Byrd himself records copper and coal deposits. It may well be worth while to look into the matter before surrendering our rights by default. Alaska was once contemptuously called "Uncle Sam's icebox." Antarctica may prove another such icebox!

THE END

by

HAGAR
WILDE



The first hard gust of wind came as she got out of the car. She ran up to him, laughing, and said, "We'd better get in."

A SWIFT, TENSE TALE OF TROPIC TERROR AND A WOMA

Refuge

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

THE storm was close. Heat had shut down on the island. It was as though a kettle cover, enclosing steam, had been clamped down by a heavenly hand. Storm warnings had been up for thirty-six hours.

A yard boy said, in passing, to Ronnie Eden, "Lawd, Missa Ronnie, it goin' t' blow." His eyes, showing animal fear, rolled upward, scanning heaven.

To the point where vision failed and beyond that stretched the property of Ronald Eden. The great house, on a hilltop, overlooked the Caribbean Sea, and behind the sea, greenly, another sea of quiet burnished green. These were the coconut palms.

Ronnie was twenty-six. He had never left the island. Occasionally friends of his father or of his mother from London, or the children of these friends, looked him up on their holiday visits to the colony. They found a tall, grave boy with rather wistful eyes and a courtly manner, quick sympathies and a deep abiding loyalty to the things that were his by blood or inheritance. He asked always for his brother Donald first. Donald had gone to London seven years before, married an American girl, and had not returned, even to attend the funerals of his father and mother when they died.

Ronnie sat now on the wide veranda overlooking the sea. Squinting into the sun toward the winding white road which led to the house, he was filled with a sick dread. Although he had never seen the woman whom he was expecting, he hated her.

When her letter had arrived several weeks before, saying that she was coming to Jamaica, Ronnie had immediately cabled the family solicitor in London, begging him to stop her, to keep her, at all costs, from coming.

An answering cable said:

MARIAN EDEN SAILED YESTERDAY STOPPING AMERICA NO FORWARDING ADDRESS LETTER FOLLOWS CHELWICK

Just this morning Ronnie had received a wire from Kingston with the simple statement:

MOTORING FROM KINGSTON EXPECT ARRIVE FOUR O'CLOCK
MARIAN EDEN

She was the first person in all his life that Ronnie had hated.

It was four now. The yard boy passed again, dragging some garden implement to the safety of the storehouse. Perspiration trickled from his woolly hairline and ran, unchecked, across his face. Ronnie vaulted the veranda rail and went along beside him, assuring himself in passing each door and window that the storm doors were up and the windows securely boarded.

A car was coming now, tearing as though the fiends of hell rode its dust. Ronnie said, "That car is coming here. Put it away immediately."

"Yes, Missa Ronnie."

"Then get inside."

"*Yes,* Missa Ronnie."

He waited for her at the corner of the portico. The brakes squealed a protest as she jammed them down. The first hard gust of wind came as she got out of the car. She ran up the steps to him, laughing, and said, "We'd better get inside. Will somebody take care of the car?"

"Somebody has already taken care of it," he said, and went in, holding the door for her.

He'd known from Donald's written descriptions of her that she was beautiful, but he hadn't been prepared for her special kind of beauty. Words cannot describe the color of a skin. It can be said that a skin is cream-white, but to describe its thinness and quality of being alive is almost impossible. Her eyes were startlingly large, looking black at a distance and being gray, deeply fringed with black, upon close inspection. Her voice was deep and somehow rich, as though she could sing like an angel. And why not? She had been paid, on the stage, for singing.

She said, passing him, "Home. Donald talked of it so often." She was looking around the high-ceilinged paneled drawing room as though she knew every corner of it; had come back now after a long absence to find it as she had left it. She turned to Ronnie. "And you," she said. "He talked of you. Everything was, 'Ronnie used to do this'; 'Ronnie was like that.' I feel I know you."

Ronnie said, "I know you only from his letters and hearsay."

Something in his voice made her turn quickly. "He wrote you about me?"

"Naturally he expected we'd want to know something about his wife," Ronnie said.

She looked like a child who has been struck unjustly. She said faintly, "Were—the things he said—nice things?"

"He said you were very beautiful," said Ronnie, and looked away.

ILLUSTRATION BY WM. REUSSWIG

CRET LOYALTY TO LOVE

"You don't want me here," Marian Eden said bluntly.

"No," Ronnie said as bluntly. "I'm sorry. But you can understand it."

She looked down at her feet, up at the ceiling, around the room, as though she were going to take with her the first feeling of happiness she'd had at seeing it, and then said, "I'll go, of course. I came—because—Donald told me to. It was the last thing he asked of me. He said, 'You're to go to Jamaica. To Ronnie. Promise me you will.' I promised. I'd have promised anything to quiet him. I told him then that we'd come together. He said, 'If I can't go, you are to go alone. You will, won't you?' And so I'm here."

Ronald swallowed hard. "I've heard about you from time to time," he said.

She shivered a little, her face drawn in a pattern of pain. "I didn't realize that reputations traveled so far," she said. "From England to Jamaica. That's a long way, isn't it? Could I have my car?"

He said, "You can't go now. All hell is going to break loose in a few minutes."

"That's all right," she said. "I'm not afraid."

"You couldn't possibly get through. There'll be trees crashing about. The sea washes up over the road."

"As bad as that? I didn't know." She sat down, folding her hands in her lap. "Then I guess you'll have to put up with me until after the storm. I'm really sorry. If I'd known the sort of things he'd written you and the things people had told you, I shouldn't have come. I'd have broken my promise."

HE took her into the guest room, lit a lamp, and left her. She stood in the center of the huge room looking as though she would cry the moment he closed the door. It was odd, a mature woman looking so helpless and frightened. He thought bitterly, "That's probably the way she got Donald." He remembered that she was an actress and gave her credit for being a good one.

The storm broke fifteen minutes later, sounding like the furies unleashed. When Marian emerged after a few minutes, her copper-red hair burning bright against a simple white frock, her scarlet lipstick vivid in contrast to the ivory pallor of her skin, she said, "The rain's driving in through the windows of that room."

"It's unavoidable," Ronald said. "On the other side of the house the rooms will be flooded. No amount of boarding up keeps it out."

They were both embarrassed. She broke the silence: "I brought some of his things. The globe he'd had since he was a child. Your grandfather's watch. A—a miniature of your mother. He always kept it with him."

The loss of the brother he'd worshiped choked up in Ronnie's throat. Grief paralyzed his kindness. He burst out, "Why did my brother kill himself?"

She got whiter than ever. "I don't know." She seemed to force the words out.

"You were there."

"Yes." Her voice was indistinct.

"What happened?"

"I begged him not to. He—he tore away from me. I couldn't stop him. I'm not that strong."

"Why didn't he come when my father died?"

She faltered, "He couldn't."

"My mother was ill for five months. There was plenty of time. I cabled repeatedly. He cabled back that he was coming. She waited for him. She lived in agony for the moment she'd see him. It was the only thing that kept her alive. Then your cable came saying that he couldn't come."

"He was taken ill," said Marian. She closed her eyes and sat there breathing like a small wild thing trapped and defenseless.

"That's a lie. He wrote me the truth."

"The truth?" she said.

"You'd fallen in love with somebody. He was afraid to leave, afraid he'd lose you. And before that. When father died you'd run away and he had to find you. Always it's been you—you! His whole life revolved around you, was built on you. He sacrificed everything—his family, his fortune. You've spent that, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said thinly.

"And then finally you took his life." He paused, turned his face away from her to hide what he was feeling about Donald. "Such selfishness as you've been guilty of is a horrible thing. The suffering you've caused goes on living, even though they're dead. It's here, in this house. The walls know it. And I—I live with it every day. I see my mother's face watching the road from her bedroom window, and dying, never having seen what she was looking for!"

She put her hands over her face, saying, "You loved him very much, didn't you, Ronnie?"

"He was my brother," Ronnie said. He couldn't talk of the things he loved. It wasn't in him.

Had he seen another woman suffering as she seemed to be suffering, no sacrifice would have been too great for him to earn her comfort. But this one with the pale stricken face might weep the earth to its end before he'd raise a hand.

She moaned, taking her hands from her face and putting them over her ears. "If it would only stop. The wind. If it would only stop!"

He said brutally, "When it stops you'll hear other things. Perhaps you'll hear Donald telling you how much he loved you. You might even hear the sound of a bullet crashing through his brain."

"It wasn't a bullet." Her voice was dreary. "He—he threw himself from a window."

Ronnie smoothed a bright lock of hair from his brow with a damp shaking hand. Don plunging through the air. Striking. Broken. He tried to think of something else. There were only three things in the room to think of—that, the sound of the storm outside, and the picture of a woman who was always falling in love.

Her hands were lying inert again in her lap. The tears rolled from wide-open eyes, trickling down to the corners of her mouth. Every now and then she raised her arm, elbow out, as a little girl does, and wiped them away with the back of her hand. She said in almost a whisper, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Ronnie."

"I know," he said; "but it doesn't bring Don back."

She was quiet all that day, reading in the big chair by the boarded window, searching the room with wide questioning eyes as though Donald might have left something there which she would discover; sometimes as though she were remembering the room from his description of it. Ronnie watched her. Against his will, a tenderness sprang up in him each time he looked at her.

They dined on the card table in that room, the dining room being in one of the flooded sections of the house. They talked quietly, as strangers, about London. He asked questions and she answered them. They parted that night at the door of the guest room. Her smile as she said, "Good night, Ronnie," tugged at his heart. Just so a child might have bravely gone into a dark room fearing the hobgoblins in the corners.

WHEN he woke the following morning the wind had died down. His first thought was of her. He swung open the storm door of his room and then the lattice door, pulled on his robe, and rushed out to the drawing room. She was there, waiting breakfast for him. Again she seemed like a dutiful child visiting. He said, "Oh, you're here."

"Yes," she said. "I inquired, but your boys didn't seem to think it was safe yet for me to go."

"It's a lull," he said. "The storm will come back shortly. I was afraid you might have gone out in it."

"They told me not to," she said, "so I didn't."

She had unpacked the things she had spoken of and had them there on the Sheraton table. She said, "I put them here because I didn't know where you'd want them."

Ronnie picked them up to take them into his room. He said, "Thanks awfully. It was kind of you to bring them." It was the first pleasant thing he'd said to her. She colored brightly and looked pleased.

At breakfast she said, "Tell me about Donald when he was a little boy. Was he always laughing?"

"Yes," Ronnie said.

"Was he very brave?"

"Fearless," said Ronnie.

"Handsome, of course," she said. "And did he always take the blame for things other people did?"

"He saved me many a hiding," Ronnie said.

Her eyes were shining softly. She said, "Did he climb trees and fall out?"

"I don't remember his falling out of trees," Ronnie said. "He was a reckless devil, but he always had the luck of the devil too. There was a bad motor accident a year before he left for London—yes, it was a year. It was his own fault, really. He cut a curve and met a fruit truck head on. It tossed him out without a broken bone. He got up and helped them right the truck. It had tipped over, and the driver was trying to make a boat. The motorcar was a total wreck."

She didn't answer him, and he looked up. She'd gone white and her hand was trembling. She didn't eat any more. "I'm not hungry, really," she said with an apologetic smile.

They played cards. The storm came back with renewed intensity, hurling itself across the island to strike down the enemies it had spared before. The rain drove through the jalousie cracks in increasing volume.

RONNIE took a sheet from the pile which had been placed there for the purpose and stuffed the cracks with it. The roof was leaking, solid as it was, and a pool of water formed rapidly in the center of the floor. She took a sheet from the pile and got down on her knees, mopping up the water.

Ronnie said, "Don't waste sheets on that. We've buckets for that purpose, you see." He handed her one, and as she took it, her hand touched his. The cool contact burned through him with more fever than an embrace ever had. Cold sweat burst out on his brow. Don was somewhere in the room, laughing recklessly, saying, "You've thought me a soft fool. Be with her for a while. Watch her. Could you have borne seeing her fall in love with some one else?"

They went back to their game of double solitaire. She played her hand with a childlike gravity, exclaiming impatiently when it didn't come out and gurgling with triumph when it did.

The day wore on to the accompaniment of noise outside which had become so much a part of everything that it was as noticeable as silence. Again they dined at the card table, and again, in her doorway, she said gravely, "Good night, Ronnie." When the door closed behind her it was as though a light in the room had been extinguished.

He sat on the edge of his bed, damp hands locked in his pockets. Somehow he knew that she would lie straight and still in the huge four-poster bed, one arm under her head, her copper hair making too bright an image on the white-linen pillow slip. He knew now, after two days, that her going would be the worst thing that had ever happened to him, and

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WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic . . . and turn on the X-ray camera.

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If you could see those pictures, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You would be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed.* A laxative like Ex-Lax.

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he was ashamed. All these years his hatred had burned fiercely, fueled by his pity for Don. How had she extinguished it? She had done nothing, made no move toward him.

He had not yet undressed. He went to the door of the guest room and knocked. She called out, " Yes? "

He said, " May I see you a moment? "

" Of course." She opened the door and stood aside for him to enter.

He said, " You'll think it odd, my coming, when we've had all day to talk."

" Not at all." She was wearing a soft robe of white toweling. She looked much smaller in her bedroom slippers, came scarcely to his shoulder.

" It's a question I want to ask you."

She said again, " Of course," but he could see that she was frightened.

" Was my brother ever cruel to you? "

" Cruel? " she said. " Don? "

That answered his question.

" Then—all these things you did—" he said, anguished.

" Don was the kindest man I've ever known," she said, staring ahead of her.

" I thought perhaps I'd been unjust," Ronnie said.

She put her hand on his arm. " You haven't been unjust, Ronnie. And never think that of Don. He was kindness itself."

" Thank you," he said. He left her and went back to his room. Lying there, his face in the pillow, he recounted her sins, and they were many. But he loved her.

HAGAR WILDE *left her native Toledo, Ohio, when she was twenty and migrated to New York to write. Since then she has published two novels, a play—The Enchanted Cup, based on the life of Lord Byron — and more than two hundred short stories.*

The storm died in the night, swept off into the reaches of the Caribbean looking for untouched prey. The doors were thrown open the next morning to brilliant peace shining down upon havoc. The morning birdcalls were back. The John Crows circled, avid for food. The yard boys were already out, clearing away the wreckage. Branches of coconut palms, piles of wet coconut husks, odd bits of tin torn from roofs, grass from the hilltop piled the veranda.

She stood with him in the doorway and looked out over a glassy sea. " It's beautiful," she said wistfully.

" Yes." She was going, and with her his heart.

" I'd no idea the storms were as violent as this." She pointed to the debris.

" They're pretty bad sometimes," he said.

" It won't come back? "

" No," he said, " it won't come back."

" I'll go now, then," she said.

" I told you, you won't be able to get through. There'll be trees down, blocking the road."

" I'll get through some way," she said. " I may have to leave the car, but it can always be brought on."

" I'll take you into Montego Bay."

She said, " Thank you, but I'd rather go alone. You don't mind? "

He followed her through the house and out to her car. She laughed, looking at it. " I rented it in Kingston for five pounds a week," she said. " I must wire them that the storm didn't blow it and me away."

Ronnie put her bag in and she got in after it. She said, " Don't be concerned about me. If I can't get through I can stay somewhere near by until it's possible to travel."

Then she remembered her manners, saying, " Thank you for everything," and drove away.

LATER in the day he heard that Round Hill Bluff had caved, so she couldn't have got through. But she didn't come back. He pictured her, as he organized things for clearing the coconut walk, sitting patiently on a rock waiting like a child in a schoolroom to be told that she might go. That, of course, was nonsense. She would have taken a room at the Lawsons'. They let rooms to tourists.

Then he pictured her sitting at the Lawsons'. She was with him all day. He wanted to go after her, just to see her once more, watch her gray eyes lifting to his, searching his for kindness, and looking bewildered when she did not find it. He scotched that with terrific effort, knowing that if he saw her again he would either kiss her or die.

At five o'clock he left the coconut walk and climbed the hill to the house. It crouched, deserted, cleared of debris. On the slope leading to the sea barefooted women in headcloths swept the hill with hand brushes. They leaned, patient and slow, thinking of damage wrought to their small cane and banana cultivations, acceptance and resignation written in the attitudes of their bodies. Ronnie called to one of them:

" Your cane down, Coralie? "

She straightened. " Lawd, yes, squire."

Ronnie said, " I can keep you working around here for a month or so."

She bobbed, her sun-faded cotton dress, ankle-length, lowering and covering her soiled feet. " Please, Missa Ronnie," she said, " mi won' cyan' wuk tomorrow. Mi got a sick."

" Who is that, Coralie? "

" Mi chile," she answered. " D' pole dun toomble an' lick him."

" Come when you can, then." Ronnie went on into the house.

Coralie bent back to her task muttering, " D' squire good."

RONNIE had tea and sent the boy to wait for the post, a journey of three miles. Between tea and dinner he had only Marian to occupy his mind. He went into his room and looked at Donald's things. The globe, finger-marked where Donald had twirled it repeatedly. There was a smudged spot on the small pink blob which was Jamaica. Homesick, he'd been. His mother's miniature. She looked back at him, young and beautiful. That was about the time that his father had brought her from England to Jamaica to take over the plantation. Jamaica had been a far land then. His grandfather's watch, long since tired of duty, elaborately engraved, lay silent as a grandfather in a chimney corner remembering his days of vigor; not regretting them. These things would safeguard him from his thoughts of her. These would be the amulets worn about the neck of his memory to ward off evil.

The dining room was large. He had never felt so lonely in his life. The silence was broken only by the sound of the wind rattling the leaves of the coconut palms on the hillside. Once a ripe nut fell with a dull thud. He could hear it rolling down the hill, crashing into a heap of dried branches at the bottom.

The boy who had been sent for the post came back with it, laid a bundle of letters and papers at Ronnie's elbow.

Among them was a letter from Chelwick. Ronnie opened that first.

Chelwick had written:

" MY DEAR RONALD:

" No doubt by this time your sister-in-law will have arrived. I feel it my painful duty to acquant you with facts which have heretofore been withheld from you.

" Marian Eden is penniless. I am sure that Donald's one wish would be that you provide for her. An income, no matter how small, will assure her of some security, a security she has earned in loyalty and suffering.

" Your brother, Ronald, was insane. In his lucid moments Donald was kind to her, worshiped her almost fanatically. At other times he fancied all manner of things. He imagined her in love with every man with whom she associated in business. It killed her career. Producers dared not give her parts, fearing the scenes that would follow, in public and in private. Rather than admit his derangement, she shouldered the accusations.

" She was confident that he could be cured, and to this end she spent not only all her own money but his entire fortune. At this time I begged her to bring him back to Jamaica, but she would not. She felt that for his mother to see him in one of his ungovernable fits of rage would be too great a shock to Mrs. Eden, and there was no way in which the attacks could be controlled.

" He maligned her all over London. No doubt you have had reverberations of his tales. When he was quiet once more, he forgot completely what had passed in the meantime.

"The cause of derangement was, as far as we have been able to ascertain, the result of a motor accident which occurred in Jamaica before he came to London. He struck his head, he told us once, and was subject to violent headaches for years.

"I, and I alone, am responsible for his death. He nearly killed her during one of his attacks, and when it reached its end and he was once more himself, I told him the truth. I told him what had happened and that the attacks were increasing in frequency. That night he threw himself from the window of their apartment.

"His death caused me great pain, but when I realize that his object was to save the person he loved most in the world from the slow agony of watching him become a raving maniac, I can only feel that I acted for the best and that it was what he would have wanted me to do.

"She has fought valiantly and sacrificed much to keep any inkling of this from reaching his people. And because she has done so, I have the feeling that she will continue to keep it from you. If, upon going over their affairs, I had not found that she has no means, even for a bare existence, I should have kept her secret for her. Under the circumstances, however, I must beg you to do what you can to relieve not only the financial but the mental strain she is under.

"Believe me, this has been a most painful communication for me to write and that I extend my most sincere . . ."

RONNIE left the letter there. He said to a boy coming through the dining-room door, "Drop that and bring the car."

"Please, squire?"

"Never mind, never mind."

Ronnie was off, cursing. The servants watched him turning the corner at the bend of the road, the wheels of the car reluctantly taking the turn at that speed. The cook said, "Lawd 'a' murcy, we'll have a daid!"

The road was not yet cleared. A crude sign under one of the red lanterns bore the legend, Go Dead Slow. Ronnie swung into the Lawsons' driveway.

She was sitting on the veranda, looking out to sea. He came up the steps and got down on his knees and put his head in her lap and cried.

She said, "Why, Ronnie!" surprised and shaken. And then she stroked his hair, saying, "What is it? What is it?"

He said, "Come home, Marian. Don't talk now. Get your things."

He got up, ashamed of his outburst, and shy. He said in a choked voice, "Please."

Obediently she went inside and up the staircase, and he stood waiting for her and the cessation of the tears in his throat.

THE END

Melvin Purvis, former G-Man, employing the instrument used to determine the gun from which a bullet was fired

Getting the Drop on Public Nuisance No. 1

By Melvin Purvis

Former G-Man and Nemesis of Gangdom

WHEN the rataplan of gunfire hushed, Public Enemy Number 1 lay sprawled on the street. This gangster's swift justice at the hands of law and order marked the beginning of the end for one of the most vicious gangs in the history of crime. And in this spectacular man hunt, as in most others, scientific skill and close attention to detail played leading parts.

These are the similarities between the manufacture of Gillette Blades and crime detection, although I didn't know this until my recent inspection trip through the Gillette factory. Previously I had taken razor blades for granted. I couldn't imagine the scientific skill, expert craftsmanship and tremendous care that is lavished on the Gillette Blade.

I saw things on my visit to the factory that are almost unbelievable. Yes, I saw wonders that a non-scientific mind simply cannot grasp. The automatic control mechanism on the electric hardening furnaces positively awed me. In these furnaces the world's finest steel is treated with more heat or less heat as required for utmost uniformity with the correct standard. This system alone was evolved at a cost of many thousands of dollars and years of research and labor.

Familiar as I am with the microscope I was greatly impressed with Gillette's constant use of this scientific instrument to assure perfection in the finished product. I marvelled at a photo-electric device developed by Gillette which measures the sharpness of the blade edges, and guides the skilled technicians who keep the huge grinding machines in tune. These machines weigh four tons each and can be adjusted to a fineness of 1/10,000 of an inch.

Most impressive of all is the precision of every operation. A trip through the factory is a revelation to one who appreciates accuracy and meticulous attention to detail. More than that, a man leaves the Gillette plant with a feeling of gratitude to these experts who have the drop on Public Nuisance No. 1 — these Gillette scientists who have made the removal of unsightly bristles so much easier and more comfortable for every man.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Secrets of New York's

The Strange Case of the Sick Ducks and the Headless Corpse—A True Crime Story Complete in This Issue

by A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN the late June of 1897, Mr. Henry Wahle of 346 Second Street, Woodside, Long Island, was distressed and not a little bewildered by the peculiar behavior of his ducks.

Instead of paddling fatly about in the open drain outside the vacant house next door, as was their duckly custom, they were continually climbing up on the banks of the ditch to pluck out a tail feather which offended them or—if we may use the slang of a later day—to put their lunch.

Mr. Wahle was not a duckster by profession. He was a lamplighter. But he knew there must be some foreign matter in the water which besmeared them when they swam and sickened them when they drank. So on Saturday, June 26, he set himself to clean out the ditch.

It was then that he discovered that the almost stagnant water in the drain was a gory red.

At that very moment two small boys in far-off Manhattan—Jack Maguire of 722 East Twelfth Street, and Jimmie McKenna of 192 Avenue C—who were playing on the pier at the foot of East Eleventh Street, spied a bundle done up in red oilcloth floating by the dock.

Boylike, they dived in and fished it out.

The outer wrapper, which was about the size of a kitchen tablecloth and of an all-over flowered pattern, was tightly tied with twine. So was an inner layer of brown paper, and still a third covering of cheesecloth.

The boys were jubilant over their find—until the last cord was cut. Then, with twitching faces and trembling legs, they started on the run for the nearest police station. For the bundle contained the legless, armless, *and headless* body of a human being.

The following day, Sunday, another package wrapped in the same kind of oilcloth turned up in the shadow of a stone wall near High Bridge. This one contained, among other gruesome remnants, two freshly severed hands.

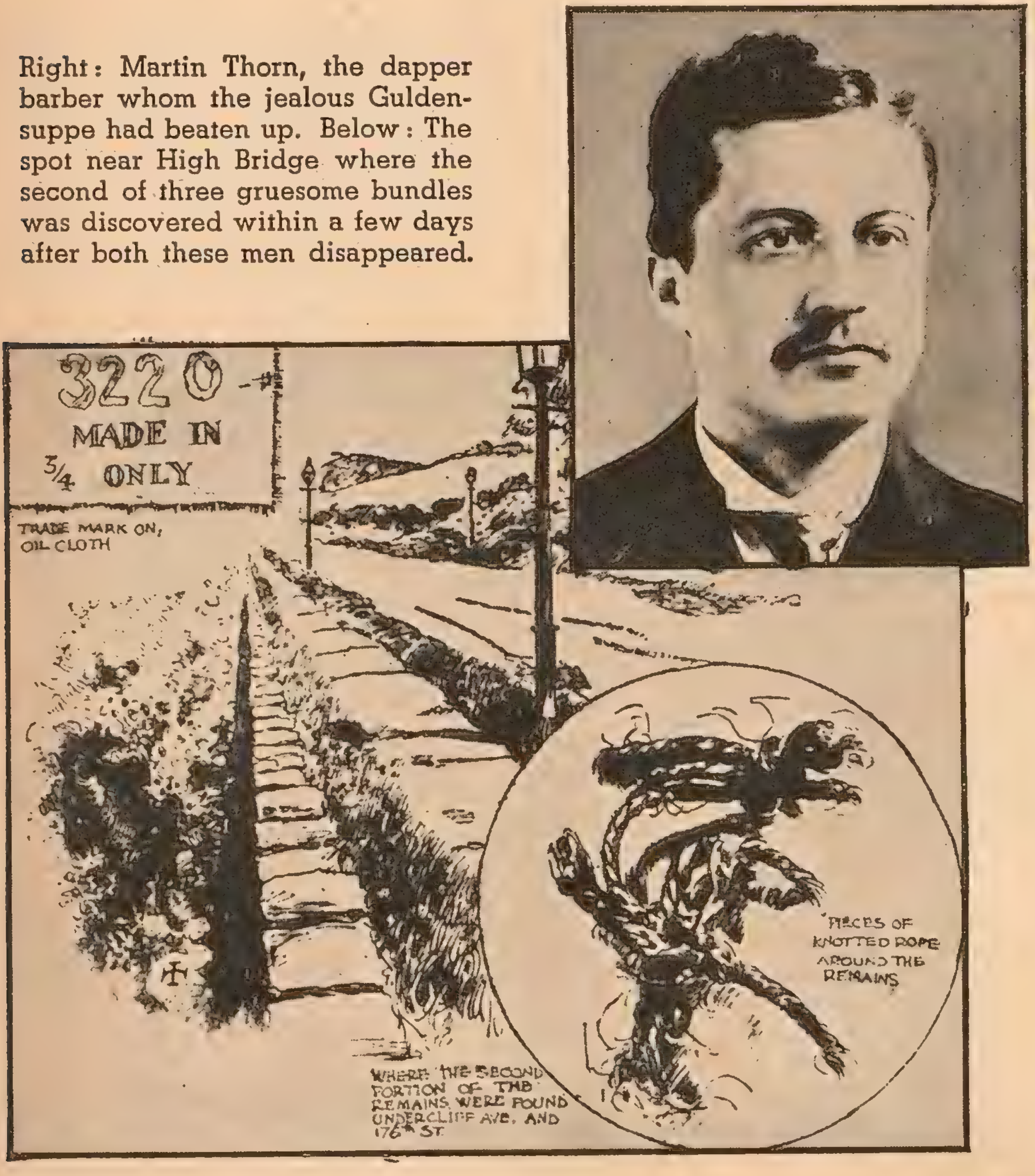
Almost simultaneously, a pair of sawed-off legs, also enclosed in oilcloth, floated into the Navy Yard, on the Brooklyn side of the East River.

All of these fragments were promptly taken to the Bellevue morgue in Manhattan, where Dr. Philip O'Hanlon, New York's famous coroner's physician, undertook to reconstruct them into the semblance of a human being.

The head had been sawed off just below the chin. The torso had been cut in two between the fifth and sixth ribs, apparently with a sharp knife and a saw. There was an open wound in the flesh of the chest in the shape of a horseshoe, the small end narrow at the neck and the large end wide enough to include the breasts. The heart and part of the lungs, still intact, indicated that death must have taken place at least twenty-four hours before the finding of the first fragment.

"Another stiletto murder!" exclaimed Captain Steve O'Brien, who was then the capable head of the Headquarters Detective Bureau, and forth-

Above: Guldensuppe, the masseur who "could take care of himself."



3220
MADE IN
3/4 ONLY
TRADE MARK ON, OIL CLOTH
PIECES OF KNOTTED ROPE AROUND THE REMAINS
WHERE THE SECOND PORTION OF THE REMAINS WERE FOUND UNDERCLIFF AVE. AND 176th ST.

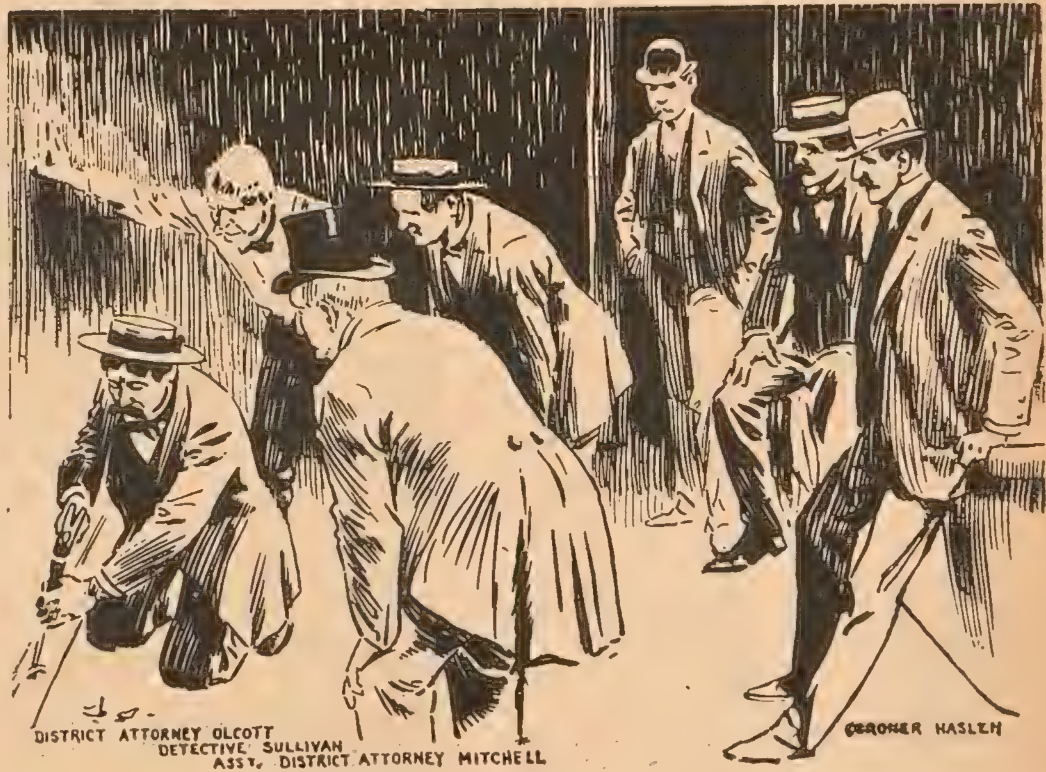
Right: Martin Thorn, the dapper barber whom the jealous Guldensuppe had beaten up. Below: The spot near High Bridge where the second of three gruesome bundles was discovered within a few days after both these men disappeared.

with dispatched four of the best boys, Detectives Donohue, McCauley, Price, and Kraush, to make a thorough search of Little Italy.

The legs and hands bore out the captain's theory, for they, too, had been severed by a sharp instrument, possibly a razor but probably a stiletto. The saw had been used only for cutting through the heavier bones.

The horseshoe-shaped disfiguration of the breasts suggested that the body might be that of a woman; but further examination showed that this was not so. A more likely theory was that there had been a tattoo or other identifying mark on the chest, which the murderer had been at pains to remove.

The hands were strong but white, without signs of rough labor. The soles of the feet indicated that they had stood on hot floors for long periods at a time. One of the legs was slightly thicker than the other. There was a scar on the index finger of the left hand. And two toes on the right foot overlapped.



Officials and detectives ransacking the bloodstained bathroom of the house in Woodside. In 1897, newspaper pictures were like this.

These and the oilcloth were all that the police had to help them identify the headless corpse. And they were little enough, in view of the widely separated points at which the bundles had been found, and of the fact that the trunk and legs might have started on their watery journey from almost any point on either side of Long Island Sound.

Of course, Henry Wahle's story of red water and sick ducks in a Woodside street drain was as yet known only to Wahle's neighbors, and was frankly not believed by them.

"Henry," one of them said, "is just plumb duck crazy!"

Mrs. Nack, whose behavior at the murder trial astounded the public.

DOWN at the morgue, Dr. O'Hanlon and Coroner Tuthill had done what they could. Without the head they could do no more. Captain O'Brien's search of the Italian quarter had produced no signs of a stiletto murder.

But late Sunday night, just as the case was beginning to look hopeless, a young man named Joseph W. Gavan—later a star reporter on the New York Times, but then a representative of the Standard News Association—happened to walk into his favorite rejuvenating station, the Murray Hill Turkish Baths, on Forty-second Street near Sixth Avenue, and turned up the first hot clue.

In his capacity of reporter Gavan had spent thirty sleepless hours following developments in the case of the headless corpse, and he needed a good rub. But his favorite masseur was not on the job.

"Where's Billy?" he asked.

"Oh, he got a day off on Friday to go with some skirt to Long Island," laughed one of the other masseurs, "an' I guess he's decided to stay there."

At first Gavan attached no importance to this information. Then he began putting two and two together. Long Island? That was certainly a possible place for the murder to have happened. And Friday was a possible day. And a "skirt" is always a possible motive!

But that wasn't all. Billy the masseur, as Joe Gavan well remembered, had the figure of a nude woman tattooed on his chest. And that wasn't all, either. Joe looked down on his own bare feet. They were standing, as Billy's stood the whole night through, *on the hot floor of a Turkish bath.*

Joe Gavan never got that much-needed rubdown. But the next morning's paper got a great story. For the headless corpse, about which everybody was talking, was apparently all that remained of William Guldensuppe, or Gieldsensuppe, the missing Turkish-bath rubber, who had gone to Long Island on Friday with a "skirt."

It had been a busy night at the morgue.

Manager Schellenberg of the Murray Hill Baths had identified the reconstructed body as that of his assistant. Dr. J. S. Cosby of 215 West Forty-fourth Street had identified the scar on the index finger of the left hand as the one caused by a felon which he had removed.

"It is Guldensuppe's hand, all right," he said. "I can't be mistaken about it."

A soldier friend of the missing man, one August Lobis of Battery L, United States Artillery, had also identified the hands of the dismembered corpse. Moreover, he had stated that he had seen Gieldsensuppe—he was one who insisted on spelling it the hard way—quarreling only the previous week with a slightly built man on the West Farms Road, out Westchester way.

Another close friend, William Hockett, not only identified the remains but said he had warned Guldensuppe that if he didn't stop running around with women, he'd get croaked.

"I can take care of myself," the masseur had said.

But apparently he couldn't.

The papers made a good deal of this dramatic identification—and well they might. But for us at Headquarters the chase had just begun. We knew, or thought we knew, the identity of the victim. But we didn't have the slightest idea who had killed him or where it had been done.

The reporters left no journalistic stone unturned. One enterprising young man showed up at the morgue with Holland the palmist. But after a careful examination of the armless hands, all he said that had any bearing on the case was that the victim was a man of jealous disposition who had recently had trouble with a woman—two statements which were truer than he knew.

Of course we followed up on Guldensuppe, and found that he had boarded for the past eighteen months in the home of a midwife, Mrs. Augusta Nack, over a store at 439 Ninth Avenue, Manhattan. This fact in itself was not enlightening; nor did Mrs. Nack seem to be the sort of "skirt" for whom men kill and die, or even go to Long Island. She was fat and forty but not at all fair, and had deep-set, decidedly cocked eyes.

Yet the story which this unprepossessing woman told was not without romantic features—of a sort.

She and her husband, Herman Nack, formerly a grocer and currently the driver of a bakery wagon, had lived for some years at the Ninth Avenue address; and although all of their five children had died, they were apparently a fairly happy couple until Willie Guldensuppe rented the front room.

Shortly thereafter, Herman Nack established himself in bachelor quarters at 334 East Eighty-second Street—and Mrs. Nack advertised for another boarder. Answering the ad came Fred Braun, a dapper, mustachioed, rather young man below medium height and of slight build but handsome. He said he was a barber, and looked it. He took the hall bedroom.

All went well, apparently, in this strange household of midwife, masseur, and barber, until winter weather set in, when Braun complained of his cold room, and Mrs. Nack suggested that he sleep in the kitchen, which adjoined her own bedroom. Willie Guldensuppe didn't like this idea, and said so, not only to Mrs. Nack, whose favorite he had been for some months, but to the dapper Mr. Braun. In fact, he beat up the latter and threw him, with his belongings, into the street.

NEITHER Mrs. Nack nor the barber was exactly pleased. Under rigorous questioning she admitted to us that Braun had left the house vowing vengeance on Guldensuppe, and that she didn't blame him.

We didn't have much on the heavy-browed midwife, but since she was a witness as well as a cause of the quarrel between the two men, we locked her up.

The next step, obviously, was in the direction of the charming boarder who was so cold that he had to sleep in the kitchen. But the direction was not at all clear. There was no barber in Greater New York by the name of Fred Braun.

The man's physical description, however, as obtained from stout Mrs. Nack and some of her neighbors, led us finally to believe that the supposed Braun was really Martin Thorn, for some years a well known journeyman haircutter in the better-class barbershops of midtown New York.

Constantine Keehn, a fellow tonsorialist of 836 Sixth Avenue, Manhattan, told us that he had worked in the same shop with Thorn that winter, and that Thorn had reported for duty one day with a badly blackened eye, and had said:

"I got it for a woman, but I don't care. She loves me more than she does anybody else, and gives me money whenever I ask for it."

Anna Held, managed by Ziegfeld, consoled the prisoner in his cell.

Six days after Guldensuppe's disappearance we sent out the following general alarm:

> WANTED—For the murder of William Guldensuppe, Martin Thorn, whose right name is Martin Torczewski, born in Posen, Germany; 33 to 34 years old; about 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighs about 155 pounds, has blue-gray eyes, very dark hair, red cheeks, and light brown mustache, thick and curled at the ends. Has a small scar on the forehead. Speaks with a slight German accent. Is an expert pinochle player and a first class barber.

And still we hadn't heard about Henry Wahle and his red water and his sick ducks!

We had heard, however, some very interesting things. One was that on the afternoon of June 25, the day before young Jack Maguire and Jimmie McKenna found the headless corpse, Mrs. Nack had gone to August Streuning's livery stable, a few doors from where she lived, and hired a horse and surrey for use the following afternoon at four; and that the rig had been returned about nine o'clock Saturday evening by a man resembling our description of Thorn. The horse was very tired, and the surrey dusty and bedraggled.

MRS. NACK denied all this vigorously; but George Vockrath, the employee with whom she dealt, was positive in his identification. The woman, with her bushy eyebrows and cocked eyes, her thick neck and bustiferous figure, and her flair for gay clothes and large plumed hats, was not easily forgotten.

The case against her took still another turn when Edward Gordon of 515 Third Avenue informed us that he had seen her board a ferry for Long Island City shortly after noon on Saturday, the 26th, the day the body was found. With her was "a good-looking young man with a blond and curled mustache."

Meanwhile our boys had traced the oilcloth to the shop of Pauline Riger in the Dutch Hills section of Long Island City. Mrs. Riger remembered the sale and easily identified the cloth. She remembered the time of the sale, too. It was Saturday, shortly after noon, or at just the time Mrs. Nack might have bought it after landing in Long Island City from her ferry ride.

Mrs. Riger was also able to describe the purchaser with great particularity—and her description, even to the smallest details of the dress the woman was wearing, corresponded to the description already given by Gordon.

One more link connecting both Thorn and Mrs. Nack with the crime was a telegram we found in the latter's apartment, supposedly signed by Guldensuppe, but sent twenty-four hours after he was known to be dead, asking her to telephone Manager Schellenberg at the Turkish baths that he wouldn't be able to work that night.

The message, we soon found out, had been filed at a telegraph office at the corner of Forty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue by a good-looking man of Thorn's size with a blond mustache; and the handwriting on the original blank showed unmistakable similarity to Thorn's.

At this point Chief of Police Conlin and Captain O'Brien called us all down to the famous old Central Office at 300 Mulberry Street. The D. A., Judge William M. K. Olcott, joined the party. And together we reconstructed the movements of the suspected pair, beginning on Friday, the 25th, Guldensuppe's day off. If, as the medical examination showed, the masseur had been murdered early Friday, Mrs. Nack or Thorn, or both, must have gone to the unknown place of the crime and done their stuff some time Friday morning, and have returned—at least, Mrs. Nack had returned—early enough to hire the surrey for the following afternoon at four.

Then, on Saturday, they had both taken the ferry for Long Island City, where Mrs. Nack had purchased the oilcloth. The distant Dutch Hills section of Long Island City had undoubtedly been chosen for the purchase with the idea of throwing investigators off the track.

After returning to Manhattan, they had presumably gone again to the scene of the murder, wrapped up the pieces of the corpse in the oilcloth, and used the surrey to transfer their ghastly bundles to High Bridge and the other places where they disposed of them.

The fake telegram and the resulting telephone message were evidently blinds.

It was a pretty story—and we believed it. But we still had no real proof that it was so. *We didn't even know where the crime had been committed.*

Meanwhile the anecdote of the red water and the sick ducks had become a sort of Woodside joke. No one had seen the red water but Henry, and nobody had been sick to his stomach but Henry's ducks. So, as the honest lamplighter made his nightly rounds, he was the butt of many a merry jest.

Finally the story reached the local police station, as most stories eventually do, and was relayed to Headquarters along with seemingly more important items. In double-quick time Detectives Donohue, Barrett, and Boyle were in Woodside examining Henry Wahle's ditch.

THE drain connected with a vacant two-story house which stood about two hundred feet from Wahle's place. In this house, upstairs, the detectives found unmistakable evidence of such a murder as had cost William Guldensuppe his life.

Bloodstains in great profusion indicated that the cutting and sawing had been done in the bathroom, and the tub was found to have direct connection with the drain from which Wahle's ducks had drunk.

At last we had something to put our teeth into, and we put them in good and deep.

Neighbors recalled that on both Friday and Saturday there had been signs of activity in the long-vacant house. They distinctly remembered a stout woman wearing a black skirt and a large hat; also a slight youngish man, who might have passed for her son. The two had arrived Saturday afternoon in a surrey and left shortly afterward, carrying large bundles which they placed in the carriage.

Back in Manhattan, we soon located the owner of the Woodside cottage, one Mrs. Baula of 125 West Twenty-sixth Street, who said that she had only recently rented the house to a young man named Fred Braun, who was accompanied by " a fat and cock-eyed woman " whom he introduced as his wife. She produced a letter, in Thorn's handwriting, dated July 1, which she had just received by mail:

Dear Grandpa:

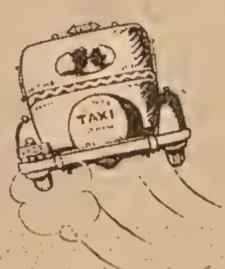
Thanks for the $5. I hope you'll like my new brand of tobacco. I'm sending you a sample.

Affectionately,
Jack

Dear Jack:

That Union Leader Tobacco of yours has real old Kentucky Burley flavor. But why spoil an old man with an expensive mixture? I trust you didn't spend all the $5 on the tobacco.

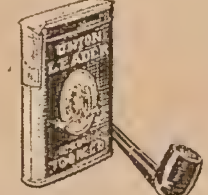
Grandpa



Dear Grandpa:

Spend $5 on tobacco? Why, that big tin of Union Leader I sent you cost only a dime. I spent the rest of your gift on my girl.

Affectionately,
Jack



Dear Jack:

Good thing you told me the price of Union Leader. I was beginning to think you were getting a millionaire complex. Inasmuch as you're such a grand judge of fine tobacco, I'll bet that girl of yours is a pippin!

Grandpa

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UNION LEADER

UNION LEADER
SMOKING TOBACCO
10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

JUDGE Union Leader any way you like. Sniff the fragrance of its mild, old Kentucky Burley. Enjoy its mellow flavor—its smooth blending of expensive leaf. Then glance at its price. Just 10 cents?

That's what we said. And that's all Union Leader asks for a full-size tin of this prize-winning, flavorful, biteless tobacco . . . the swellest pipe enjoyment you can get. (It's great for cigarettes, too!)

MRS. BAULA—On account of sickness in my family I will not move into the house at Woodside before another week or ten days. (signed) F. BRAUN.

Meanwhile Detective McCauley had been following the barbershop trail. Mac bought himself so many shaves in so many shops those early July days that his face never really got over it. He was lucky not to get barber's itch! But finally his patience was rewarded. He learned that Barber Thorn's closest friend was Barber John "Legs" Gotha, or Gartha.

So Mac bought himself another shave. Legs admitted the friendship readily, but said he hadn't seen Thorn for, "oh, ever so long." And the man was obviously speaking the truth. That night, however, Mac was surprised to receive a telephone call from him.

"Right after you left," said Legs, very much excited, "Martin Thorn came into the shop and asked for a hair trim. As soon as I threw the cover over him, he slipped me a note which told me to meet him at one o'clock at the corner of 125th Street and Eighth Avenue. I met him—and he told me everything."

LEGS was right. Thorn had told the whole grim story: How Mrs. Nack by a phone call had lured Guldensuppe to the lonely cottage, which she said she was thinking of buying; how he, Thorn, had preceded the pair to Woodside with revolver, razor, stiletto, and saw; how Mrs. Nack had stayed downstairs in the yard while he drilled Guldensuppe as the masseur reached the upper floor and opened a closet door; how he had dismembered the body in the bathtub; how together, on the following day, they had taken the remains in the surrey to High Bridge and Greenpoint; and how, when the Greenpoint ferry was about to enter its slip on the Manhattan side and the passengers and deck hands had moved forward, he and the woman had thrown the bundles containing the trunk and the legs from the stern of the boat into the water.

The most important thing Thorn told Gotha had to do with the missing head. He said he had bought five pounds of plaster of Paris from a Woodside grocer. This he had moistened into a paste and poured over the severed head, molding it into a smooth round ball which concealed the shape and nature of its ghastly enclosure.

For some reason Thorn did not dispose of this package at the same time as he did the others. "Later," he said, with great show of pride, "I carried it in my lap on a streetcar, and personally threw it into the river."

Just why Gotha should have given his friend away, was not entirely clear. Some said he hoped to get a thousand-dollar reward which had been offered by a newspaper. Legs himself explained it by saying that Thorn had apparently regretted making a clean breast of things to him, and had rather pointedly suggested that he meet him again at eight o'clock the following night.

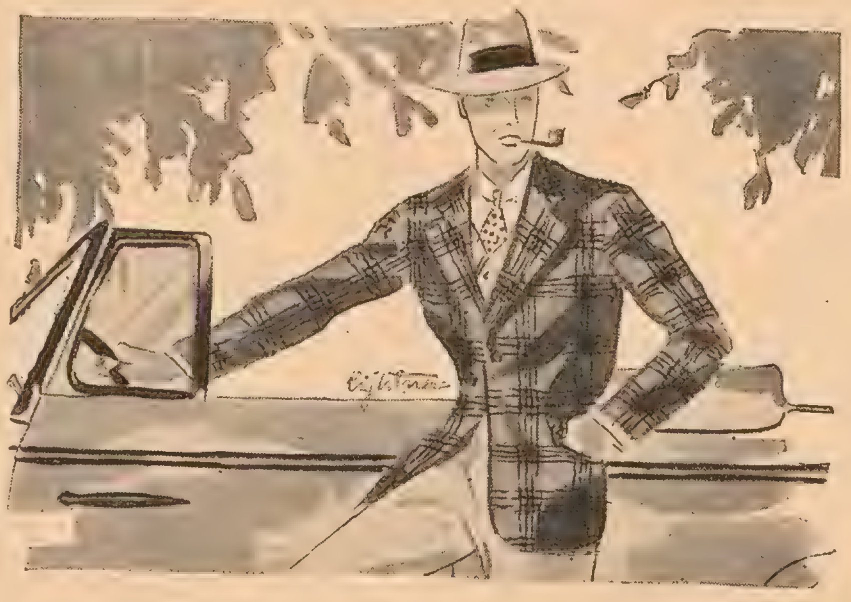
Whether it was fear of Thorn or fear of McCauley that made Gotha come through, I don't know. But I do know that when Thorn showed up that night for his date with Gotha—carrying with him a revolver and a razor—he ran straight into the arms of Captain Steve O'Brien and eight of us boys disguised as laborers. And on the following day both he and Mrs. Nack were indicted by a grand jury for the murder of William Guldensuppe.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Men's tailors are launching their perennial spring campaign in favor of colored evening clothes, but chic playboys refuse all off-blacks except midnight blue. Color and fantasy invade masculine sports modes, however, with Kriegck showing reversible raglan overcoats, worn with the plaid side out for traveling and the plain side out in town.

Other novelties are loud multicolored tweed coats lined with mattée silk, picking up one color of wool, like royal or pale blue or even antique red. All the *très chic* Parisian boy friends are wearing Hermes vivid-colored hand-knitted cotton sports gloves and scarves, making close harmony with the girl friend's color scheme.

—DORAMILLER.



Now, the first principle of law in all murder cases is that the State must prove the body of the victim, the *corpus delicti*. Well, we could prove part of this body, but we couldn't prove all of it. And the part we couldn't prove was the head!

We weren't surprised, therefore, when able Defense Attorney William F. Howe, senior partner of Abe Hummel, started in to undermine our claim that the unevenly sized legs and the overlapping toes provided sufficient grounds for identification. He made much of the testimony of the keeper of the morgue, who admitted that he had handled more than seven thousand cadavers, and had seen perhaps as many as thirty with toes crossed "like this one's at the morgue."

THIS sort of testimony made great copy for the newspapers. In fact, throughout the trial, fat, waddling Mr. Howe—resplendent in fancy vest, diamond scarfpin, and white-linen yachting cap—played continuously to the press gallery. Even dignified District Attorney Youngs was said to have admitted shyly to a reporter that he was carrying a coral charm and a rabbit's foot. And as for the spectators, no such scene had ever been witnessed in the whole history of jurisprudence.

"It might have been the matinee," wrote the World. "The women were there, all togged out in their best. There were ushers, too, with hair duly oiled and smugly parted, wearing badges. They kept an eye on the best seats and ushered each woman to her proper place. It was all smiles and flutter and excitement."

But the chief sensation of the trial was the extraordinary behavior of Mrs. Augusta Nack.

From the beginning she and her strangely matched admirer had appeared to be very much in love. At their arraignment before Judge Newberger, they held hands and exchanged words of encouragement in the German tongue; and while in the Queens County Jail they frequently exchanged loving notes, concealed in baked potatoes which they insisted on sharing.

More Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad will be told by the Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue of Liberty.

Yet, when the case came to trial on November 9, Mrs. Nack, to save her own life, turned State's evidence and placed all the blame—not omitting one gruesome detail—on her kitchen boy friend.

Moreover, she seemed to enjoy fully the spotlight position into which her perfidy was thrusting her. " One might think," wrote one reporter, " that she was in the habit of figuring in a murder trial every day." And she had certainly dressed for the occasion!

" Her gown was black with a bright apple-green front piece, much trimmed with butter-colored lace," wrote Sob Sister Harriet Hubbard Ayer. " A large black hat, plentifully bedecked with ostrich plumes and apple-green ribbons, sat jauntily upon her head. A black-velvet shoulder cape gave her an air of opulence, and her large and powerful-looking white hands were incased in long bright-yellow silk gloves."

" Thorn told me that he loved me," she testified, " and he said, ' Bring Guldensuppe to some place outside your house, and I will kill him and put his body in a trunk and get away with it. I must have Willie's head.' ' No,' I said. ' Kill me instead.' One night he choked me and made me promise to help him kill Guldensuppe. I feared him, and finally agreed to rent the Woodside house."

Asked if she still loved Martin Thorn, she said, " No, I love only my husband."

The crowd in the courtroom tittered.

Asked why she was turning State's evidence, she said:

" I know I am here for the world, for the people, and my God."

The crowd tittered again.

THROUGHOUT this recital Thorn showed not the slightest sign of concern or dismay.

" De barber give 'er de baseball eye," remarked one of the court messengers who had been watching Thorn's marble face during his ex-love's testimony.

But the following morning, not to be outdone in duplicity, Thorn repudiated his earlier confession to his fellow barber, Gotha, and testified that Mrs. Nack did the actual murdering and cutting up, and that he merely helped her to dispose of the remains—*because he loved her.*

The confusion caused by all this contradictory testimony, combined with the fat Mr. Howe's insistence on the alleged fact that you couldn't identify a man without his head, made the issue a precarious one—especially for the State.

However, after three hours' deliberation, the jury of solid Queens County citizens found Thorn guilty of murder in the first degree; and Judge Samuel T. Maddox sentenced him to die during the week beginning January 10, 1898.

The devoted Mrs. Nack, presumably because of her services to the State, was later permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter, and was let off with a fifteen-year stretch.

She didn't object to going to prison. She was, in fact, said to be the life of many a party among her cell mates. But she did object to the women prisoners smoking cigarettes.

" Smoking makes girls tough," she said, " and unfits them for wifehood! "

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: This was the first of the great newspaper trials. Except for the radio and the motion picture, most of the frills of Flemington were present in Judge Maddox's courtroom in the Queens County Courthouse.

The reigning lady of the musical-comedy stage, Miss Anna Held, " accompanied by her manager, Florence (!) Ziegfeld," not only attended the trial but insisted on consoling the prisoner in his cell.

Anthony Hope, distinguished British novelist, author of The Prisoner of Zenda, was offered the then unheard-of sum of $10,000 to report the trial.

A young woman only recently acquitted of a crime almost as heinous as the murder of Guldensuppe was persuaded to attend in a " literary " capacity.

And carrier pigeons were actually employed to carry dispatches from Long Island City to Park Row!

THE END

Your HAIR takes a
double licking from
SUN and WATER
1
50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens, natural oils restored.
2
10 SECONDS to comb. Hair looks rich—no "patent-leather" look.

Protect it with

VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

IT'S WORSE than neglect, it's abuse—the way most men treat their hair in summer. Letting that burning sun dry out the natural oils, rob it of its vitality . . . And then letting a shower or plunge put the crowning touch on the damage by washing away what's left of the oils. Certainly, it gets dry and brittle. Naturally, it suffers.

What it needs is two helping hands—your own . . . giving it a douse of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." You get right down into the hair roots themselves — where hair health begins—with a hard massage that quickens circulation. You let the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help replenish the natural oils. You help your hair to defend itself, to save itself.

Now run a comb through it. See how easily it stays in place? . . . See that natural, healthy lustre, with no "patent-leather" shine to it? . . . See how smooth how good-looking and well-dressed it is? . . . See how the loose dandruff disappears?

Don't make your hair fight a losing battle with sun and wate Get a bottle of Vitalis toda Use it liberally. And give yo hair the break it's asking fo

ASK YOUR BARBER—

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS—KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSO

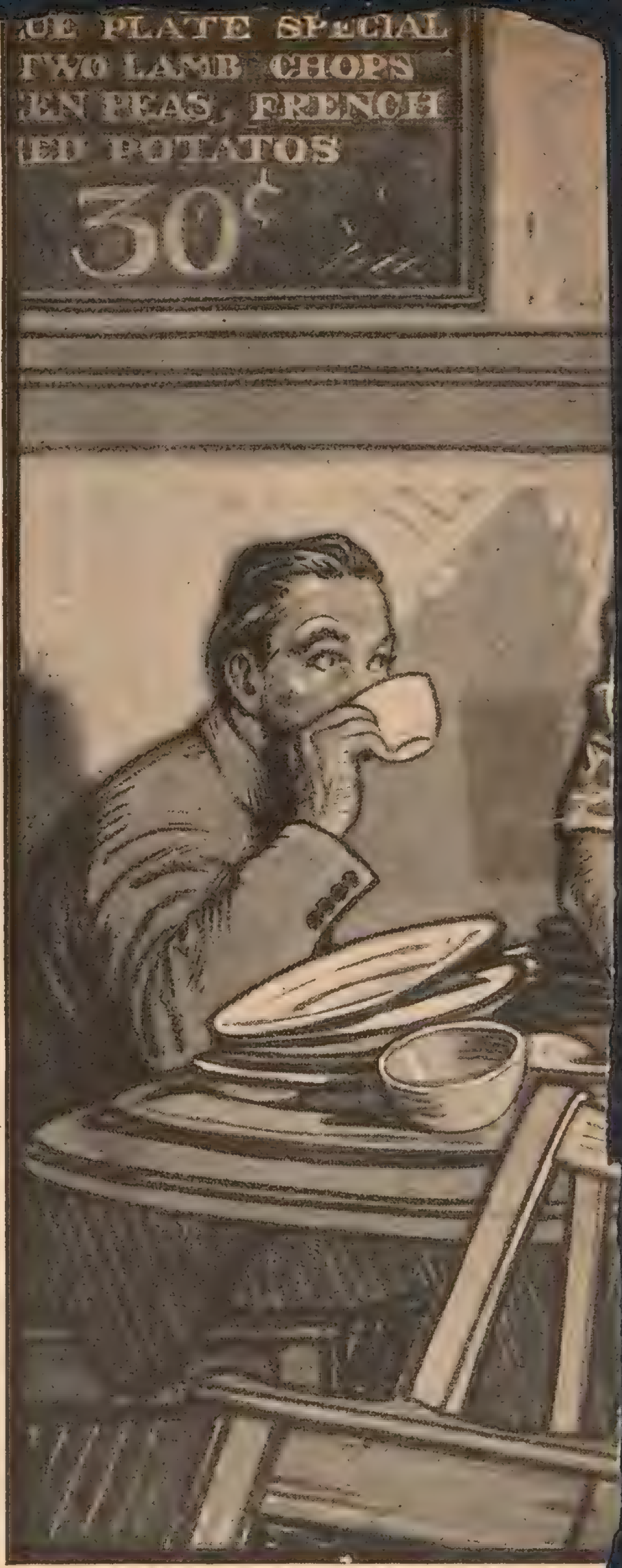
YOU HAVE TO GET *Tough!*

A Lively Story of What May Befall in These Piping Political Times When a Girl Steps into the Game

by JEROME BARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 3 SECONDS



The swing of his shoulders nearly knocked the girl behind him into a tray of dishes.

MR. CLARKE HAVILL, the state administrator of the WPA, smiled a genial dismissal at the two young men from the United States Treasury Department. He hadn't become a power in state politics without learning how to put the hooks into a man, slowly, suavely, and insistently.

"I'll do all I can for you about office space," he told them cordially. "String along as you are for a little while. It'll be all right." The telephone interrupted.

"Mr. Halliday of Kanaukus County on the wire," his secretary said. "They want to have the county exhibition a week earlier."

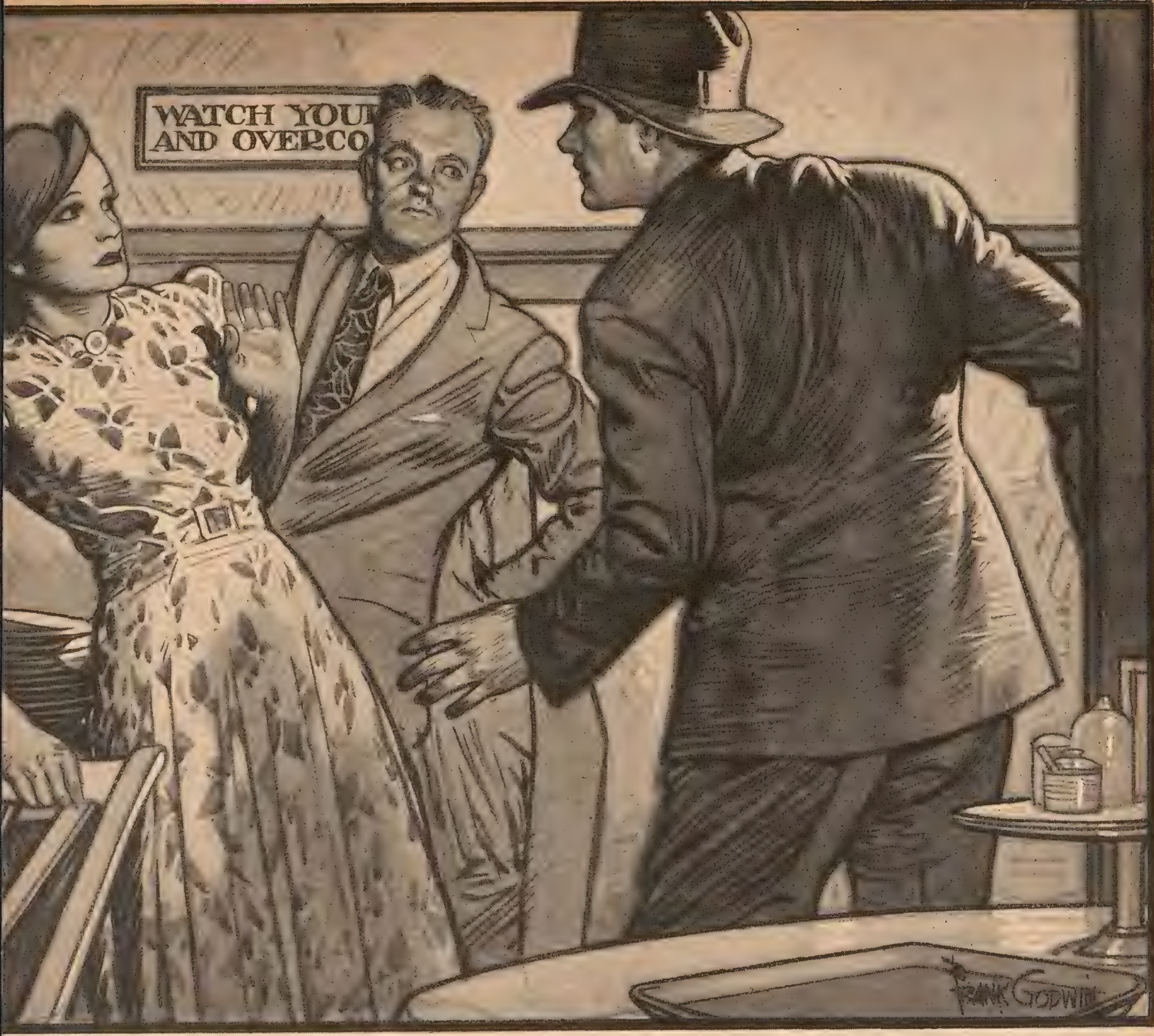
"Put him on." Havill boomed into the instrument: "Hello, Halliday. Say, we're having the livestock show that week. We'll be getting the arena ready for it in a day or two. Sorry I can't let you have it for the county exhibition. And listen. Tell Jake Hooper I've got an Angus bull that's a sure bet for grand champion. Havershaw Canty III—remember that name. I'm going to take that blue ribbon away from Jake again this year."

He cradled the receiver, with a deep chuckle, and raised his well brushed gray head to nod to the two young men.

"That's all I can tell you, boys. Nothing stirring yet in the way of additional office room for you. I'll let you know if anything turns up."

He rose in dismissal, watching Graney. Havill was a good judge of men, and Graney was the one from whom he expected trouble. The disbursing officer sent down by Washington to look after the actual paying out of money was a personable young man with bright black eyes that had an impetuous light in them at times.

However, Graney merely said, "Yes, Mr. Havill," very



mildly, and went out of the office with his companion, Toms.

You couldn't get tough with Havill, he told himself warningly. That was out—distinctly out. He kicked his heels viciously against the flooring of the corridor for a few steps. You had to be polite and nice. Instructions said, "You will co-operate in every way with the state administrator." That meant that if you lost your temper and had it out with Havill, he would go straight to the department about it and you'd be in hot water up to your scalp.

Little Albert Toms, the accountant, trotted beside Graney, puffing and cursing in a soft whisper.

They didn't bother with the elevator, but climbed one flight and went into the small office with two windows that Havill had given them. There were ten desks and a bookkeeping machine in there, jammed so close together that the girls could hardly sidle around. Toms didn't even have a desk. He was using a soapbox and a packing case in one corner. He sat on the soapbox and glared helplessly at the ledgers piled on the packing case.

Graney took one quick glance at a girl who was fumbling with the paper in her typewriter.

"Miss Carter, where did you get that eraser?"

The girl looked up quickly, startled and resentful.

"I suppose you brought it with you this morning." He drew a slow breath of patient exasperation. "It seems to me I issued definite instructions that no erasures were to be made. Then I collected all the erasers. I thought I'd made myself clear."

The girl said rebelliously, "Over at the CWA they always let us—"

"All of you tell me so, so I'll take your word for it. But, unless I'm raving mad, I've said about ten times that, regardless of what they may have allowed over there, these are federal checks you're writing now, and a single erasure or overstriking makes them void. Is that finally understood? O. K., Miss Carter; your eraser, please. I suppose you'll smuggle in another tomorrow. Don't. I'll only confiscate it."

Toms had been paying no attention. As he glared at his piled ledgers his face had been growing purpler and purpler. One shade short of a fit, he jumped up from his soapbox and dragged Graney out into the hall.

"What's the headache?" he demanded. "Come clean!" Toms had just arrived, and he was still dizzy at what he had walked into.

"Seven cents a check!" Graney said. "That's what it's costing us just to write them, instead of one or two cents. I suppose Havill's given us the dumbest Doras he could rake out of the CWA, like this Carter—"

"It isn't just the checks," Toms piped passionately. "It's the whole layout. What's he got against us? This is your home burg. You know all the gimmicks in it. What's the old devil crucifying us for?"

John Graney smiled grimly. "We're gumming his game."

"Nuts! Aren't we down here to help spend millions of federal money in his lousy state?"

"Sure. That's the idea. Thousands of relief cases are to be put on the works pay rolls as fast as possible, and we're detailed as experts in federal methods of paying people off, so that the state won't be delayed by bungling up the pay rolls with a lot of green hands at government routine. Nice theory."

JEROME BARRY

has a career punctuated with "just about to." Just about to enter college, he became head of a family. Just about to become an engineer, he went to the Philippines. Returned and about to start work, he had a breakdown. Just about to die, he decided to be a writer. And there was no "just about" about that!

"So what?"

"So Mr. Clarke Havill would sooner have his own accounting and disbursing department, green and bungling as it might be. Look here, Toms. Suppose you were checking over the figures on material for a concrete highway and you came on a load of bluestone flagging. What about it?"

"I'd question it. What would they be using—"

"And suppose you found that the highway passed the house of a national committeeman, and the bluestone flagging was used to lay a nice little walk from the house to the road. See?"

"Yeah, I see. If old Havill had his own accounting department, there wouldn't be any questions. So you and I've got to be made bums out of, so they can throw us out of here."

"Bums is the very word, Brother Toms. We'd be all right if Washington had only sent along a procurement officer with authority to rent office space for us. Instead, they've put off sending one until some future date, and they're leaving it to Havill, in the meantime, to see that we get space to work in. He's to provide us with plenty of clerical help, too. Like these bright little girls who are messing up the checks."

Toms groaned. "He's got us by the scruff."

John Graney scratched his chin. "In a week or two we'll be getting pay rolls of two or three thousand a day. That many pay checks to keep track of and write and pay out every twenty-four hours to the workers who'll come here to get them. What'll you bet, Tommy, that in three weeks we're not yanked out of here for inefficiency and Havill hasn't his own obedient little boys doing the job?"

Toms gave a strangled groan and took a step toward the stairs. "A-a-arrgh! I'll tell him—"

"Oh, yes? Listen, fella. I'll tell *you*. You're in the government service. You won't get tough with Havill. You have orders to co-operate. If you don't, who wins, you or the big man in state politics, the prominent Havill, the wealthy lad who raises fancy cows for a hobby and glorifies the name of the state in the stock shows? No, buddy. All you'll do is hope your head off that they send down a procurement officer, so we can get working space before we're disgraced. In the meantime, you—and that goes for me too—we'll have to take it on the chin. Lying down. Do you know anything else to do?"

Toms thought about it for half a minute. Then he went in and melted down upon his box like a piece of soap sculpture whose legs have become water-soaked.

GRANEY had lunch in a white-tile restaurant. Half the time he chewed his under lip instead of his steak. When he left, he tried to release a little of the pressure by pulling the door loose from its hinges. The backward swing of his strong young shoulders nearly knocked the girl who was behind him into a tray of used dishes.

"I'm sorry!" he blurted. Then he saw that it was Miss Carter.

"Dumb dame," he thought. "Types like a three-toed sloth and doesn't know enough to give a man elbowroom." But he said, "I should have looked. Hope I didn't hurt you."

"I'm still conscious," she said tartly, and added, with a quirk of her red lips, "Perhaps it's as well you didn't look. You might have seen who it was and hit me harder."

She wiped a spot of gravy from the hip of her green print dress gay with little flowers.

"I wouldn't get *that* rough," he said, laughing, and walked beside her toward the office, partly because there seemed to be nothing else to do under the circumstances, and partly because Miss Carter, aside from her obvious faults, was a highly decorative companion for a stroll.

Mort Stanway, bursting out of the doorway of the Times-Aegis Building, waved carelessly, saw the girl, and swerved like a back cutting through tackle. He swung in front of the pair, halting them.

"Well, well, Johnny, old clinker! Anything new?"

"Not a thing, Mort."

"What, no introduction?"

"Miss Carter—Mr. Stanway of the Times-Aegis."

The girl nodded coolly. "How do you do? I'm going on to the office, Mr. Graney."

STANWAY looked after her, watching the gay flowers swaying on the smooth green field. He rounded his eyes. "Boy, if she's a sample, you certainly hire honeys. For looks, that gal's tops."

"I suppose she is," Graney said. "Come to think of it, I've noticed that. Often. But for typing she's bottoms. Basements. Subcellars."

"Do you know, she reminds me of some one. Who is it?"

"Mickey Mouse—he's three-fingered. Listen, Mort. Your rag's anti-Havill, isn't it? Can't you give us a crusade?"

"What?" Stanway grinned. "No elbowroom yet?"

"Not just yet. Any day maybe, Havill says."

"Yeah?" The reporter drew his forefinger across his throat and closed one eye.

"Take up the cudgels for us, can't you, Mort?"

"Johnny, you haven't color enough for a crusade. Office space? Who's getting passionate over that?"

"I am."

"Sure. And what do you rate for it? Maybe a few sticks in the real-estate section. Now, if there was only a hot angle— Ha!"

"What?"

"I know who your girl friend reminded me of. Julie Havill. The old panjandrum's daughter. Mentioning him reminded me. I've seen her at fetes and fairings. Old Camera-Eye never forgets. Sure you haven't made a mistake and picked up—"

"No. This is a dumb typist named Carter."

"I *still* love her madly. Tell her so. Adios."

The first thing Graney saw as he entered the office was the Carter girl's profile as she bent over her machine. Stanway hadn't been overenthusiastic. Her features had a clear, unassuming loveliness. How queer that so remarkably fine-looking a— The second thing he saw was the bit of metal and rubber at work in her right hand.

He expelled a sharp breath as he stood over her. "That eraser, if you don't mind."

She flushed and handed it to him. He threw it accurately out the window.

"Just why," he said, with a patience that was almost violent, "you can't master this one simple fact, I don't know."

Then an idea struck him, and he looked down at her with an intent frown. It was a fantastic idea, too far-fetched to consider seriously. Somehow, though, it stuck in his head all afternoon while he went out and hurried from one office building to another, completing the round he had begun days before of all the available spots within feasible distance of headquarters.

That idea remained with him while he and Toms made another desperate descent upon Havill late in the afternoon.

The state administrator looked up cheerfully from the telephone as the secretary ushered them into his private office.

"No. Feed him the sprouted barley, just as I told you. . . . The steer? Ground corn and oats with linseed meal. . . . Sure, alfalfa. Couple of pounds a day. Listen. I'll drive out this afternoon—in half an hour."

He hung up and beamed. "That was my manager out at the farm," he informed them. "Fussy as an old woman. Worries over nothing. Why, by the week of the show that bull'll be fine as silk! If you want a good laugh, keep your eyes on Jake Hooper's face when Havershaw Canty III takes that blue ribbon right out from under his nose." His laughter rumbled around the walls.

Toms said in a strained tenor voice, "I'll try to remember, Mr. Havill. But we came again to tell you that we've *got* to have more room. That little bandbox we're in—" He turned dark and began to stutter.

"I've been to every possible location in this whole section of town," Graney said. "They all say we're undesirable tenants."

"My, my!" Havill shook his head sympathetically. "I've heard talk of that attitude. Undesirable tenants, eh?"

Heard of it, you old fox! Graney thought. I'll bet ten to one you fostered it. Aloud he continued: "Yes. They say we'll have hordes of people tramping into our office for their checks. We'll congest the elevators, annoy the regular tenants, fill the corridors with mobs, and lower the rental value of the building."

"Darn shame they look at it that way," the administrator said generously. "Well, I have to get out to the farm. If you do find any place, just let me know and I'll get it for you."

"Mr. Havill, we're here to ask you this: won't you try to bear down on some of those renting agents and persuade them—"

"Graney, I've been over all that ground ahead of you. I confess it's got me licked. But keep on trying. Find the place, and I'll get it." He rose and herded them jovially toward the door.

"HE'S licked?" Toms exclaimed bitterly in the corridor. "We're the ones who are licked to a pulp. You bet he's been over the ground ahead of us! He's got us sewed up like a cat in a bag."

The fantastic idea remained with Graney while he went home to the little house on Hunt Place and took his shower and had dinner with his mother.

She said, with her soft little chuckle, "John, often when I'm out in the garden in the afternoon I suddenly remember as if it were something brand-new—"

"Yes, kid?"

"About your being home with me again, instead of off in some other city."

"Phooey! You'll be sick of me soon enough."

"You—you won't do anything to make Mr. Havill angry? I don't want you to be sent away—"

"Oh, there's lots of time yet to see what'll happen."

Lots of time! It might take old hellion Havill as long as two weeks to have the Graney hide hung on a fence to dry, for Havershaw Canty III to paw the ground and bellow at.

He took the idea down to the office with him early in the morning, and spent the time before Miss Carter appeared alternately believing and ridiculing it.

"Don't bother taking your hat off," he told her quietly. "We'll have to step outside. There's no chance here in this sardine can for a confidential talk."

There wasn't in the corridor, either, what with some one brushing by every second. They took the down elevator and emerged on the sidewalk.

"Now that we're in privacy," he said, steering her around a crowd that was watching a vender wind little Joe Louises and turn them free to swing their arms madly on the sidewalk, "do you mind if I ask you a few questions? Officially."

"I suppose you want to know whether I brought an eraser with me this morning?" She was calmly unimpressed by his officialdom.

"No. It's more important than that. Where did you

When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,

When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,

Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .

Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that yen . . .

Compose yourself

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learn to do this sort of work? What sort of experience have you had?"

"I'm not satisfactory?"

"You're not the best typist in the world."

"I finished a three-months business course."

"Recently?"

"Yes."

"Before that?"

"College and trying to find a worth-while job."

He glanced at her sidewise. There was something wholesome and direct about her good looks. It hurt him inside to have to ask her. He said gravely, "Is Carter your real name?"

She walked in silence beside him for a dozen steps, watching the shop windows brightly.

"No," she answered lightly, at last. "It's my mother's maiden name. What made you guess?"

Anger eased the hurt. He said grimly, "I still can't make head or tail of it. It sounds like an extra silly mystery story. It's crazy to think he'd take such a roundabout method to job us. He has us licked easily enough as it is."

"Just whom are you talking about?"

"But it does make sense, if you think of what harm a purposely stupid typist could do in an office in the way of causing trouble. Doesn't it, Miss—Julie Havill?"

SHE stopped short and looked at him with wide dark eyes. "Who else knows it?"

"No one but me. No one else will," he added harshly, "if you resign and get out of my office at once."

"You believed that? That I'd deliberately make trouble?" Her breathing was a little quickened. "You hadn't any more sense—"

"It makes as good sense as a college woman who somehow couldn't get a simple set of orders through—"

"You and your simple orders! If I could get an A in economics, don't you suppose I could understand your childish routine? I just hadn't had enough practice on the machine; I couldn't help making mistakes. It made me furious—"

"So you—"

"*You* made me mad, too!"

They were striding furiously along now, talking to one another in machine-gun bursts.

"Oh, I made you mad! Well, you helped to make my office—"

"You were nice at first; I almost liked you. But when you got so damned condescendingly patient with me, as if I were a feeble-minded child, I made up my mind I'd get one erasure past you, just for the devil of it."

"And the glory of your old man!" he shot at her.

"You're weak-minded! You're stupid and spiteful! Dad's giving you the licking of your life, and you take it out on me. You have to be a mouse to him, so you're trying to make it up to yourself by being a lion to—"

"I can't get tough with him. He has every card in the deck. He has everything stacked against me."

"And you haven't the brains of one of his prize bulls. All you can think to do is to accuse me of being either a half-wit or a sneaky little traitor."

"Yes, it's crazy. And what else is there to think?"

"It never occurred to you that he might do to some one else as he's doing to you. Jolly them and bully them and ride roughshod over them. He's an old darling sometimes; and then again he's a tartar and has to be shown. It never occurred to you that a daughter of his, home and without a job, might have a pretty hard time. Fed and bedded down and led around by a halter, like one of his heifers. I'm showing him now. I write to him, but he doesn't know where I am or what I'm doing—and won't until I have him properly tamed."

Graney wiped a hand slowly across his forehead. "It makes more sense that way," he said. Anger was gone, replaced by an extraordinary sense of relief.

She stopped and faced him. Her wide-set eyes were brilliant in the heightened color of her face. "You used to pity me and tolerate me because I was a stupid, clumsy typist. I headed this way now just to show you point-blank how dumb *you* are." She leveled her finger at the building in front of them. "If you'd been half the man I thought you were at first, you'd have thought of it long ago."

He glanced along the great brick walls of the Farm Show Building and into the arched corner entrance directly before him. On the bulletin board soiled posters announced the Swine Show, the Kennel Club Hound Show, the State Exposition—all past and over. Brand-new cards shouted the coming of the Livestock Show.

Graney stared, thinking. The girl could only mean—And suddenly he saw it!

He turned eagerly toward her. She was gone. A bus at the curb a dozen yards away started up and rumbled by. Julie Havill stretched one hand out the window toward him with the gesture of a princess scattering alms. Bright coinlike things rolled at his feet.

"I resign!" she called clearly, and the bus trundled her out of sight.

One of the disk-shaped objects rolled on the asphalt in front of him. It was a typewriter eraser.

He kicked it away, with a grin. "What a girl!" he said. "And what a head on her! The answer was right there all the time—and she saw it first."

He almost ran to the Times-Aegis office.

"Mort, step over to the office for a second."

"Now, Johnny! None of your—"

"It's your hot angle, Mort. Come on."

He left Stanway with Toms. "Wait till I call you," he told them. "I want to see him alone first."

In the administrator's office he said bluntly, "Mr. Havill, you said if I found it you'd get it for me."

"Why, certainly."

"I've found it."

Havill glanced sharply at him. "Well—I'm glad of it, my boy. Where?"

"The Farm Show Building."

"What? Why, Graney, there's mighty little office space in that building. Just a few small—"

"There's an arena. That's what I want. Plenty of room to pay off the workers. We can put in desks. Even the exhibit booths will do in a pinch for—"

Havill's merriment thundered mellowly in his fat throat. "Why, you're not serious, Graney! The Farm Show Building is for far different—"

"You have control of it. If you put your foot down, we can have it."

"But, don't you see, it's intended for other purposes. Agricultural exhibits, county shows, horses, dogs—"

"And bulls."

HAVILL turned off his mellow laugh. He leaned forward and narrowed his eyes. "Just forget about it, young fella. It's out of the question."

"The public won't forget about it. The Times-Aegis'll help them to remember. Won't this make a sweet crusade for them!"

"Look here, Graney—"

"'Nero fiddles while Rome starves.' 'The state administrator can find space to exhibit his prize bulls and steers, but he can't find room to get out the checks for the workers.' I have a Times-Aegis man waiting in my office for the result of this interview. If you turn me down, look out for headlines. Now—will you give me the Farm Show Building?"

"No!" Havill's face reddened and he smashed his hand down on the desk. "So this is what you call cooperation, eh, Graney? I call it blackmail!"

"Call it what you like. I'm tired of pussyfooting while I'm being pushed around. If spilling the unvarnished truth all over the front page of the Times-Aegis is blackmail, O. K. I can see them running a big picture of Havershaw Canty III alongside one of some bird named Peter Wojcicki. The pampered bull and the ragged citizen. Room for one, and no room for—"

Havill squirmed in his chair. "I'll take this up with Washington! If you dare to start anything like that, you'll go out of here on greased rollers!"

"Certainly I will. But before I go I'll have blown things wide open."

"You blasted young idiot, what good is it doing you to go haywire—"

"This is my job. A man who won't get tough about his job isn't worth beans. I'll do mine right, if it breaks me."

Havill sat back and heaved a deep breath.

"Well," he said, "I figured you might be like that. But I didn't expect— Look here, boy. Don't go off half-cocked that way. Tell you what I'll do. I'll go out right away and knock this undesirable-tenant idea out of the heads of some of these agents. How about that? Just wait a week or so longer and—"

"Whoever sold them the idea that we'd be undesirable tenants may have done too good a job. Maybe even you couldn't unsell them now."

"Just leave it to me, Graney!"

"I will. But—in the meantime I want the Farm Show Building! I want it right now—today! Then, when you get me plenty of space elsewhere, I'll gladly make room for Havershaw Canty III."

"Now, Graney—"

"Mind if I use your phone? I'll have the reporter come in."

The state administrator was an old hand. He knew how to retire gracefully from an untenable position.

"Yes, yes indeed," he said heartily. "Call him in. I'll make the announcement. We've got to put the welfare of the unemployed before everything, of course."

In the middle of the mad rush of moving, Graney snatched a moment to write a note:

Dear Miss Carter:

Please report in the morning. I need you badly. You are promoted to a new job. *No typing.* JOHN GRANEY.

HE was early at the Farm Show Building in the morning. When she appeared, he strode eagerly to meet her, and conducted her along the concrete floor of the arena, between ranks of desks where girls peered dubiously at typewriters and at files of cards in the weak glimmer from the lights hung high overhead.

"Miss Carter," he said crisply, "it was your idea that was responsible for getting us space to work in. It might be better, but it's a great improvement over what we had. You used your head. Can you use it again?"

"I can try." She was as curtly businesslike as he.

"We have a large batch of new girls here this morning. They need instruction in our routine. You know pretty well by now what they should do and—er—what they shouldn't! Will you take charge of them?"

"Yes. And may I offer another idea?"

"By all means."

"The light here is bad. You'll ruin the girls' eyes."

"Well, it's pretty poor, for a fact."

"It's terrible. There are bright floodlights in one of the storerooms, I think."

"Good for you! I'll look them up."

It was all as stiff as starch. His praise threw out no more warmth than an artificial red-bulb fireplace.

While he was looking over the floodlights, the door of the storeroom was jerked open and shut. He turned to find her leaning against it, panting from a sprint.

"What's wrong?" he demanded sharply.

"Dad. He's outside with a gang of newspapermen and photographers, taking credit for everything. Isn't that like him? I just didn't want him to see me. I don't want to lose my new job so soon."

"So you like it?"

"Heaps! But these green girls are a trial. Look what I had to take away from one of them!"

She held it out. A bright new eraser.

Graney tried to choke down his glee, but failed by the margin of a strangled chuckle.

"What's so funny?" she demanded.

"You're too good for even that job," he told her. "You're due for a new one. Just created."

"Are you sure I can—"

"I know you can! Job of being my girl." He put a hand against the partition on each side of her. "Are you taking it? Remember, I can get tough."

With swift precision she ducked under one arm and was gone through the door. But, before closing it, she smiled back impishly at him.

"You'd better!" she said.

THE END

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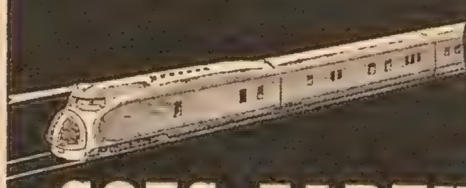

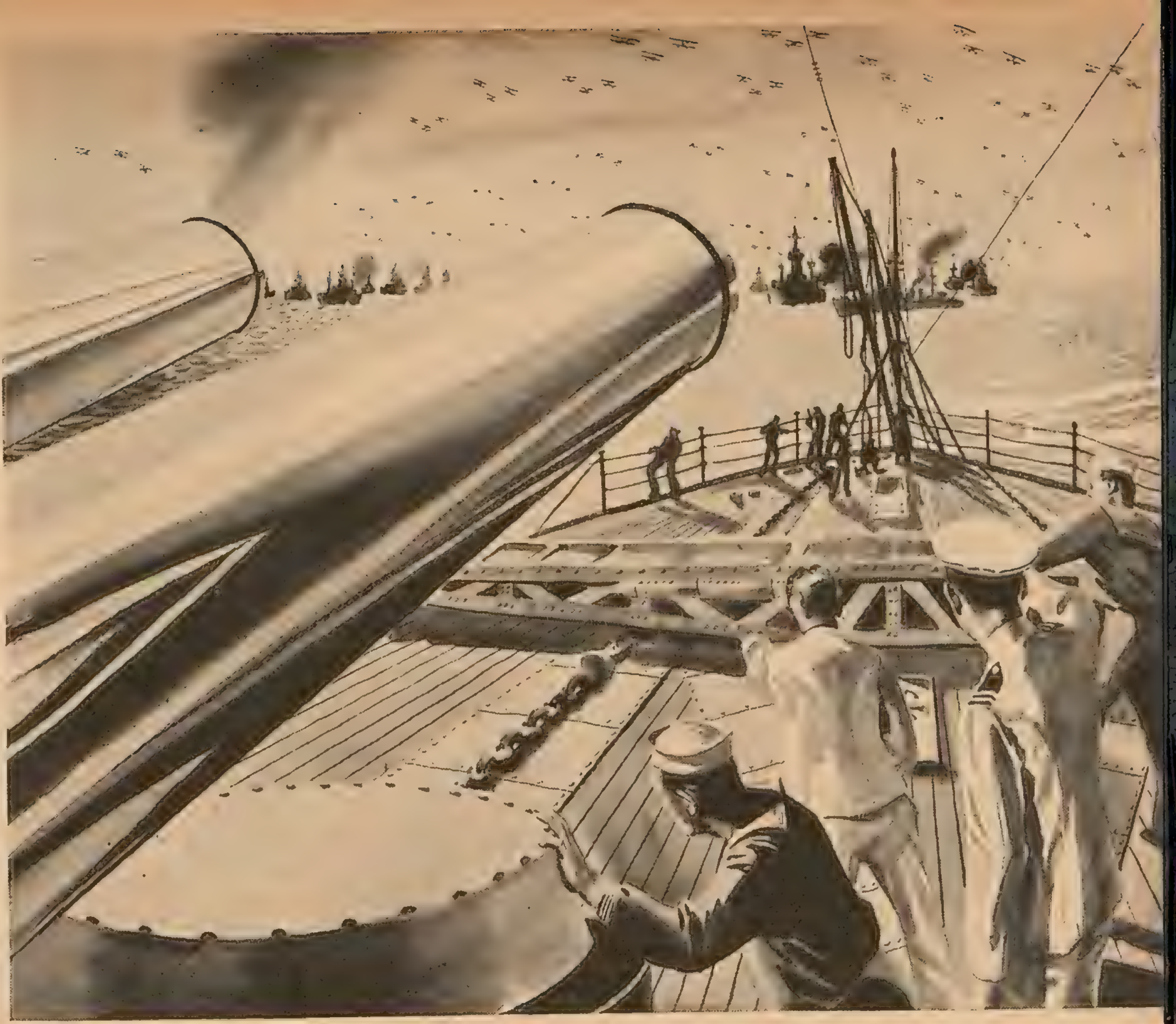

Directly toward the battleships we plowed. The Japanese cruisers moved to cut us off. Nearer and nearer. We went straight on.

WITHOUT

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING

Battle at Sea . . . Catastrophe in the Pacifi

Vivid Novel of War as It Might Strik

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE city of Yokohama is full of war rumors in the spring of 1937. Young Lieutenant James T. Grant, U. S. N., hearing of new supersubmarines built by Japan, climbs the wall of the Yokosuka dockyard to see them. He does, but would have been shot as a spy had not beautiful Marian Lamar, the friend of the mighty war lord Prince Kakagawa, saved him by a ruse.

But he and his hanger-on, Mike Delevan, together with the girl who saved him, are summarily put aboard a tramp steamer bound for Honolulu, and Grant has no chance to notify Washington of his discovery and suspicions. During the enforced trip he finds himself falling in love with Marian, though he is already engaged to Rita Cannelle.

Japanese planes begin with the bombardment of the Hawaiian Islands shortly after the tramp steamer arrives in Honolulu, and Lieutenant Grant offers his services to Admiral Neville, stationed there. Soon both he and Mike are in the midst of a furious battle. Under fire, all that young Grant can think of is the danger to Marian Lamar and to his family, who live in Honolulu. And then one day he stumbles over the body of his dead kid brother, killed in action.

Following this tragedy, a great flying clipper from the States lands on the field, and Grant is ordered to go back with her. Marian implores him to take her with him, but he almost rudely refuses. Aboard the giant bird, he discovers the ubiquitous Mike and a black steward whom Mike nicknames "Jubilee." Landing in San Diego, Grant is astonished to find himself hailed as a hero. And more adoringly than ever he is greeted by Rita Cannelle.

But he is ordered to Washington, and meets Marian on the street! She has achieved a newspaper "scoop" with the story of his heroism in Hawaii. And she warns him not to let the President send the fleet to the relief of those helpless islands—Japan is invincible.

Nevertheless, a council of war at the capital decides on that very move. Grant, assigned to go, flies to California. In Los Angeles he encounters the eccentric powerful Admiral Timms, who tells him he is to be drafted for Intelligence work, lose his identity, and become Dan Browne. Then word comes that Rita's father has been killed. Bidding the stricken girl farewell, Grant sails with the fleet under Admiral Rulton for Hawaii.

PART SEVEN—"THEY'VE SUNK OUR FLEET!"

ADMIRAL RULTON knew very little about the disposition of the Japanese fleet.

Radio dispatches from Colon advised him there were two heavy cruisers, four destroyers, an airplane carrier, and the fleet oiler Hayatomo lying in and about Montijo Bay, preying on American commerce.

He knew they were heavily superior in airplanes to the American forces at Panama. He knew the oiler had been converted into an aircraft carrier. She had been fitted with steel columns extending upward from her bulwarks to the height of her bridge. A temporary wooden flying deck had been laid on transverse steel beams connecting with the tops of these columns. He knew she carried twenty-four fighting planes "knocked down" on her main deck—and they had a clear flying-off space of almost four hundred feet.

Brushes between his destroyers and his planes had informed him the Japanese cruisers were in force about nine hundred miles west of San Diego.

But he didn't know that fast cruisers were watching the Panama Canal, watching for our Atlantic fleet if it should come into the Pacific, with orders to keep in touch with it until the battleships could come up.

He didn't know that a unit of the Japanese fleet had taken possession of Magdalena Bay and its almost uninhabited surrounding territory.

He didn't know where the Japanese main fleet was, nor where it would strike.

So we went out blindly, "to relieve Hawaii, to find the Japanese fleet and to defeat it."

I stood on the bridge with the admiral as we cast off, looking at the crowds that watched us go.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Grant," the admiral said. "We won't see a Jap for hours."

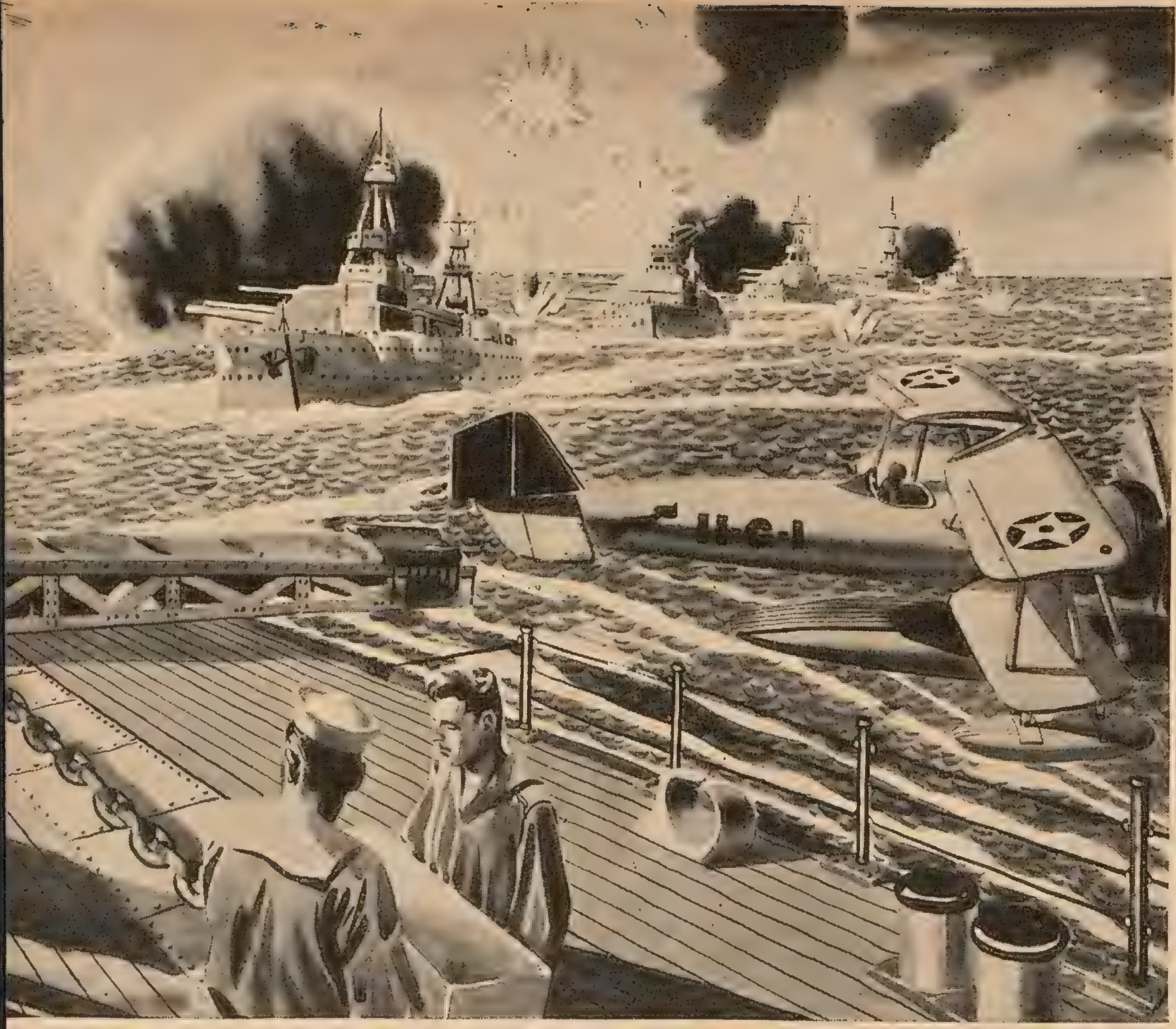

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

WARNING

ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY

. Streets Filled with Terror . . . A
ome in the Not-Far-Distant Future

He thought it was the coming battle that agitated me. I didn't tell him it was Marian Lamar. I was sure I had seen her there, under an electric light, with her maid by her side—the maid with the mustache. There were two women there, and one held a handkerchief to her face. The one I thought was Marian waved her hand.

ALMOST before the dawn came up behind us we encountered enemy light cruisers. They sank a few of our destroyers and badly damaged others which tried to drive them away but couldn't. They were too fast and powerful for our destroyers. Their planes were superior to ours. They retired slowly, keeping in contact with us, informing their admiral of our strength, our speed, our course, our disposition. Our destroyers did their best, but they were old—all but the Worden. They were armed with 4-inch guns. The Japanese destroyers were much larger than ours, carried 5.1-inch guns, had more guns per ship, more men, and much more speed.

Our planes were fast and powerful; but we had only a few. We had only one airplane carrier, the Saratoga. The Japanese had three.

A belated program of new destroyer construction had been authorized in 1933 and 1934 and a number of modern ships had been built to replace these relics of 1918. The Worden was the only one of these with the Pacific fleet.

We stumbled on blindly, knowing those cruisers would lead us to the fleet, knowing nothing else.

The Japanese admiral made his plans calmly, knowing everything there was to know about us, and awaited the proper moment to strike.

During the night of June 7-8 he began to show his hand.

Large destroyers, closely backed by cruisers, made a vigorous torpedo attack on the leading American battleships. It was unsuccessful but we had difficulty beating it off.

WHILE we fought, a squadron of six heavy cruisers drove through our destroyer screen and fell upon the cruisers Toledo and Memphis. The Toledo was literally torn to pieces by 250-pound shells. She foundered. The Memphis was hit several times, and was rescued only by the intervention of the battleship New Jersey and our planes, which recklessly attacked with bombs and torpedoes, at the same time dropping magnesium flares to light up the scene for the New Jersey's gunners.

The great battleship came up at full speed, regardless of mines or torpedoes. The Japanese cruisers vanished amid her thunder.

Rulton cursed and called on God.

He ordered an auxiliary to take the Memphis in tow. He had but two cruisers left him now—the Astoria and the Trenton.

The gray of morning showed us a sky full of gray stars: gigantic bombers, coming fast and high, breaking through our scant patrols and streaking for our battleships. The Saratoga loosed her brood of fighters—and from high overhead little specks began drifting down to meet them.

Antiaircraft guns let go.

The bombers were concentrating on our leading battleship, the New Jersey. They were too high for antiaircraft guns to bother them.

Two half-ton bombs fell on the battleship; others fell near by, making geysers shoot high up between gray water and gray sky. Her 5-inch battery was a shambles. Her after fire-control tower lay in wreckage on top of No. 3 and No. 4 turrets. Her fire-control system was dislocated. Her condensers were failing. She pulled out of the line, smoke flowing out of her bowels, and let the other ships go by.

Five destroyers charged down upon her like dogs on a wounded bear, while cruisers engaged the Astoria and the Trenton and torpedoes stole from all directions seeking our battleships.

I kept my glasses on the New Jersey for a time, saw her fire until the last, saw her sink one of her annoyers, saw the whiteheads bursting against her sides, saw her signal, "I am sinking," saw her go down.

We had but six battleships, now, against the Japanese nine. We stumbled on, straight ahead, the Saratoga following at our heels. She had called in all her planes—

all that were not lying on the heaving bosom of the sea or sinking into its depths.

Bombs fell all about us, but we were not hit.

The bombers turned and circled back to their carriers for more bombs. The sun came up, bright and clear. The cruisers and flotilla leaders of the Japanese took flight. They could worry us in the darkness or the semi-dark. They could not stand up to us in daylight.

"We'll find their big fellows now," said Rulton.

There was a flash, a little quiver of light, far away to the west—behind the horizon, it seemed.

Seconds passed in terrible silence, and then I heard the rumble of a great train rushing through the skies, growing louder and louder, nearer and nearer!

And then the sound was gone, and a great white water-spout leaped aloft a hundred yards ahead of us.

The battle fleet had opened fire.

Now the whole western horizon sparkled, and the air was full of oncoming trains, the sea pockmarked with white patches.

Planes droned overhead, adjusting the Japanese fire.

Rulton gave orders calmly.

The Ohio, now in the lead, leaped and quivered as her guns replied. The roar made me believe for a moment that we had exploded. Rulton read me like a book. He took time out to smile.

"Little different from football, eh?" he asked.

Immediately the Alabama fired, and then our other ships. We were spotting from our tops. We had to. The Japanese were masters of the air.

"Football teams are generally better matched, sir," I said. "But sometimes a little team—if it gets the breaks—"

"Breaks!" cried the admiral. "Breaks? They're firing with 16-inch guns. We have nothing better than 14-inchers. We cannot spot them accurately; we can't get their range. They can keep away from us; we cannot possibly keep away from them. And they're nine to six. What do you mean, breaks?"

We said no more for some time. We were being hit. The Ohio shuddered like a gaffed fish. Great clouds of smoke and steam poured up through the ventilators and hatches from the fireroom.

"Hadn't you better go to the conning tower, sir?" I asked.

Grimly the admiral shook his head.

"See better here," he growled.

I don't remember much that happened after that. I remember a terrible crash. I remember screams. I remember seeing men running around a slanting deck, their clothes afire. I remember a boy looking dazedly at the fingers of his right hand—as though he wanted to put them into his mouth and suck the pain out of them. But the fingers weren't there, and, I thought, he couldn't comprehend that. I remember seeing a steel beam break in two. I remember seeing a stream of half-naked sailors pouring into the sea. I remember there was a roaring and a crackling in my head and that I thought I was going crazy.

I REMEMBER coming back to reality to find myself in the water, hanging on to a bit of wreckage, and talking to myself, telling myself I wasn't crazy.

"Crazy as hell!" said the admiral's voice.

He was there at my side. His bald head was bleeding and one of his eyes was closed and swollen.

We looked around for the Ohio. She was hidden in clouds of smoke. She was still answering the Japanese, but with only one trio of guns and at long intervals.

It was part of a heavy table we were clinging to. I held to one of the charred legs, Rulton to another.

"New Hampshire," Rulton said. "Signal her. Get aboard. Tell Howze—tell him my orders are: 'Close 'em—charge 'em—go down fighting!'"

"Aye, aye, sir," I said.

I waved frantically to the New Hampshire.

"They see us, sir," I said, turning around to him.

He was not there. I dived but did not find him. The vast bulk of the New Hampshire was close to me when I came up. A life buoy was thrown to me. I caught it. A signalman was talking with his flags, telling the Worden to pick me up. The Worden, swirling up behind the battleship, heaved me a line and pulled me aboard.

"Rulton's drowned," I told Commander Peters. "His last words were: 'Tell Howze to close 'em, charge 'em, go down fighting.'"

"By gad," said Peters, "those are orders!"

He rushed away from me, and I went into a chartroom and found a bottle of good Scotch. I went back to the bridge. Peters showed me the orders radioed by Howze:

"Destroyers, swing out ahead of us, then move back in column between us and the enemy line, making smoke. Lay screen about eight thousand yards from our line. Destroyers and submarines are then to drive home a torpedo attack on rearmost ship of enemy line. When they get her, and not until then, let them go for the next, if any are left to do so. Saratoga is to send up planes, everything she has, spotters, scouts, bombers. Japanese planes must be cleaned out of the air, if only for ten minutes. Start flying off planes as soon as smoke screen is halfway down our line."

"They'll think we're going to run when they see our smoke screen," Peters said. "But we'll be running *at* them."

"Kakagawa, we are here!" I said.

DIRECTLY toward the battleships we plowed.

The wind was in our faces, and the salt spray, that leaped high over our bows. It was glorious. It was mad!

The Japanese cruisers moved to cut us off and finish us. They came rushing toward us, contemptuous of us, contemptuous of the battleships behind us. Nearer and nearer they came. We went straight on.

When the cruisers were near enough, the Alabama fired. Flames shot high from the nearest cruiser. She made a half-turn to port, almost ramming her sister ship. Those two cruisers were blown to fragments in the next few seconds; and a hell of shells was falling on the Alabama.

Two more Japanese heavy cruisers and a smaller cruiser perished before we executed column left, as ordered. We were about eight thousand yards away from our battleships, moving in a direction opposite to theirs. We moved in a long double column.

We began to lay our smoke. It belched from every funnel in thick black clouds. It lay flat on the tumbling sea, and floated up, not too high, and thinned a little as it rose. But it was effective enough to hide our ships.

There was but one Japanese cruiser afloat, now, of those that attempted to attack us. She was in flames. The Saratoga was on the outer flank of the main column. She began to send up planes. There were a score of dog-fights in the blue sky, above the black smoke.

Howze must have seen our planes were getting the worst of it, and issued orders. For now all our seaplanes were catapulted into the air; and the Japanese planes began to fall, to break formation, to run for home.

For the moment we owned the air. For the moment our battle line was hidden by our smoke. The Japanese were checking speed. Plainly they were puzzled by our maneuvers. They didn't know whether we meant to run or not.

The smoke eddied—I caught one glimpse. Signal flags were flying near the two-starred flag of Rear Admiral Howze on the New Hampshire:

"Close them. Charge them. Go down fighting!"

New flags went up as I watched:

"Ships left. Full speed!"

Instantly our five battleships turned to port and headed for the enemy, working up rapidly to full speed. At the same time the Japanese battleships turned right—to pursue.

On through the smoke screen the Americans sped—to find, when they came out of the smoke, the Japanese fleet rushing bows on at full speed and but eight thousand yards ahead.

The New Hampshire and the Oregon poured death and destruction into the Japanese flagship Nagato, smashing her huge system of bridges, her conning tower, her foremast, and her fire-control stations, silencing her forward turrets.

At the same time the Utah fired on the Mutsu; but that ship answered with her 16-inch guns and the Utah suffered cruelly.

Vice-Admiral Yashimoto, commanding the battle-cruiser squadron, now swung his three battle cruisers into column, steamed away from the Japanese line at a 45-degree angle, and let his two dozen 16-inch guns play on the Nebraska. The Nebraska was put out of action almost before she knew what had hit her.

The Japanese battleships turned left and moved off in column. The Nagato fell out. The Ise was on fire. The Hiuga, torpedoed by one of our submarines, was developing a nasty list to starboard.

The New Hampshire and the Utah shelled the Hiuga. The rear guns of the Utah opened up on Yashimoto's battle cruisers. At that range, never contemplated for modern naval guns of great power, her fire was murderous. The battle cruiser Kirishima blew up with a tremendous roar and filled the whole world with smoke and burning fragments. The Kongo was badly holed. The boys on the Utah were fighting their guns like demons, and cheering as they fought. But they didn't fight long; nor did their cheering last. Their work brought such a rain of hell on the Utah as no ship could stand. She still floated, but there was no living soul aboard her.

BY nine o'clock that June morning the New Jersey had gone down; the Ohio was a helpless smoking wreck; the Alabama and the Oregon were done for, the former well down by the stern; and the Utah was out of action, her guns silent. She was drifting close to the Nebraska, which was on fire everywhere. Only the New Hampshire remained in anything like fighting condition.

The Japanese had four battleships practically intact. The Ise, Hiuga, and Kongo, badly damaged though they were, could steam and fight. The Nagato was in obvious distress, but still able to use her after guns.

And it was nine o'clock when the bombers returned, reladen with tons of explosives. They couldn't aim accurately, because of the intensity of our defense; but one bomb fell close to the Oregon and put her propellers and her steering gear out of action.

All the fire of the Japanese now, from the sea and below it and above it, centered on the Oregon and the New Hampshire. I saw the upper works of those two ships disintegrate and vanish bit by bit; saw flames and smoke burst out of them—smoke and flames that didn't come from guns; and presently, where they had been there was only white water and black smoke licked with fire.

It was over. The Pacific was a Japanese lake. We ran, leaving our dead, leaving our survivors to the mercy of the victors. We ran as fast as we could for home—twenty destroyers, the cruisers Astoria and Trenton, and a single submarine. Rear Admiral Pearshall, who ordered the retreat, covered us with the 8-inch guns of the Saratoga, a ship fast

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enough to run from any battle cruiser and powerful enough to withstand the anger of any lesser ship.

The Alabama and the Nebraska were settling as we fled. The other four battleships were floating charnel houses. Rulton, God rest his rough courageous soul, would have most of his fleet with him before nightfall, and most of his officers and men. Well, he could rejoice with them that no ship had struck her flag, nor asked for any quarter, nor ceased to fire so long as there was a man alive aboard her and a gun that he could work!

It was dark when we stole back into San Diego harbor. There were no crowds, only a few white-clad officers standing in a group on the pier, with bared heads and drooping shoulders. They knew. We had radioed them. One came forward, a tall seedy civilian with tremendous legs. He came aboard. His fierce white mustache and eyebrows were softened with sorrow. His seamed face was as grim as a hangman's.

"Too bad," he said. "But you did your best."

He put on his hat and jerked it over his left eye.

"Peters," he said, "you will report Lieutenant Grant killed in action."

Peters stared at the admiral's aggressive jaw. He said nothing.

"Admiral Timms is Secretary of the Navy," I said. I didn't have any inside information, but from the authoritative way he talked I knew it to be so.

"As of today," Timms said.

"Aye, aye, sir," Peters said. "Congratulations, sir."

Timms nodded and shook hands with each of us.

"Change into civilian clothes, Mr. Grant," he said, "and report to Marvel in the Times office."

There was a bus leaving for Los Angeles in half an hour, he said. I caught it.

MARVEL was at his desk, a green eyeshade shadowing his face. His feet, clad in gray buckskin brogues with scalloped tongues that hung down prettily over the laces, rested on a shelf of the desk. He was reading Huckleberry Finn.

The local room of the Times was cold and cheerless and bare. There were a few lights at this end, hanging from the ceiling, shining through green shades, making ghastly circles on littered desk tops. There was an air of subdued excitement in the place, a chill nervous dignity, a petulant, forbidding, quiet atmosphere.

I whispered the story of the fight to Marvel. I had to whisper. That was the feeling the place engendered in me.

Marvel jumped up.

"Sit down and write it," he said.

"I can't write," I said. "I can't even write a letter."

"Do as you're told," he said brusquely. "You take orders from me hereafter. You're working for me—and the Vancouver Standard. Take off your coat and get busy. Don't tell it as though you saw it. Tell it as though you got it from somebody else—say 'a high naval officer.'"

He began to shout.

"Boy!" he shouted. "Boy! Boy!"

Boys came running from dark recesses—funny-looking boys with the smell of paper and ink and glue and tobacco about them. He sent them scampering on a dozen errands. He strode to a semicircular desk about which a number of old men sat smoking rank pipes, scratching their bare arms, and making marks on paper with black pencils.

"They've sunk our fleet!" he yelled. "We're wiped out. Thousands dead! Rulton's killed. Howze is killed. Grant is killed—the hero of Oahu. All our battleships are gone. Most of our trained men. Food for the sharks. We sent them out to die! They knew it. They died. Are you satisfied?"

He was working himself up to a furious pitch.

I TORE off my coat and sat down at a typewriter. A boy hurried up, bringing a pile of "books," thick sheafs of paper with carbons sandwiched in between. Marvel was still making his feverish speech.

"Get everybody here," he ended. "Phone 'em. Telegraph 'em. Send somebody. Get 'em here! I want the names of the dead and the dying. I want stories from survivors. Get San Diego on the phone. Send Wiles down there, and Nathan, and Duval. Send cameramen. Dig me up all the pictures—pictures of admirals and ships and officers. Have Lenz draw a picture of the battle. You, Simmons, write me enough for a bulletin. Put a headline on it—'U. S. Fleet Destroyed!' We're going on the street in fifteen minutes."

"Get me some black coffee," I told the boy. "And sandwiches. And a lot of cigars."

I gave him some money and began to write. I wrote slowly, at first, because of all the excitement around me. There was less calm in this office than there had been on the Ohio during the action.

Then, too, I was annoyed by all the need for hurry. No sooner had I written two or three lines on a page than some one dashed up, tore the paper out of the machine, and scurried away with it. That called for me, or some one near me, to put another "book" into the typewriter—so I might write two lines more, or three.

After a little time I wrote faster.

The presses began to pound, far below me; but they weren't presses. They were the engines of the Ohio throbbing to the command, "Full speed ahead!" The cries and shouts and oaths about me, the ringing of telephone bells, the creak and slam of doors, the rise and fall of the elevator, the sound of running feet—these were the voices of officers and men at battle stations or scudding to them.

The floor shook with the vibration of the presses, and I heard the hiss and the susurrus of the sea, and stood on the bridge again with the ghost of Admiral Rulton.

The smell of the sea was in my nostrils, the smell of fresh-spilled blood and burning powder and wind-whipped smoke.

Things I had forgotten in the heat of battle came to me here in the false calm of the newspaper office: the yellow hand that came up out of the sea for a moment, and opened its fingers wide, and then went down again forever; white hats floating on the water; a submarine the Worden's guns had blasted into shining colored oil and wreckage; a falling plane that streaked a gray-black western cloud with fleeting crimson glory.

The story was done at last, and I didn't know whether I was glad or sorry. I saw a pail full of black coffee on my desk, with a scum of oil upon it. I took a long full drink of it. It was cold but it was coffee. I looked up into Bill Marvel's face, and didn't know it.

"Good stuff," he said. "Here's some telegrams. Editors all over the country are biting themselves with joy."

"Joy?"

"A story is a story, Dan—and a story like this? My God!"

I crumpled up the fistful of telegrams he gave me and dropped them on the floor. I didn't want to be congratulated; I didn't want to be praised. I wanted to go somewhere and weep! I wanted to go back to that dirty little church in the Mexican quarter, and fall on my knees and pray—to pray for the dead who died in valor, to pray for the living who dwelt in terror.

For the streets were filled with terror that night.

There were bulletins in the downstairs window of the Times; and there were crowds on Broadway and on First Street—weeping, moaning, white-faced crowds, standing thick, blocking traffic east and west and north and south, reading the bulletins, reading the papers as they issued.

The front door every now and then spewed out scores of boys, each with a great bundle of extras under one arm. The boys merged into the crowd, and the crowd blossomed with fresh newspapers. Here and there men and women fought for papers. Here and there men or women read the news aloud—additional paragraphs of my story, late dispatches from San Diego, new lists of the dead and the maimed and the missing.

We made slow progress through the crowd, Bill and I. His right hand clutched my shoulder, so he might keep contact with me.

We had scarce reached the fringes of the crowd, where we could breathe, than we heard shrieks of fright and consternation back of us. We turned and saw arms lifted toward the spangled sky.

A plane was coming from the south, five stars in a line, red and blue and white, moving fast and silently through the night.

"A bomber!" they shouted. "A Japanese bomber!"

It was only a mail plane from San Diego, perhaps, or a passenger ship making an unscheduled run to Glendale or San Francisco. But it spread panic in that crowd. Men and women ran in all directions. Men and women fell, and died under the heels of others. Uniformed policemen charged into the crowd, using their clubs, their fists, their knees, the butts of their guns.

But it was long after the plane had passed overhead, and its five stars had been blotted out, that the panic died—and ambulances shot through every near-by thoroughfare with clanging gongs and sirens madly shrieking.

Bill and I walked mournfully down Broadway—a deserted, darkened, fear-swept Broadway.

We stood in Pershing Square, and Bill looked up into a sky fretted with palm fronds and towers and spires and house roofs and pale unwinking stars.

"They'll be here in a week or so," he said. "God help us!"

It was the only prayer I ever heard him utter.

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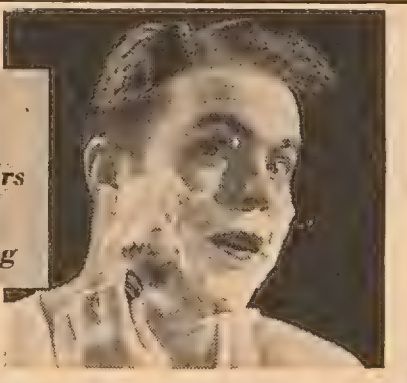

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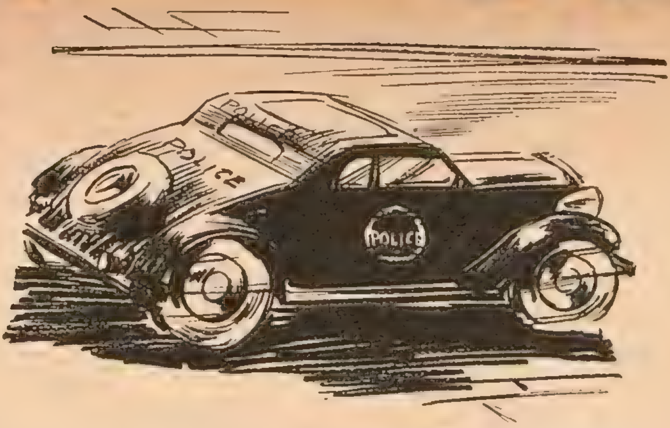

Liberty's Short Short

by S. GORDON GURWIT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SQUAD CAR 512 pulled into Snell Avenue and faced the level prairie of Illinois, showing here and there a lonely house. This was the southwesterly limit of the Chicago patrol.

Carrigan, slumped on the wheel, driving mechanically, grunted.

"Pull that box," he instructed his partner, nodding toward the police call box fastened to a post.

Mulvaney, rookie policeman of three days' experience, hopped out blithely and reported to his station. His Celtic face wore the grin of good health and high spirits. He climbed back to his front seat in the yellow police flivver and eased his long legs under the dash.

"I'm goin' to like this job," he said. "Ridin' around all day with a chauffeur, and telephonin' now and then! Gives you an appetite. Swell job."

"Yeah?" said the apathetic Carrigan.

"I'd like to live out this way," said Mulvaney, his eyes sweeping the open parklike stretches. "Be swell, wouldn't it, to have a place with a garden, and raise your own vegetables?" He sighed. "Some day, if I can save up enough dough, I'm goin' to buy me a place like that. A man ought to have a home in the country—"

"An' get married, I suppose?" guessed Bill Carrigan listlessly.

Mulvaney looked straight ahead and said, "Yes."

"Got a girl?" Carrigan knew little of this new partner.

"Yep."

The radio broke into the conversation:

"Calling all cars! Since the stockyard fire, the Fire Department has complained about cars being parked in front of hydrants. Section Six, City Ordinance Eight. Orders to arrest any person parking in front of a fire hydrant. That's all."

Carrigan sniffed contemptuously.

Then, "Look!" said Mulvaney, pointing.

An almost new black Ford sedan was parked squarely in front of a fire hydrant. There was no one in it, but there was a frame house where the probable owner lived.

"We'll nail that guy," said Mulvaney.

"Aw!" protested Carrigan. "What the hell! These parking violations don't stick. To hell with it! Let's go to the Greek's and get a hamburger—"

Mulvaney's mouth set. "Law is law," he defined. "We'll get the hamburger later."

Carrigan shrugged. "Oke by me," he said.

The flivver slid to the curb.

"I'll go," said Mulvaney, "and give 'em a ticket. This ain't a two-man job. You sit here and rust."

Carrigan nodded and chewed his gum.

Mulvaney stalked to the house and rang the bell. No answer. He rang again. Still no answer. He'd try the back of the house.

He did—and a dark man rushed out, ran into his stomach, bounced off, and flung up a pistol he carried. The shot cut through Mulvaney's coat but did not harm him. He punched the man in the jaw, sprawling him flat on the walk. He took away the gun and searched him. There was another gun and a Ford key, some money but no papers. Mulvaney yanked the man to his feet.

"That your car out there?" he snapped.

"No!" spat the other. Mulvaney held him shackled.

"You're under arrest," Mulvaney told him. "You pulled a gun on me, you little greaseball."

"Banana oil!" exploded the man. "Cut the comedy!"

"I'll put the cuffs on you," decided Mulvaney, and did.

"A wise guy, with a drag," decided Carrigan, who had come charging around the house at the sound of the shot. He didn't interfere.

The dark man had to submit. In sheer strength Mulvaney outnumbered him, approximately, six to one. Mulvaney tried the key he had taken from the man's pocket in the door of the offending car. It fitted. He hustled the other into the back of the flivver and sat with him.

"It's his car, all right," he said to Carrigan. "He took a shot at me, Bill, and he had a second gun in his pocket. Bet he's a crook."

Carrigan wasn't greatly impressed. "We'll go back to the station and throw this guy in the can—"

The radio cut him short: "Calling all cars! Pilger reported to be in this city. Killed a deputy sheriff in Elgin and made his escape. Reported riding in a blue sedan. Watch for this car."

"I saw one on Western Avenue," said Carrigan. "Let's go back."

"Let's first book this guy, Bill," said Mulvaney.

They rode in silence for a few minutes; then:

"Pilger reported to have killed a policeman in Hinsdale. Making for Chicago. Reported riding in a brown Oldsmobile coupé. Rewards now total seventy-five hundred dollars for his capture. Stop all brown Oldsmobile coupés. Shoot to kill. Pilger is a killer. That's all."

"That guy changes cars too often," complained Carrigan.

And then the radio resumed: "Attention, all cars! Pilger reported in Lagrange, in a tan Chevrolet sedan. Shot and killed the driver and left a green Hudson he had stolen in Elmhurst. Look out for a tan Chevrolet sedan, Illinois license. Morning Chronicle now offers five thousand additional reward for his capture."

"I'd like to meet that guy," said Carrigan dreamily.

"Me too," said Mulvaney. "Boy! What a man could buy for twelve thousand five hundred bucks!"

"Nuts!" said the prisoner viciously. "If Pilger had half a chance, Carnera, he'd burn your liver."

"Yeah, greaseball? I'd smack him down! Shut up!"

The station was crowded with police and city detectives ready to go out on the greatest man hunt in the city's hectic criminal history.

As Mulvaney entered, there was a sudden, tense hush. A lane opened as he marched his struggling but helpless prisoner to the desk. The sergeant stared.

"Huh?" he began. "What—"

Mulvaney grinned. "We got the radio orders, sergeant," he explained, "but this mug put up a fight—pulled a gun and took a shot at me. He had another gun in his pocket." Mulvaney laid both guns on the desk.

"You—smacked him down, Mulvaney?"

"Had to, sergeant—he pulled the gun and shot at me. Thinks he's tough, but he ain't."

The prisoner snarled like a trapped leopard.

"Shut up!" Mulvaney ordered. The prisoner obeyed.

A whisper ran through the group of city detectives: "Pilger! That's Pilger—the killer!" But Mulvaney didn't seem to hear it.

The sergeant heard it, however, and turned puzzled eyes to his latest rookie. He saw Mulvaney's grin.

"What's the charge, officer?" he asked gravely.

"Violation of Section Six, City Ordinance Eight, sergeant," answered Mulvaney. Incredulity, amazement shone from the prisoner's eyes. "He was parking in front of a fire hydrant."

THE END

THIEVES AND A BABY

Evildoers Here and There and the Problems of Starting a Family Provide a Week of Lively Contrasts in the Films

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

Joan Bennett and Cary Grant in a scene from Big Brown Eyes.

★ ★ ½ BIG BROWN EYES

THE PLAYERS: Joan Bennett, Cary Grant, Walter Pidgeon, Lloyd Nolan, Alan Baxter, Marjorie Gateson, Isabel Jewell, Douglas Fowley, Henry Kleinbach, Joseph Sawyer, Dolores Casey. Directed by Raoul Walsh. From the stories by James Edward Grant.

THE best picture in a week of somewhat pedestrian offerings is Walter Wanger's breezy though often incoherent Big Brown Eyes. Combining James Edward Grant's Liberty short stories, Hahsit, Babe? and Big Brown Eyes, the film scurries about in a chipper and pleasant fashion. And, as with most pictures concerning jewel thievery, it has a surplus of busy action with characters popping in and out of scenes with more gusto than reason.

Perhaps the most distinctive feature about Big Brown Eyes is that it presents a new Joan Bennett. In this the youngest of the theatric Bennetts discards her softly feminine ways for astringent garrulity and brisk toughness. That the character transition comes off so well is one of the reasons the piece is such sprightly film fare.

The plot of this entertaining if hardly noteworthy production is much too complicated to be set down in a brief review. But since the entangled business is smartly directed and tightly fashioned, it moves with smoothness and seeming precision.

Miss Bennett, a manicurist in a swank hotel, has the sort of job that enables her to pick up odd bits of underworld information. These she passes along to Cary Grant, her detective sweetheart, whose future depends on capturing a ring of diamond snatchers. So sharp is the manicurist's nose for news that she is given a column on a paper, which she uses as a spot for predicting rather than reporting events. This, as you may easily imagine and as the scenarists intended, involves Cary Grant and Miss Bennett in what can only be called a mess—especially when she prophesies the capture and confession of a still-at-large criminal.

Even though it is filled with such sanguinary elements as the killing of a baby, Big Brown Eyes never takes itself seriously. For the most part, the picture skates adroitly along the thin edge of excitement. And since the good-looking stars are given deft support by the sinister Alan Baxter, Walter Pidgeon, Lloyd Nolan, and Douglas Fowley (who scores in a terse emotional bit), the picture becomes as racy as a roller-coaster ride. And just about as significant.

VITAL STATISTICS: Surest way to have story or business confabs with Produce Walter Wanger is to hire a polo pony, discuss business dashing after the elusive social ball with a mallet. . . . You wouldn't believe it but Izzy Jewell started life being scholastically terrific in Latin, English, French, literature, and sorority life. Now it's all: "Hahsit, babe?" "I'l be seein' yah!" and "O. K., Toots!" Izzy weighs ninety; is of Shoshoni, Wyoming her dad's a physish. They tell me she relaxed between scenes (she's a dizzy waitress) rereading the Greek classics. . . . Walter Pidgeon's back after swearing to leave Hollywood forever. In silent days he got imported from the stage (which had imported him from the baking business), was given a lot of publicity, swell dressing rooms, and money—but no assignments. . . . This is Independent Irish-Spanish-American Raoul Walsh's twenty-fourth year in pictures. Debutted as an actor with Biograph in 1912. . . . They claim a warmer personality will infuse Joan Bennett, if they have to build fires beneath her to get it. Some say she seems cold because most parts don't ask her to give deeply, and typical Hollywood superficiality leaves her cold. If they wrote 'em more intellectual would you see Joan melt! . . . Since so many yarns from it are filmed, as goes Liberty so goes Hollywood, I'm told. Am I proud! . . . Cary Grant goes in for strenuosity. He walks tight rope, does flipflops, fast body whirls just to warm up; then he goes into some wrestling, tennis, golf, and boxing, winding it up with a few miles of expert natating. His friends tell me he also can ride anything on four legs. Pretty good for a fellow with wavy black hair and a nonchalant manner. Cary's just been to England to cure that dash of nostalgia for the roast beef on the old home grounds.

★ ★ ½ THE FIRST BABY

THE PLAYERS: Johnny Downs, Shirley Deane, Jane Darwell, Dixie Dunbar, Marjorie Gateson, Gene Lockhart, Taylor Holmes, Willard Robertson, Hattie McDaniel. Directed by Lew Seiler. Story by Lamar Trotti.

THERE is nothing unusual in The First Baby. Yet it is from the recognizable and common qualities that this mild and touching picture derives a gentle charm. For The First Baby tells of an average young couple leading a life typical of thousands of young Americans. Here is shown their furtive courtship, their in-law harried marriage, their breakup, and their first child. And because it never attempts to transcend its minor premise, the film attains many moments of homely appeal.

Though a bit too boyish at times, Johnny Downs, once of the Our Gang Comedies, is a delight as the young husband. His wife, played by Shirley Deane, is somewhat overshadowed by the exuberant Dixie Dunbar, who, as the office flirt, supplies the mild menace to the young couple's domestic tranquillity. All of the juveniles, however, manage to give a depth of feeling, even poignancy, to problems that might have seemed silly.

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For round or hook worms in large puppies or grown dogs, ask for Sergeant's Sure-Shot Capsules. For puppies and toy breeds, ask for Sergeant's Puppy Capsules. For tape-worms in all dogs and puppies, ask for Sergeant's Tape-Worm Medicine. Sold by dealers everywhere. Our veterinarian will answer questions free about your dog's health. Write fully.

Free Dog Book. Write for your *free copy* of Sergeant's book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life.

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WORM MEDICINES
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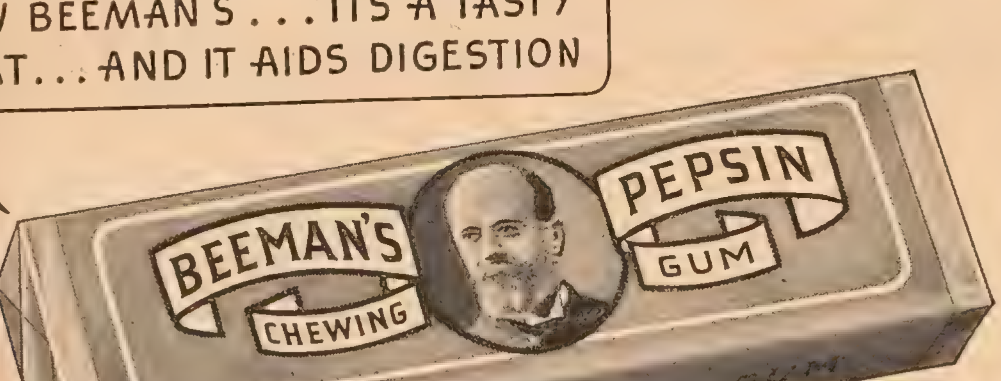
DAYS LOOK BRIGHTER WHEN YOU CHEW BEEMAN'S . . . IT'S A TASTY TREAT . . . AND IT AIDS DIGESTION



IT'S DELICIOUS

Supplying the background for youthful turmoil are Gene Lockhart, Taylor Holmes, Marjorie Gateson, and Jane Darwell. Miss Gateson is properly hateful as Miss Deane's jealous mother, while Taylor Holmes does a nicely restrained timid father. Gene Lockhart, of course, is grand as Mr. Downs's easygoing dad.

The First Baby, though, is not a film of individuals. It has what so few pictures have—a sense of balance. From Lamar Trotti's wise script to Lew Seiler's sensitive direction, this lively, fresh, and wholesome slice of everyday life is a small triumph for the Twentieth Century-Fox studio.

VITAL STATISTICS: Biggest production problem was seven-months-old Sandy Stone, who plays the baby. At seven months a man has no respect for schedules or anything else, so if Sandy wanted to smile when he was supposed to caterwaul, it was just tough on Director Seiler. If Sandy wanted to cry when he was supposed to smile, that was tough too. So Sandy bossed the picture as he bosses his own home. . . . Johnny Downs at twenty-one is a veteran Our Gangster; tries not to remember day when he heroed in curls and Fauntleroy collars. He gradded to stage work, came back to Hollywood for hot-cha collegiate dance roles, but feels he can use either of his extremities equally well. . . . Dixie Dunbar is really Elizabeth Christine Dunbar of Montgomery, Alabama, and Atlanta, Gawjuh. She gets her first chance to act with her face as well as her feet. Despite chances of becoming Duse's successee, she's not neglecting her feet. . . . After lording the farce and musical-comedy world of a generation ago, Taylor Holmes is now known as the father of Phillips Holmes, stage and screen star! . . . Shirley Deane was just another Fox stock gal for three years, with a salary starting at thirty-five dollars a week, upping very little. In progress upward toward the financial and artistic light, Shirley's hair has been toned from a dazzling blonde to a refaned Harlow brown. Shirley danced her way into Hollywood from a Frisco whoopeedom. . . . Again they've pegged Jane Darwell as a mother, and she's never had any kids, brats, etc. On her dad's side, Jane stems from Old Hickory. . . . Gene Lockhart is content with the Hollywood scene. He's gotten farther in the celluloid paradise with his acting than he did in struggling to write 300 radio shows, words and music to 100 songs, including All the World's Waiting for the Sunrise.

★ ★ THE COUNTRY BEYOND

THE PLAYERS: Rochelle Hudson, Paul Kelly, Robert Kent, Alan Hale, Alan Dinehart, Andrew Tombes, Claudia Coleman, Matt McHugh, Buck and Prince. Directed by Eugene Forde. Story by James Oliver Curwood.

THE surprising thing about The Country Beyond is that it's such an entertaining little picture. Certainly there are no surprises tucked away in the plot or characterizations. Taken from James Oliver Curwood's tale of a Northwest man hunt, this snowbound item refuses to make the slightest deviation from the standardized Mounted Police formula.

Even the characters have that rubber-stamp quality. There is the fresh young cop on his first case; the girl of the woods whose innocent father is suspected of fur stealing; the veteran Mountie; and, of course, the oily-tongued villain. Added to these are a couple of dogs, Buck and Prince, who are practically the basis of the story; for one of them is a murderer and the other does enough sleuthing to win himself a badge.

Though a not too bright child of seven could predict every story development, The Country Beyond, due to its strikingly beautiful background and amiable performances, comes as satisfying outdoor film fare. Paul Kelly, Rochelle Hudson, and a promising newcomer, Robert Kent, joined mittened hands in making this a pleasing sojourn in the Canadian wilds, where men are men and the plots are all alike.

VITAL STATISTICS: Thirteen falling ill or being hurt during making of this one, it's supposed to be hoodooed. . . . Rochelle Hudson was ready for the third grade of public school before she was old enough to enter. School authorities at Oklahoma City thought Maw Hudson was forcing Rochie, predicted Rochie's brain would collapse before she was six, and have been waiting thirteen years for it to happen. Aw gosh, Rochelle, be a sport—collapse your brain and give them a break! . . . Paul Kelly's fifth wedding anniversary brought him a gold watch with a medal on the reverse from wife Dorothy Mackaye. Paul explained: "When I married her she said I'd deserve a gold medal if the marriage lasted five years!" . . . First home-run appearance for Rob Kent, one-time messenger boy, farm hand, ABC-man (perceive?), riding mentor, amateur fisticuffer. Rob's from Hartford, Connecticut; admits he's willful, strongheaded, and hard to handle. He's unmarried and some girl will fix that all up. I know the type. . . . Triple-threater Alan Dinehart contracted the disease of book collecting between New York shows. Alan says it's better to buy a rare book at $500 than a bond. Though the book may become worthless, you can always read it. . . . Director Forde uses neither megaphone, bluster, hair-pulling, nor leather puttees, but gets the actorial vitamin into the work by quiet speech and manner. But he does burn himself up internally. Lost eight pounds during this one.

★ ½ THE LAW IN HER HANDS

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Lindsay, Glenda Farrell, Warren Hull, Lyle Talbot, Eddie Acuff, Dick Purcell, Al Shean, Joseph Crehan, Matty Fain, Addison Richards, Milt Kibbee. Directed by William Clemens. Story by George Bricker.

THOSE who know nothing about legal procedure and are attracted by the personalities of Margaret Lindsay and Lyle Talbot may find a certain amount of mild diversion in The Law in Her Hands. In this stern little courtroom show the composed Miss Lindsay is seen as an ex-waitress who gets admitted to the bar, sets up an office, and almost immediately is offered a ten-thousand-dollar retainer by racketeer Lyle Talbot.

Because her fiancé, Warren Hull, assistant district attorney, tries to beat her on every case, Miss Lindsay resorts to trick methods for freeing her worthless clients. These sensational victories make her the toast of the legal world but do nothing to further her romance with the honest Mr. Hull.

Competently assembled but utterly without appeal in its playing or telling, The Law in Her Hands reaches its climax when the surly Mr. Talbot poisons some babies in a milk war. Forced, at the point of a gun, to defend him, Miss Lindsay supplies the only surprise in a picture singularly devoid of twists.

Not sound enough to be realistic, nor exciting enough for adventure, the picture is a good example of why movie fans demand double bills.

VITAL STATISTICS: Margaret Lindsay is ditching her Oxfordism and reverting to her native Iowan, taking up the guitar and the prairie song in a big way, at the expense of being considered corny. Meg says hardest thing she ever did was to confess to not being English after her faked Britishness had won her a part in Cavalcade. . . . Glenda Farrell's building a swimming pool equipped with a studio-type wave machine for creating miniature surf and breakers. A wind machine will blow cool or warm breezes across the bathers, the warm being an innovation borrowed and adapted from a beauty-parlor hair drier. . . . They couldn't find a man in Hollywood to double for Lyle Talbot (could it be deliberate?), so he doubled for himself. . . . The Warren Hulls write songs which they spring on their unhappy friends. Hope some day to return to Connecticut to raise cattle and strawberries. . . . Fifteen years ago Bryan Foy wrote Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. Today Al Shean's in this picture in a bit. Gallagher's dead.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—O. O. McIntyre.

2—David Warfield.

3—Colonel Andrew Summers Rowan (then a lieutenant), now seventy-nine. The exploit was "dramatized" by Elbert Hubbard. About one hundred million copies of the Message have been sold.

4—A peach, according to Lloyd Stark, considered a leading authority on the origin of fruits.

5—The initials of the title Chief of Police.

6—More than 100,000 miles.

7—Serum.

8—Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

9—The Swiss are said to yodel because of their natural environment: steep mountainsides of a valley produce echoes that tempt the singer to experiment.

10—There would not be any difference if but two candidates contested.

11—Isinglass blancmange.

12—No, according to scientists, who maintain that fish hear poorly if at all, although disturbances in the water affect them.

13—Since a dash line over Roman numerals multiplies the value by 1,000, the answer would be 159,000.

14—J, K, L.

15—North Carolina.

16—About eight ounces.

17—To cut and keep quill pens in good writing condition.

18—Oswald Jacoby, 1934-35 and 1935-36 champion.

19—Proverbs 23:13, 14—"Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell."

20— Alexander Wilson

Tour Europe this summer via PHILCO

SHORT-WAVE reception is at its best in Summer . . . and this Summer more powerful short-wave stations go on the air in several European countries!

Keep in constant touch with the political situation . . . enjoy the finest entertainment broadcast from foreign shores . . . through Philco! The Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System in this streamlined 625J doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. Entirely automatic in action . . . it tunes the aerial as you tune the set.

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LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family. Fame strikes twice on this page, once when contributions first find a place on it, and again when the votes for that week are recorded, and the favorites of readers have been tallied.

It is interesting to watch the voting, see how one contestant or another will lead for a while, and then a poem, perhaps, outstrip a cartoon, or a short story an epigram.

For you who know what you like but wouldn't think of putting it into poetry or sketches, this is your opportunity to register your approval. A penny post card, and you may be the one to bring that added touch of fame to a very hopeful contestant.

Don't hesitate to use your franchise.

Major Edward Bowes.

Dick Wallace, fifteen-year-old actor in the Broadway hit, Dead End, hopes he won't get the gong on his literary efforts. I don't think he will. Do you?

BANK ROBBER

Cautiously the figure ascended the irs. All around him it was pitch black. A board creaked in the floor, which made the lone person curse luridly.

This business of robbing a bank was pretty risky.

He realized that the odds were against him, and any minute he expected to have the lights switched on, revealing him in the act of stealing the cash. Suddenly he reached what he had been searching for. He picked it up in his hands; it seemed full of money.

He seized the coveted object and cautiously started to make his getaway.

All of a sudden footsteps were heard ascending the stairs. He looked about, panic-stricken, for a place to hide.

There was none.

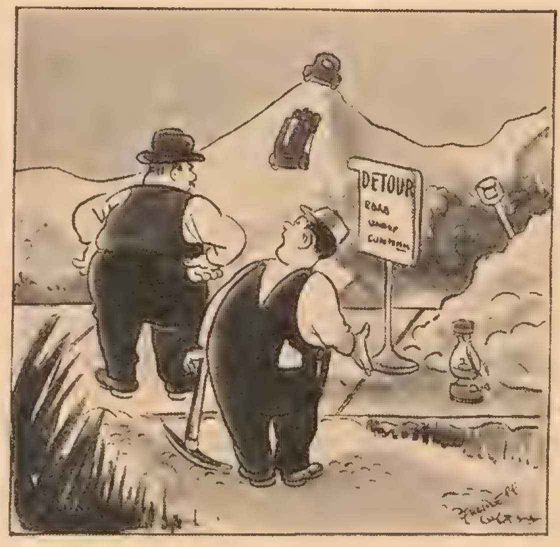
Then it happened—what he had dreaded most.

Suddenly the lights were switched on, revealing him with the stolen goods.

In the doorway, glaring at him with an angry look on his face, stood a little boy of about seven, attired in pajamas.

"Daddy," he said, "are you robbing my bank again?"

Here we have a humorous cartoon from the drawing board of Emmett Glass of Chicago, Illinois.



"Honest, boss, I don't know who pointed it in that direction."

"I work for two doctors, and so many little comedies occur here every day, I have written a few of them down and hope you may be able to use them on your Amateur Page." So writes Miss Rogers Hays of Jackson, Mississippi. Such human incidents are indeed appealing.

"Nurse, is de doctor in?" said the long lanky colored boy in the porter's attire.

"Yes," replied the nurse. "But what on earth happened to your mouth, boy?"

"Well, yo' see, miss, I's been bit pow'ful hard by a black widow."

The doctor had just completed an examination on a little pickaninny and prescribed some medicine, when the anxious mother inquired:

"Doctor, will dis yere medicine do for the chile at home too? Yo' see, dey is bof sick de same way, and as dey is twins, I just brung one of dem."

Joseph A. McCloskey, laborer in the Peninsula Division of the San Francisco Water Department. Writing poetry and song lyrics is his hobby. A lovely poem with a delightful sentiment. Real talent here.

MUCH TOO NEAR

So oft while searching through the skies,
Or gazing out to sea,
We miss what lies before the eyes,
Too close for us to see.

With awe-inspired gaze we seek
Some far-flung rocky tower,
Nor deign to glance where shadows dance
Beneath some leafy bower.

We rapture through symphonic strains
That swell in mighty theme,
And hear unheard the gentle bird
That lilts an angel's dream.

Our clutching fingers reach far out,
Some distant joy to gain;
Yet where we stand with empty hand
The wealth of life has lain.

An extremely well written—unusual theme and interesting, if a bit morbid—storiette. Roy V. Steele of Abingdon, Illinois, is the contestee.

LIFE AND DEATH

Dr. Steadman sank back in his chair and surveyed the white-walled hospital room. With a vast feeling of professional pride, his eyes came to rest upon the emaciated form of convict No. 6337 lying prone upon the hard regulation cot.

Three days ago he had been summoned to the prison to perform an emergency operation. Oddly enough, it had proved to be the most difficult surgical performance of his entire career. It was incredible that this man was now alive. He had performed, without a doubt, a miraculous feat; an astounding piece of surgery.

He wished fervently that he could lay his report before the infallible Dr. Grayson. It would shatter his smug complacency, jar his inflated ego. But the world would never know of his singular achievement—the world beyond those formidable stone walls.

With an audible sigh Dr. Steadman peered down at his thin capable hands. With those supple fingers he had found the waning spark of life, nursed it, pampered it, fanned it back into flame.

Now he was tired. Very, very tired. He wanted to close his eyes and sink into oblivion. He wondered, vaguely, how things were going at home. Had Martha passed her examination at school? Had Bobbie bought that pair of skates he had wanted so badly?

During his three days in prison he had forgotten entirely that life outside existed.

He had been immersed completely in this battle of life and death, this titanic struggle against overwhelming odds.

But he had won! He had prolonged the life of this gaunt nameless convict. Already he was showing definite signs of recovery. His breathing was free, more regular, and color was slowly returning to his lean pallid cheeks. His heart was strong, his pulse steady. Life was throbbing again through his veins. Life!

Tomorrow he would be able to take food. Tomorrow! By the end of the week he would be able to sit erect in bed. Another week and he would be able to stand alone. Stand alone!

By the fourteenth of next month he would be well—a strong living man. A vital pulsating machine free from imperfections! He would be able to leave forever his drab cheerless cell.

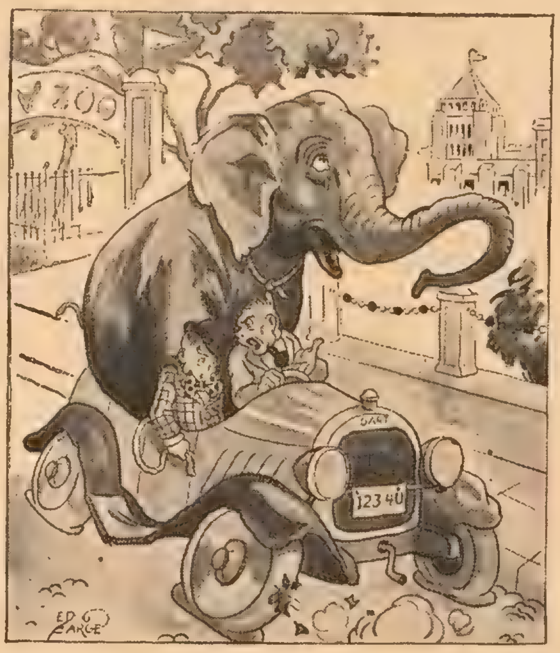
He would be able to walk without aid across the prison yard to the electric chair.

Dorothy Mazlen, Bronx, N. Y.
Occupation: Stenographer.
Interests: Writing humorous verse.
Comment: Bright, smart, jocular.

APOSTROPHE TO A MOP

Poor mop! I know not why it is
That every one must wring you.
Would you were a sweetheart song
And every one should sing you!
Would you were a tablecloth,
So when you've done your best
You'd justly be rewarded—
Cleanly washed and pressed.
Even if you were a shoe
That had no heel or sole,
I'm sure it would be better
Than a rag upon a pole!
But such is life! We can't all be
Creation's priceless jewels;
Some of us are teachers born,
And some of us are—fools.
Some of us are bottoms,
And some of us are tops.
Some of us are handles,
And some of us are mops!

Edward J. Barge of Oildale, California, is twenty years old and would like to serve as an apprentice in a newspaper syndicate. His ambition is to have a daily comic strip. Well, Edward, we hope with this display some one will recognize your talent and make your dreams come true.



"Some day you're gonna go too far with this kleptomaniac business."

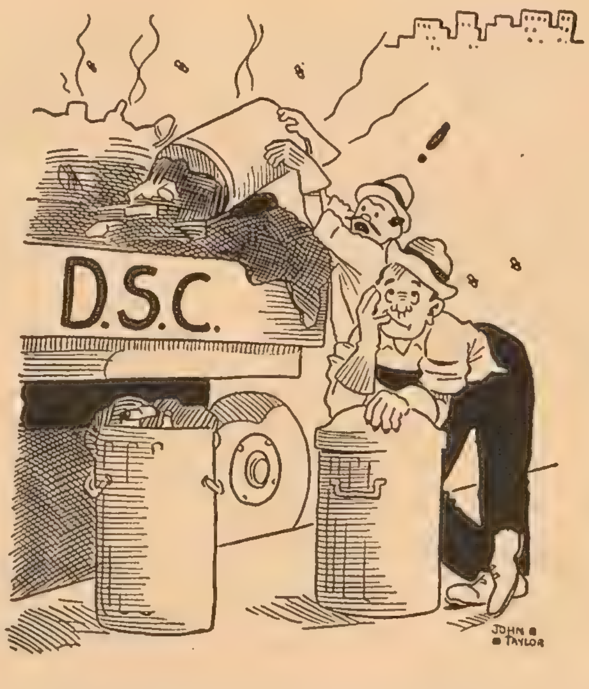
Earline C. Johnson of Wilmington, North Carolina: I have chosen three of your Quips and Quacks. These have originality, curtness, humor.

Many a man would walk a mile for a cigarette who would not turn around to flip the ashes in a tray.

Give a gossip an inch and she'll make an 'ell out of it.

Many a man takes his love where he finds it and leaves her there.

The cartoon below is from John Taylor of Santa Barbara, California, nineteen years old, who has been trying to sell his drawings for two years with no success. In both the drawings he submitted he shows a definite talent and a happy ability to inject expression on his subjects' faces.



"I just can't work any more, Joe. Spring's in the air!"

Modern beatitudes, with Joyce Corriveau of Westmount, Quebec, taking the bow as the author.

Blessed are the meek, for they attempt to repartee with traffic cops.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall receive free board and expenses at Geneva.

Blessed are they which are prosecuted, for they shall find honor in the tabloids.

Prize Winners April 4

In a very close race, short stories were placed first and second in the voting on the April 4 pages. Marguerite Valance, Buffalo, N. Y., receives $25 for High Shoes; and A. W. Schwing, Jr., Peoria, Ill., $10 for Trial by Flight. For third place, with a $5 prize each, Richard Binetach, Morris, Ill.; Sherrill Ellsworth, Chicago, Ill.; and Julius Nelson, Windber, Pa., all scored with their cartoons.

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week goes to J. Paul Carter, Richmond, Va., for his plaque; to Jack Hollenback, Hannibal, Mo., for his soap sculpture; to Helen Conway, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Ursaline Marion, St. Louis, Mo.; Maude Adams Mackenzie, Springfield, Pa.; Katherine Stockton, Bronxville, N. Y.; Olga J. Daste, New Orleans, La., for poems; to Jack Hetrick, Altoona, Pa., for epigrams; and to Doris Chase, Omaha, Neb.; Walter V. Humphries, Greenville, S. C.; Robert K. Lambert, Hamilton, Ont.; W. W. Wheeler, San Francisco, Calif.; Claire W. Oefstos, Washington, D. C.; Howard Sargent, Philadelphia, Pa., for short stories.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$2,000 CROSSWORD CONTEST

KEEP UP TO DATE—ONE MORE TO GO!

THIS week's puzzle brings you into the last stage of the contest. As you plan to prepare your solutions and statement of preference for mailing, keep simplicity in mind. Ornate, elaborate entries will gain no special consideration from the judges. Each entry is assured of fair, impartial rating on its merits. Do not spend time and money on ornamentation that cannot add in the least to your standing in the results.

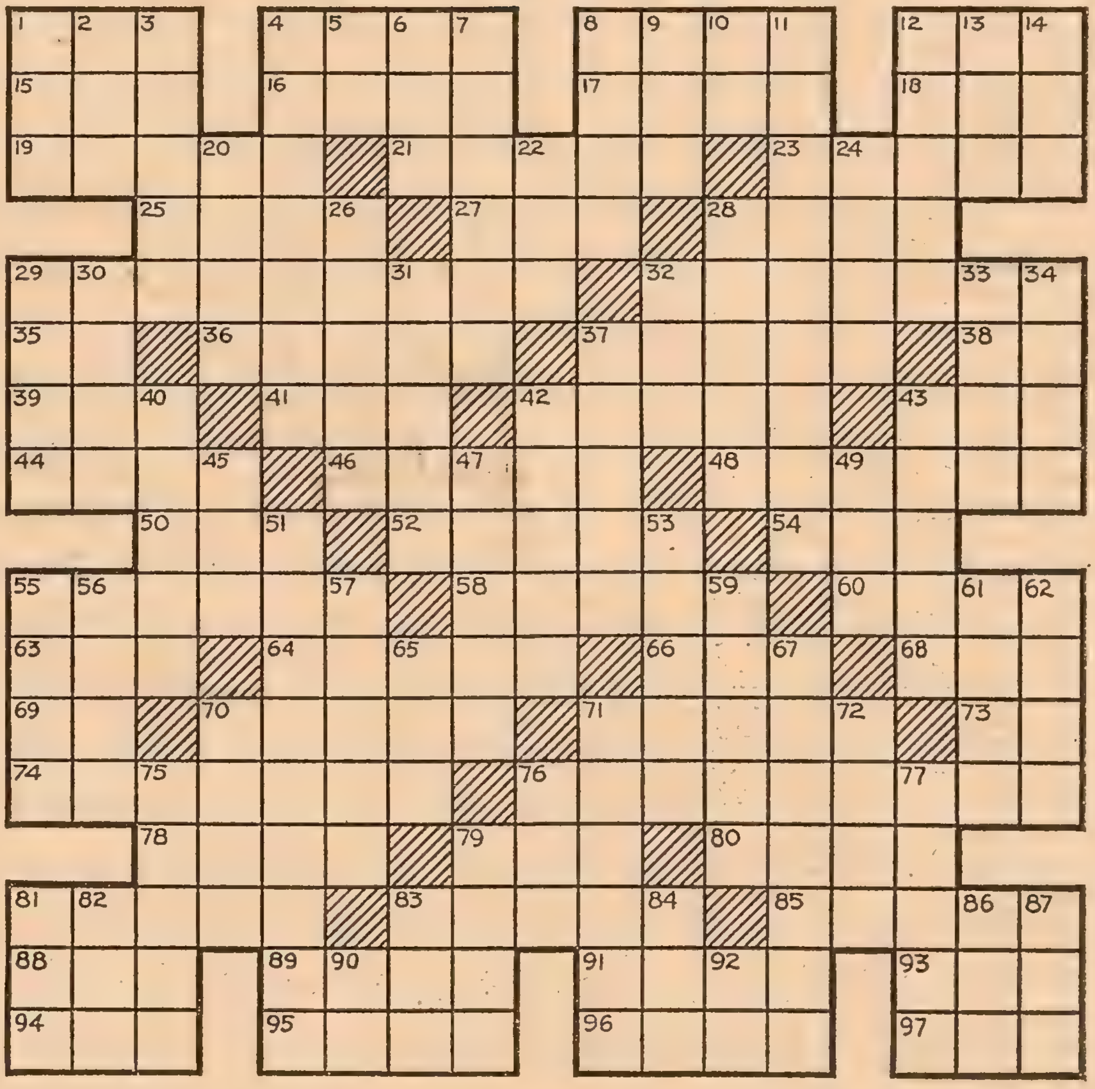
Have you made your selection for a statement-of-preference subject? It will save you time at the finish if you look over the ground now and arrive at a tentative choice. Then next week, if something appears to alter your selection, it will be an easy matter to change. Be sure to complete your entry with next week's final puzzle, and mail it on time!

WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE.............	$500
SECOND PRIZE............	200
THIRD PRIZE..............	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5.......	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.
2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.
3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.
4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.
5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.
7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 9

HORIZONTAL

1 A metric measure (plural)
4 Burrowing animal
8 Theater box
12 Droop
15 Sup
16 Woman's name
17 Object of devotion
18 A Babylonian god
19 Mohammedan scriptures
21 Urged on
23 Birds of prey
25 Periods
27 Man's name
28 Eager
29 Making white
32 Babblers
35 Satellite of Jupiter
36 Existing
37 A net
38 Aloft
39 At this time
41 Lair
42 Most inferior
43 Beverage
44 Son of Seth
46 River in Scotland
48 Puffed up
50 Large tub
52 Cook
54 Although
55 Cast forth
58 Inactive
60 Region of the body
63 Chinese dynasty
64 Seed coverings
66 Ill-temper
68 A container
69 Indefinite article
70 Strike
71 Edible seeds
73 Toward
74 Passes by bequest
76 Clerical vestments
78 Insects
79 Gaelic god
80 Mentally normal
81 Line up
83 To brag
85 Torn places
88 Ovum
89 Ostrich
91 A strong flavor
93 A beverage
94 River in Wales
95 Appear to be
96 Blackthorn fruit
97 Stitch

VERTICAL

1 Request
2 River (Spanish)
3 Merry frolic
4 Threatened
5 Above
6 Lay of land
7 Narrow lace
8 Charge against property
9 Uneven
10 Depart
11 Tastefully
12 Scorch
13 Form of to be
14 Aeriform fluid
20 An Asiatic
22 Retch
24 Fixed routine
26 Veered suddenly
28 Ascend
29 The woodbine
30 A bird
31 Interior
32 Edible seed
33 Manage
34 Hastened
37 Meaning
40 Interlaced
42 Lends
43 Garret
45 Carpenter's tool
47 Thin fabric
49 Roman money
51 Drivers
53 Essayer
55 A fish
56 A square of glass
57 Frees from moisture
59 Snares
61 A fruit
62 Man's name
65 Possessive pronoun
67 Make bigger
70 To be filled with a continual buzzing
71 Explodes
72 Trigonometrical ratio
75 Skin disease
76 Billow
77 A coin (plural)
79 Rich earth
81 A color
82 Period of time
83 Winged insect
84 Hindu cymbals
86 Small mound
87 Observed
90 Pronoun
92 Not

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

MAMIE SZE

THEIR native clothes *make* Chinese girls behave. "You can't even cross your legs," says Miss Mamie Sze, "in a long straight dress that fits you like a tube."

Daughter of His Excellency Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, China's Ambassador at Washington, Mamie Sze made her stage debut this year in the Broadway hit, Lady Precious Stream. Her Chinese name, Yuen Tsung, somewhat echoes the title of the play. Yuen Tsung means Hidden Precious Stone.

Miss Sze has lived abroad since she was five, went to Wellesley College, is a painter, an actress. Plans to visit China this summer for the first time since childhood. Worries a bit about what her relatives there will think of her.

Oriental by instinct, Occidental by upbringing, her own personality sometimes confuses her. "I find myself shocked now and then," she said, "by the unrestrained chatter of Europeans or Americans. But, on the other hand, among Chinese people of the old school I often am embarrassed by their formal manners."

With her everywhere she carries a little grasshopper of carved jade to bring happiness. If she were married and wanted lots of babies she'd carry a little jade fish. For success and power her brother keeps a little jade tiger in his pocket. These are Chinese charms, as ageless as the land of Mamie Sze's Celestial ancestors. And here's an old Chinese proverb she told me:

"Is it better to keep your mouth shut and seem a fool, or to open your mouth and remove all doubt?"

● Accident puts etiquette to the test. How many of us can choke politely at a dinner table surrounded by evening-gowned ladies and tail-coated gents? We are all fated to choke, I suppose, at one time or another. Of your innumerable bites and swallows taken in company, one surely will go down the wrong way sometime. Then you'll choke. You'll get red in the face, you'll explode, sob, and gasp, your eyes will pop and your hands will claw the air.

Yet I have seen women, one or two, survive the ordeal with grace, even with style. They were those who were most genuinely, most unselfishly sorry for the disturbance they made.

● Handsome young man from South America, engaged to an attractive young lady of our town, had just quarreled with her, due, he said, to our abominable North American habit of walking.

"She wanted to walk in the park and feed the pigeons," he gloomed darkly. "I didn't want to walk in the park. So we walked in the park. It was a warm day, the park was full of people, all the benches were crowded, there was no place for us to sit down. We walked in the park and we walked in the park. We became very tired and very, very hot. Eventually, of course, we had a fight."

He swore he wouldn't call her up, wouldn't run after her. Declared he simply had to show her that she couldn't always do exactly as she pleased. A few days later I met them at a cocktail assembly, saw them leave together, heard her say to him, "Let's walk. I want some air."

"O. K.," he answered meekly. And off they walked!

● Sat beside Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis) at a Fashion Group lunch party. She had on a black dress with the prettiest cuff and collar ruffles of white eyelet embroidery. To my chant of admiration over her ruffles, Dorothy giggled and said, "I cut them off an old petticoat. You know the hand-embroidered kind our mothers used to wear."

Take her tip if you have any fine old embroidered petticoats in your attic. They make stunning ruffles.

● In many a family, so I am told, grown men are striving against each other to see who can make noises that sound the most like Donald Duck. Started by little boys, it is now a masculine epidemic. Fathers, uncles, and older brothers have taken it up. "Last Sunday," reports one friend of mine, a woman whose home is overrun with males, "they went quack-quack-quacking around the house all day." She says it didn't bother her because men sound a good deal like that anyway.

● Enjoyed reading The Diary of a Suburban Housewife, in which Dorothy Blake shows us how one woman faced hard times with courage. (Published by William Morrow & Co.)

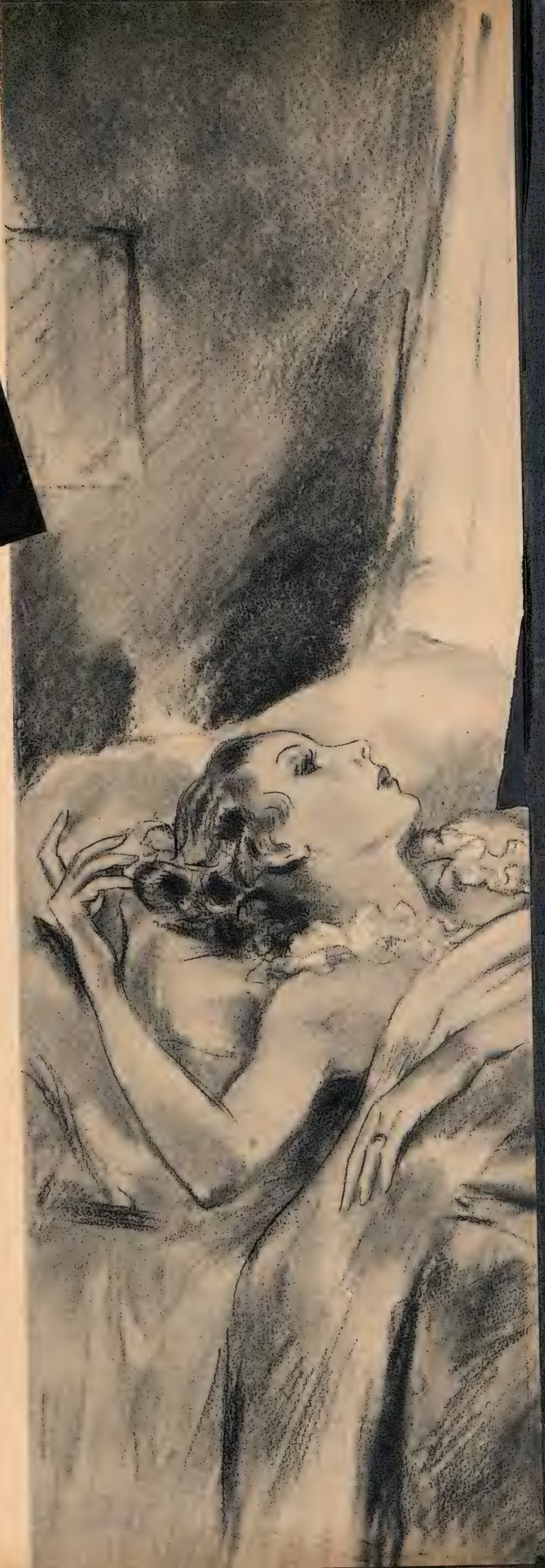
● From an old friend in Washington comes this recipe for chicken loaf, Southern style. It has two outstanding merits. It goes a *long* way—and it tastes supremely good. I recommend it for supper parties with hot biscuits and a pear-and-grapefruit salad. Make it as follows:

Simmer a chicken with soup greens until tender. Take meat off bones, put through grinder with giblets. You should have about 2 cups meat. Fry ½ cup minced onion until pale gold in ½ cup chopped bacon. Add to chicken, also 2½ cups cold cooked rice, 1 cup thick cream sauce, 1 cup fresh bread crumbs, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcester sauce, 1 well beaten egg. Pack in greased loaf tin, stand in pan of water, bake 1 hour in slow oven. Cool. Turn out and chill.

Rich Man's SON

by

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.



Dramatically, Surprisingly, the Curtain Falls on the Poignantly Revealing Story of a Modern Adventure in Living

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

AN hour after Jeff discovered he and his bride had been locked out of their rooms in the fashionable Ritzmont Hotel, the room clerk reluctantly consented to disturb the manager, who was at his dinner. In tears, Doris begged him for their clothes, while Jeff angrily demanded them. When he agreed to sign an I O U for the bill, Doris and he were permitted to enter the suite and pack their belongings. They tried to make a lark of it; but underneath was a deep humiliation neither wanted the other to see.

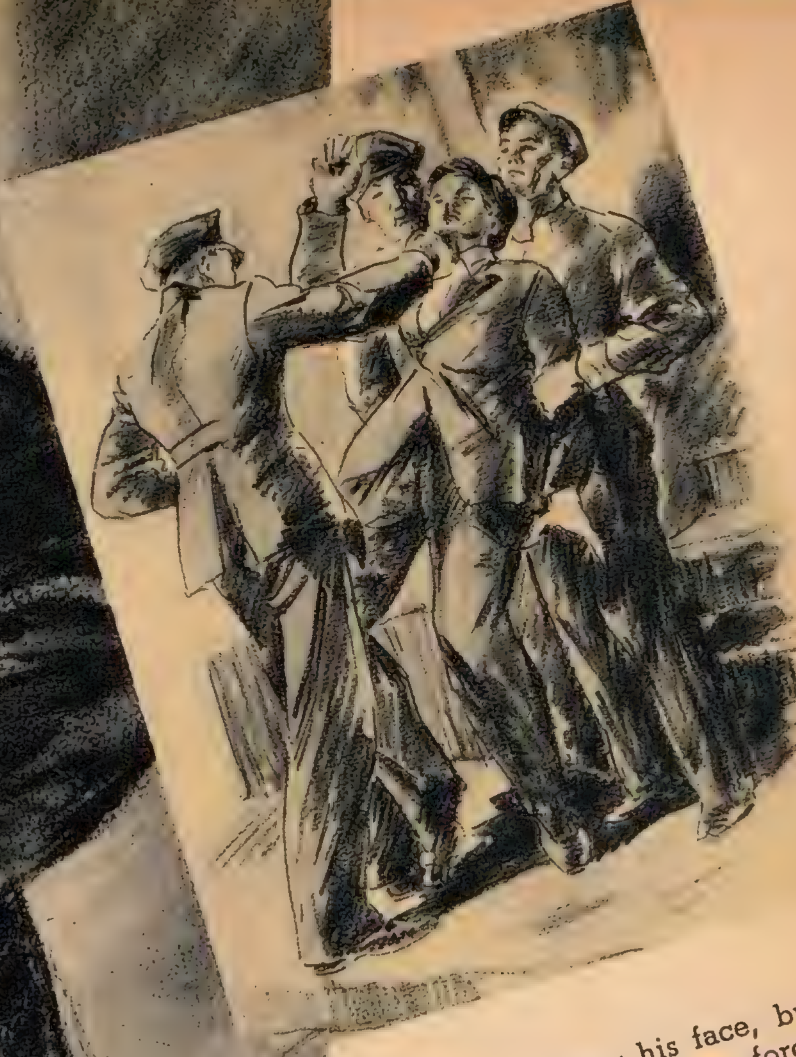
In the midst of their mock hilarity, Jeff, in shirt sleeves, his evening hat cocked over one eye, suddenly caught Doris to him.

"It won't always be like this—being dispossessed," he whispered huskily. "You don't hate me for it?"

"Of course not! Take that hat off, you idiot."

The trunks would go by express, but their bags went with them in a taxi. The driver's offer to carry them upstairs was refused, to save the tip. Tired, Jeff slumped down on a sagging cot. Doris was soon snuggled in his arms. Now Jeff looked around.

He hated the place more at night than he had by daylight. By daylight it was merely sordid. At night it was almost sinister. Long after Doris had dropped off to sleep in his arms, Jeff lay awake looking down at her.

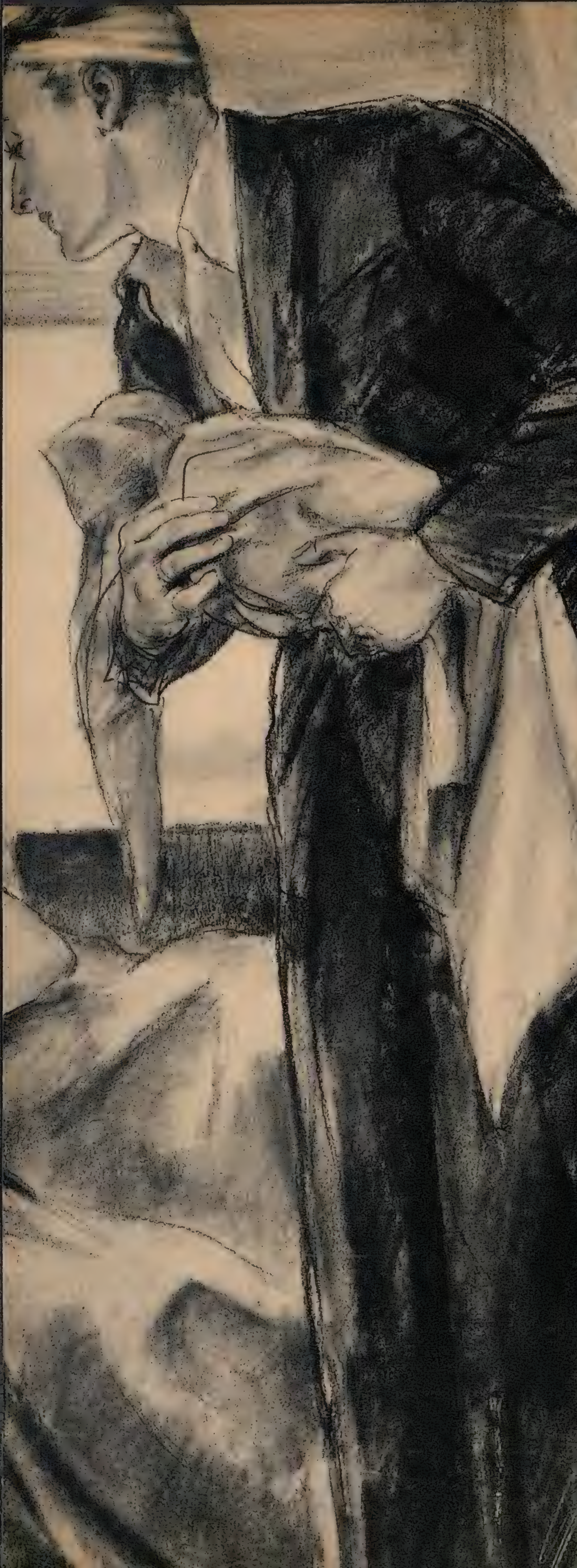


Jeff tried to cover his face, but the blow fell with smashing force.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

A street light threw its reflection into the stuffy little bedroom. He didn't know whether she was more beautiful when her big blue eyes were open or when they were shut, as now. Often he had stayed awake just to see her like this—so helpless, so trusting, so completely *his*. But tonight more than the mere pleasure of looking at her had banished sleep. Deep inside Jeff a vague fear for her was stirring—as if tomorrow or the next day he might wake and find her gone. Panic swept through him, and Doris stirred as he drew her closer. Then one arm crept about his neck and she sleepily murmured his name. . . .

After a week at selling insurance Jeff felt more encouraged, though he did no actual business. People seemed more cordial to him. But his pay envelope at the



A smile spread over her face. "Geoffrey Lorimer the Fifth," she whispered.

end of the week contained only fifteen dollars. He wasn't even earning their living expenses!

Many of the people he approached either knew his father or had business dealings with him. He almost sold a large block of group insurance to a printing establishment. Then it mysteriously fell through. Later he was told that the Farmers and Merchants Trust Company was about to give them the printing contract for all of its literature and it would be unwise to do business with a hostile father and son.

Two months from the day Jeff went to work for the Great Eastern Insurance Company, he was again jobless. He couldn't blame them for letting him go. He tried to keep it from Doris, leaving home at the regular time each morning and trying to get another job. But when she asked him for the rent money he had to tell her the truth.

The rent was due and there was no money. For three days they stayed in the apartment, eating odds and ends, rather than face the superintendent. On the fourth day Jeff rebelled. "I'll hock my two trunks and my summer clothes."

"BUT the warm weather is almost here and you'll need them," Doris protested.

"Right now we need money," he decided. A leather-goods store gave him fifteen dollars for two trunks that had cost a hundred and seventy-five. His clothes brought thirty-five more. It was Doris this time who suggested moving.

"What do we need with two rooms?" she said. "A combination bedroom and living room will do. There's one farther uptown advertised for eight dollars."

They decided to use a different name to ward off further publicity. Brown was as good as any, Jeff said. Early the next morning she went to look at it. Seeing the dismay on her face, the roominghouse keeper said:

"But, dearie—where can you find such a big room with cooking privileges too? And you have the sun every afternoon. See?" She drew the curtain aside and pointed to the tenement across the street. "When the sun hits those windows it shines right in here. And only two other people share the bath. You in show business?"

Doris looked up quickly. "No—why?"

"You're so pretty. And the couple in back are show people. I thought you might get acquainted."

Doubtfully Doris paid the deposit. When she got home Jeff was in a state of elation. "I answered an ad, honey, and I've got a job translating a book on tanning from French into English, for Drews, the publishers. It may last four weeks!" He was moved into the "one room in front with cooking privileges" before he realized it.

Translating the book on tanning required concentration. For two weeks Jeff tried to work at a little desk in the center of a big room where typewriters clicked and every desk seemed to have a telephone on it. Then he suggested that he do the work at home. Doris would like that. She must be lonely, waiting all day for him.

In the middle of the afternoon, his work tucked under his arm, he came whistling up the street. Perhaps they could go for a walk in the park. He could work in the evening.

But Doris was out, and Jeff spread his work on the shaky gate-leg table. Listening for her step on the stair was disconcerting, and he lighted a cigarette and looked out of the window.

A taxi was stopping in front of the house. Two girls got out. One of them was Doris. Jeff started. He didn't know she had been seeing any one, or that she had any friends in New York. Presently the other girl got back into the taxi and Doris came slowly up the stairs. Jeff was at the door to meet her. She stared at him in surprise, and with more than a hint of nervousness in her voice exclaimed:

"Why, Jeff—what are you doing home?"

"Who was the girl with you?" he asked.

"A friend."

"I thought you didn't have any."

Doris turned away, pulling off her hat. Jeff followed her over to the dresser, curious and uneasy. She turned, an unconvincing smile on her face. And then, before he could catch her, she dropped in a heap on the floor.

Startled, he picked her up and carried her over to the bed. "Darling—Doris darling!" he cried, catching her by the shoulders. Frantically he rubbed her cold hands and patted her face with a wet washcloth. But her lips were getting bluer.

Remembering the jovial couple in back, Jeff dashed out into the hall. He pounded on their door, praying some one would be in. A woman answered.

"My wife," Jeff stammered—"she's sick. Please come!" She followed him quickly up the hall.

Flora Moran took one look at Doris and said: "There's a bottle of brandy on the dresser in my room. Get it."

When Jeff got back, the pillow was under Doris's feet, Flora was chafing her wrists, and she was showing signs of returning consciousness. Jeff's hands shook so as he poured out a drink that the bottle clinked against the glass. "Better have one yourself too, buddy," the woman smiled. She forced the brandy between Doris's lips. There was a choking sound and in a moment Doris was looking at them in bewilderment.

"Take it easy, honey," Flora said. "You passed out."

Jeff dropped to his knees beside the bed, looking pretty white himself. "What's the idea of scaring the old man to death?" he smiled. Doris smiled back and felt for his hand.

"If it's all the same to you kids," Flora put in, "I'll have a drink, too." Drink in hand, she leaned over the foot of the bed. "Has she got a bad heart?" she asked Jeff.

"Not that I know of."

Doris shook her head. "I know what's the matter with me."

Flora Moran's eyebrows shot up. "O. K., baby. Then I'll be toddling along." Jeff saw her to the door. "I'll bring in a bite of supper for her," she whispered. "You can eat something with Speed and me. I hope you like the stew."

When Jeff got back to Doris, she was sitting up, one hand pressed against her forehead.

"Let me get the doctor," he begged.

Doris caught his arm. "It isn't my heart, darling, or—or anything like that. I'm—we're going to have a baby, Jeff. Do you care?" . . .

"Speed'll be here any minute now," Flora said, when she had taken a tray in to Doris. "We've been wishing you folks would be more friendly. We don't know many people here in the city. Speed and me traveled with carnivals until the depression shot show business to hell. Your wife could get on the stage—she's such a pretty little thing."

"Do girls usually faint when—when they're going to have a baby?" Jeff asked.

"Don't ask me, brother," she laughed. "I never had one. But I imagine standing on her feet in a store all day is bad."

"My wife doesn't work."

"YOU'RE not supposed to know it," Flora said, lowering her voice. "But she's been working in Lanphier's basement for the last two weeks. She got sick today and they sent a nurse home with her. I'd have her examined by a doctor right away. She don't look strong to me. Hasn't she got any folks you could go to until you get on your feet?"

Jeff shook his head.

"How about yours?" she persisted. "Couldn't they make room for you?"

"I'm afraid not," Jeff smiled.

Flora leaned forward and studied him. "You know, I've got a funny feeling that I've seen you before. Sure you've never been in show business? Your wife's face looks familiar, too."

Just then Speed Moran came in.

Jeff was surprised. The brief glimpses he had had of his neighbor when they passed each other in the dark hallway had not revealed the lines of age that creased his face. He looked old enough to be Flora's father. She explained Jeff's presence, and Speed, sensing that the boy was floundering in his dilemma, treated him with the gruff heartiness of an older man and piled food on his plate.

"Life always looks different on a full stomach," he observed.

"And so do you, my pet," Flora put in. She had been watching him stow away potatoes and bread and butter. "I'd like a picture of you now going through the act. Even if you got a spot for it, we couldn't take it. Speed's taken on weight," she explained to Jeff. "We're bicyclists."

As soon as he could get away, Jeff went back to Doris. She was sitting in a big chair by the window. He leaned over the back and she reached up and pulled his face down. "I don't want you to worry about me, dear," she said.

The next morning they went to the clinic at St. Luke's Hospital and waited two hours until it was Doris's turn to see a doctor. Jeff stayed outside during the examination, and then he was called in. The doctor was a gruff individual with little time to consider the effect of his words.

"Your wife is not in good condition," he said. "She hasn't fully recovered from the pneumonia. There is still some congestion in the lungs. But rest and good food should build her up. I want her to report once a week for observation."

They walked home, keeping up a lively chatter most of the way, like frightened children whistling in the dark. And it *was* dark. This week would see the end of the translation. After that, what?

FOR several weeks after the translating job was over Jeff sought employment, using the name Brown. But he was unable to give references and one job after another slipped through his fingers.

When all his money was gone, in desperation he called up his sister Nat. If Nat had any money she would gladly let him have it. But a strange butler said Miss Lorimer was in Europe and was not expected back for two months.

Slowly he climbed the three flights of stairs to their room, dreading to tell Doris of their predicament. He found her asleep, and didn't like the way she looked. It didn't seem to him that she had improved; she was tired all the time. The doctor wasn't pleased with her condition either. He had not minced words in telling Jeff.

Looking down at her now, Jeff again experienced a sickening wave of fear and concern for her. He resisted the desire to kneel down and enfold her in his arms. To wake her with the news he had would be cruel!

He tiptoed out of the room and knocked at the Morans' door, sniffing hungrily at the tempting odor of corned beef and cabbage. It was the first time in all his life that Jeff Lorimer had ever been hungry because he had no money for food. Now it seemed more than he could bear to be in the same room with it. But before he could turn away, Flora threw open the door.

It didn't take Jeff long to tell her

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of the torment that was going on inside him, of the terrifying feeling of helplessness that had him in its grip. "And Doris is so utterly dependent on me! I've got to take care of her."

"You're in a spot all right, honey," Flora agreed. "Why don't you go home to your people like I suggested? Speed thinks you should."

Jeff looked at her steadily.

"You said you thought you had seen me before. Does the name Lorimer mean anything to you—Geoffrey Lorimer?"

Flora stared—then her eyes widened. "My God!" she exclaimed in an awed voice. "So that's it! And she's—"

"She was Doris Fenton. So you see why I can't go 'home to my people'? I was never educated for work. The things I know are practically useless when it comes to making a decent living. And being Geoffrey Lorimer's son hasn't helped any, either. People are afraid to take me on for fear of getting in wrong with my dad—or else they don't want the publicity."

"But what can you *do?*"

Jeff shrugged and smiled. "I can drive a car—but there you are again. Who would want Geoffrey Lorimer's son chauffeuring for him?"

Flora suddenly snapped her fingers. "Am I dumb! Why not hacking? Speed's been driving a taxi ever since we gave up the act. He doesn't make the money he used to, but we have a place to sleep, and plenty to eat. And if you grow a mustache people won't recognize you. Speed can fix it up with the company he works for—he stands in good there—and we'll stake you to your license fee. Go on in and get your wife. We'll all talk it over." . . .

The West Drive of Central Park was littered with drab brown leaves that scurried across the asphalt in the chill breeze of late October. The afternoon sun slanted through bare trees.

Doris shivered and pulled her coat closer about her, clicking her heels together and looking anxiously up the drive. A plain-clothes man, noting her pale face, looked curiously at her as he passed, then turned to stare as a taxi pulled up to the curb. Doris started up quickly from the bench. The driver jumped out and opened the door. They drove away.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mrs. Brown," he said brightly.

"But I'm a regular customer!"

"My best! Only, with the taxi strike so close, we can't pass up a fare these days. There may be a layoff, and a man can't put much by on ten or twelve dollars a week. But it's better than nothing," he added cheerfully, smiling into the mirror.

What he saw in Doris's face made him slow down. "You aren't really angry because I was late?" he asked.

A spasm of pain crossed her face. "Put your flag down this time, Jeff, and take me to the clinic. I—I don't feel well."

At the hospital, Doris was rushed to an examination room, and Jeff paced the small reception room in feverish anxiety. The cool efficiency of the place maddened him. A nurse hurried out, but smiled blandly when he asked how much longer it would be. At last they sent for him. Doris, paler than he had ever seen her and looking frightened, was lying on a cot. A nurse was taking her pulse. The doctor motioned Jeff to come into an adjoining room.

"Your wife is on the verge of a miscarriage. She should stay here in the hospital—unless you have some one at home to take care of her."

"You mean—she's in danger?" Jeff stammered.

"There is an element of danger in all such cases."

Jeff was speechless.

"She can go in the ward," the doctor suggested. "It won't cost anything. You'd better register her now."

But the bugaboo of probable publicity made Jeff hesitate. Even though Doris would be "Mrs. Jeff Brown" in the hospital, inquiring reporters might ferret out their secret.

"I'll take my wife home, thanks," Jeff decided.

When he had put her in Flora's hands, he cruised around. He took a fare to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and turned back west.

In the middle of Forty-fifth Street he slipped the gear into neutral, glancing casually at the passers-by. A familiar figure—and how familiar!—hurried by. Jeff threw open the door of his cab and half got out.

"Pitts!" he called in a loud voice. The startled butler turned. "Pitts!" Jeff called again, and waved.

Traffic began to move; the driver behind was blowing his horn impatiently. Peering through his spectacles, Pitts came over to the car.

"It's me," Jeff exclaimed. "It's Jeff!"

Pitts's face broke into a smile. "Master Jeff!" he cried. "Forgive me—that mustache—"

"Hop in," Jeff said. "We're holding up traffic."

Farther down the street he pulled up to the curb, and Pitts leaned forward. "But what are you doing in this taxicab, sir?"

"Trying to make a living, Pitts. The mustache is a disguise."

The delight died in the butler's eyes. He shook his head sadly. "It is wrong," he insisted—"so wrong. A Lorimer driving a taxicab!"

Warmed by the old man's interest, Jeff told him about his immediate circumstances—his concern over Doris and the expected baby.

Pitts hesitated, then said uncertainly: "Master Jeff—might I—would you consider it forward if I asked you to let me come to your home sometime? I have days off, you know, and three hours each afternoon. Perhaps your wife would let me cook something occasionally. It might tempt her appetite, so to speak. I should consider it a privilege, sir."

"By all means, Pitts!" Jeff agreed, writing down the address. "But," he added, "we go by the name of Brown there."

Jeff drove away, and the butler stood on the sidewalk looking sorrowfully after the cab, then still more sorrowfully at the address in his hand. . . .

Without Flora and Speed and Pitts, Jeff couldn't have managed. Pitts came faithfully each day, preparing delicacies for Doris that he had bought himself.

Flora carried out the directions left by the doctor and the visiting nurse, and Speed kept Jeff's spirits up.

Then the taxi strike broke.

Jeff and Speed went to work one morning to find a crowd of drivers haranguing about a notice that had been posted on the bulletin board.

At noon a spokesman for the company arrived. A new owner had taken over the business, he explained. "From now on, men, your salaries will be paid by the Farmers and Merchants Trust Company. I hope you will act sensibly. You can't possibly hold out against such a powerful interest. Geoffrey Lorimer threatens to import drivers from Philadelphia and Boston to take your jobs tomorrow unless you go back to work immediately."

The majority of the men refused to get into their cabs. The few who half-heartedly tried to were dragged out of their seats and roughly handled.

"Come on," Speed said. "Let's go home."

Reluctantly Jeff left. When they got to the house the visiting nurse was just leaving.

"Your wife's time is close now," she said to Jeff. "Tomorrow I will make arrangements at the hospital."

When he greeted Doris he held her to him a little closer than usual.

"There's something on your mind, Jeff," she declared, holding him off and looking steadily at him.

He told her about the strike, and turned a grim joke into a funny one by conjuring up a picture of his father's face if he learned that his namesake was driving a hack in his employ.

Pitts came in, a package of edibles as usual in his hand. They told him about the strike, and it distressed him. When Doris went in to speak to Flora, he turned to Jeff.

"Oh, Master Jeff," he pleaded, "why don't you talk things over with your father? He is a lonely man, sir—and sick as well. He has taken a cruise for his health, but it did very little for him. Nothing has been right since you left home. Miss Natalie and Master Ogden need you. Your place is there—not here."

"Don't you worry about me, Pitts," Jeff smiled, patting him on the back.

Speed and Jeff left as usual the next morning for the garage. Today policemen were stationed around. The strikers were gathered in resentful groups on both sides of the street, muttering vengeful threats against the strikebreakers, who had been brought in the night before and had slept in the garage.

"I can't afford to strike, Speed," Jeff whispered. "Every penny I take in now counts. Come on—let's run for it!"

"Jeff!" Speed called out. But Jeff was sprinting across the street and the next moment disappeared in the guarded entrance to the garage.

Jeff's was the fifth cab out. He made it safely. He cruised about warily all day, picking up only a few short fares. At six o'clock he was ready to return to the garage, calling up first for instructions.

"Come in the usual way," he was told, "but leave the windows open. They're throwing bricks."

For a moment, when he saw the threatening crowd before the garage, Jeff hesitated; but a policeman beckoned to him. He put on speed and swung sharply into the entrance without mishap.

"We're taking care of the men here overnight," the starter said. "You'd better stay with the rest."

Jeff shook his head. "I've got to get home. My wife is sick."

He was paid off for the day—twice the usual amount he made. "Strikebreakers' wages," it was explained. Typical, Jeff thought, of his father's stubbornness.

Jeff got safely out through an adjoining building and started home. At a sudden movement behind him, he turned. Three men surrounded him. One of them Jeff recognized as a striking hackman. He saw a huge fist coming at him, tried to cover his face—but the blow fell with smashing force. When he came to, he was in a store and a crowd stood gaping in the doorway. A policeman was standing beside him and an ambulance doctor was bandaging his head.

"YOUR pals sure mussed you up," the cop said sympathetically.

Jeff smiled weakly and got to his feet. "I'm all right."

The cop brushed off his clothes and put him on a subway train. "Take it easy," he cautioned. "If you get dizzy, rest."

When Jeff got off at his station his head was pounding. He was still dazed when he got to the rooming-house.

Slowly he went up to his room. The door was standing wide open. All the lights were on. As he entered, a woman turned from the window. It was the landlady. "Why, Mr. Brown!" she exclaimed. "What happened to ye?"

Jeff looked quickly around. "Where is my wife?"

"That nurse came just after you left today and took her off to the hospital. Mrs. Moran went with them. The little baby was on its way and—"

Jeff turned and ran. He took a taxi to the hospital. There was a brief delay because he looked more like a patient than a visitor.

When the doctor came, Speed was with him.

He put a hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Steady yourself, boy," he said. "The doctor has something to tell you."

JEFF sat down heavily, trying to beat down the fright that was gripping him by the throat and seemed to be choking him.

"The baby is a fine specimen, Mr. Brown," the doctor smiled. "Perfect in every respect. Seven pounds and—"

"But my wife?"

"Your wife had a bad time, young man. She didn't have the necessary stamina. We almost lost the baby." Jeff felt his strength ebbing. "It is a matter of an hour or so—perhaps less. Believe me, it couldn't be helped. Come, I will take you to her."

The room swam dizzily before Jeff's eyes. He put out a hand and steadied himself against the wall.

"Let's go—" he whispered.

At his entrance into the sickroom a nurse who was standing by the bed moved away. Flora got up from a chair and came over to him. Jeff saw that she had been crying. She pressed his arm and motioned to the nurse. The two women left and he walked slowly across the room.

He would scarcely have known that the girl in the bed was Doris. Every hour of suffering was etched in deep lines on her face. Dark circles shadowed her eyes, and when the lids fluttered up, they were dull and sunk deep. Fearfully Jeff picked up her hand and, finding it cold, placed his other one over it. He slipped into the chair Flora had vacated and whispered: "It's me—Jeff—darling."

A smile flitted across Doris's face like a wisp of vapor, but it heartened Jeff. Her lips moved. Jeff leaned forward, straining to catch her words.

"He's a beautiful baby—dearest. Only he's got—my hair. Don't let the other boys—call him—Red."

Unable to speak, Jeff pressed his lips against her hand.

"Tell the nurse—I want him."

Jeff tiptoed to the door and repeated her request, but in his heart he didn't care if he never saw the baby. A great bitterness and grief were engulfing him. Tears welled in his eyes, but he blinked them away and was smiling when he sat down again. A moment later the nurse laid a bundle on the bed beside Doris and whispered:

"Isn't he a beauty?"

When she had gone, Jeff pulled the blanket away from the baby's face. Wonderment replaced resentment.

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Whether the weather is wet or dry, Morton's Salt will delight you by pouring without a halt. That's because its uniform cube crystals, the result of repeated screenings, tumble off one another on rainy days instead of sticking together the way irregular crystals do. As it costs an average family only 2c a week to enjoy Morton's Salt, why not switch to it at once and rid your home of the nuisance of clogged saltcellars?

Gently he fingered the silken strands of copper that covered the tiny head, and smiled at the mouth that looked more like a rosy button. There was so much of life centered in the small body—

Jeff leaned over the sleeping baby until his face was close to Doris's.

"Don't feel badly after—after I'm gone, dear. It is better so. Please—I want you to go back to your father. You can't fight the world—all by yourself. You weren't born for it. You have no weapons to—to fight with. You can fight so much better—do all the things you wanted to do—on your own side of the fence. You don't belong on—on my side." Jeff barely caught the rest. "I want *him* to have the very best—life. That way you can give it—to him. It won't hurt him—you will see to that. I want—" Jeff kissed away the tears that were running down her face. "I want him to know his grandfather—to love him. Oh, darling, forgive me for what I have done to you. I didn't—know!"

She pressed her lips against the baby's head, and Jeff's arms gently went about them both. The nurse had come quietly back into the room. Doris whispered:

"I want—to give him to you—with my own hands."

With her last remaining strength she achieved the miracle of lifting the bundle beside her. Jeff took the baby. A smile spread over her face. One hand found Jeff's and in it she put the baby's tiny fist.

"Geoffrey Lorimer the Fifth."

The nurse came hurrying forward and Jeff handed her the baby. Then he bent over the bed once more.

"Doris!" he cried softly. There was no answer. "Look at me, darling."

This time the eyes did not open.

"*Nurse!*" he cried sharply, getting to his feet. The nurse hurried to the door and called the doctor. But when he came there was not even a glimmer of hope on his face. Jeff dropped back into the chair, a great sob tearing through him.

A LITTLE later, in the visitors' room, Flora put her hand on Jeff's arm. "There is some one outside to see you." He stopped his mad pacing. "It is your Uncle Hal. I sent for him. I hope you don't mind."

Mind? How could he mind anything now? What did it matter who came to witness his anguish? The door opened and Speed came in with Jeff's uncle. Speed signaled to Flora, and they left the two men alone.

Uncle Hal came over and put an arm around his nephew.

"I've always been your friend, my boy," he said. "And I ask you now—not as your uncle but as a friend—to let me take care of things. I wish you had come to me long ago. Pitts has told me everything."

Jeff stiffened. He threw off his uncle's arm and faced him. "My father sent you here to gloat for him!"

"No, Jeff," Uncle Hal protested quietly. "Your father does not know."

"Then tell him. Tell him that I have a fine son—and that he will grow up despising his grandfather and his money and his cruelty. Tell him—Oh, get out and leave me alone! I don't need anything from either of you now. It is too late!" He buried his face in his arm and sagged against the wall.

Uncle Hal shook his head sadly; then, with a burst of intuition, said:

"Is that how the baby's mother would want it?"

Jeff broke. He sank down on to a settee. Sobs racked him. Wisely, Uncle Hal did not interrupt, and presently Jeff pulled himself together.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Hal. That is the last thing Doris would wish."

A sign of thankfulness escaped Uncle Hal.

"I will tell your father what has happened. He is a broken man, Jeff. He has aged years, in every way. I have practically been running his affairs."

BUT Jeff wasn't listening. He was looking at the hand that had held his son's little fist, hearing again Doris's faint voice giving the baby into his sacred keeping—and wondering what was going to become of them. . . .

The Morans and Jeff were smiling down at Pitts, who was holding the newest two-weeks-old Lorimer in his arms, giving him his bottle. As soon as the baby had been brought home from the hospital, Pitts had appeared at the roominghouse with his grip and announced that he had come to stay.

"But, Pitts," Jeff had protested, "I can't pay you any wages!"

"I have saved a considerable sum, Master Jeff," Pitts explained, "in my fifty-one years of service in your family. It is all Lorimer money. Please use it, sir."

For two weeks he had been helping Flora with the baby—and he was rapidly becoming an efficient nurse.

Over on the bed, Doris, still weak from the terrible ordeal through which she had miraculously passed, was happily contemplating the future. Forgotten was the pain, forgotten the miserable days of poverty and hunger. All that had ever really mattered to her was that nothing come between Jeff and her. They were together again—only now they were three.

The landlady came puffing into the room. Never had she climbed the three flights of stairs so quickly. "Oh, Mr. Brown," she gasped, "that fine gentleman is downstairs again—your uncle, isn't he?"

"Tell him to come up!" Jeff exclaimed.

Of late Uncle Hal had been in the habit of dropping in every few days to see how his great-nephew was coming along. Jeff had let him pay the specialists they had called in for Doris, and the hospital bill, but beyond that he would accept nothing. The strike had been settled and Speed and he were back at their hacking jobs. He was still "Jeff Brown." Incredibly, they had managed to keep the news of the birth of his son out of the newspapers.

"Go back into our room and talk to your uncle," Flora suggested. "We'll stay here."

Jeff paused only long enough to kiss Doris and reassure her. Every time his uncle came, a look of apprehension came into her eyes that stayed there until he was gone.

"You can't go on this way, Jeff," Uncle Hal began. "If you don't care about yourself, you've got to think more seriously about that baby. Have you the right to deprive him of his lawful name, of the advantages money can give him, of the comforts it will provide, of the education he can have? As the son of a taxi driver going through life on an alias, with no knowledge of the genteel and cultured side of life—*and in such surroundings*—what chance has he?"

"The chance I never had!" Jeff retorted quickly. "The chance to learn how to take care of himself, to live his own life, to—"

"If it is in him to want to do that, won't he do it anyway—just as you did?" Uncle Hal argued. "But suppose he hasn't got that reckless pioneering spirit, Jeff? Suppose he wants the same things out of life that all of the Lorimer men but you have wanted. Is it your right to deny him? And what about yourself—and your wife?" At this Jeff looked up quickly. "There is no limit to the suffering stubborn pride can cause, my boy. Your father realizes that now—and surely you should, also. He is through, as far as taking any active part in business life is concerned. He has had a stroke. You didn't know that, did you? We kept it quiet. But he needs you now, Jeff. His business interests need you and your youth and fine ideals."

"But what earthly use would I be," Jeff asked, "when I have no sympathy with capital? My heart and soul is in labor—with the common people. If I ever do anything, it will be for them." He broke off, smiling. "Don't you see how hopeless such talk is, Uncle Hal? Father would never listen to such a proposal—and you know as well as I do that he would never accept my wife."

"Who says I wouldn't?" a voice boomed from the doorway.

Jeff paled at the sight of his father. He was not prepared for the startling change in the man who had disowned him. Uncle Hal himself was looking at Geoffrey Lorimer in astonishment. His wildest hopes had not imagined such a capitulation on the banker's part.

"Where is my grandson? I want to see my grandson!"

Not knowing what to say, and filled with concern on Doris's account, Jeff led the way to his own room. The Morans and Pitts were standing over the baby's clothesbasket bed, trying to still his fretful cries. Doris was looking worried and helpless. Geoffrey Lorimer pushed the others aside. The harsh lines about his eyes crinkled as he looked down at his namesake. He stroked one tiny hand and slipped a finger into the restless little fist. The baby's own fingers tightened around it and he stopped crying.

Geoffrey Lorimer looked at his brother-in-law and winked. Flora clutched Speed in hysterical delight. Doris's eyes glistened with tears of happiness. Then Lorimer turned abruptly away.

"Well!" he roared. "Why are you all standing there, gaping like a lot of fools? I've come for my son and grandson—and—and my daughter-in-law. Pack up, Pitts!"

THE END

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **A SMALL HOUSE IN THE SUN** by Samuel Chamberlain. Hastings House.

It is a collection of pictures of New England houses and farms done in exquisite photography. It is a contribution to Americana as well as to the camera art, and invaluable to any person planning to build a home in this, the best possible of all styles of architecture.

★ ★ ★ **EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN** by Arnold Zweig. The Viking Press.

Another powerful novel of the German army in the World War, in which personal animosities vie with national enmity in intensity. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

★ ★ **THE LOST GENERATION** by Maxine Davis. The Macmillan Company.

A report on the status and outlook of youth all over America. The author finds they have courage and sportsmanship but need opportunity.

★ ★ **BORAH OF IDAHO** by Claudius O. Johnson. Longmans, Green & Co.

A revealing study of the famous Idaho politician who needs no introduction to you.

★ ★ **JOHN REED** by Granville Hicks, with the assistance of John Stuart. The Macmillan Company.

The story of a famous American revolutionary whose thirty-three years of life were packed with adventure and achievement. World War correspondent, friend of the great, he died in the service of the Communist Party, whose principles he had completely accepted.

If a day goes by
take a Beauty Laxative

Keep regular as clockwork if you want to feel like a million and look the same way.

If one day goes by without proper elimination of body wastes, take a "beauty laxative" and get rid of those accumulated poisons.

Olive Tablets are ideal for assisting Nature in keeping a regular schedule. Gentle and mild and non-habit-forming, they bring prompt relief.

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OLIVE TABLETS
THE Beauty LAXATIVE

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... Now in my OWN Business.

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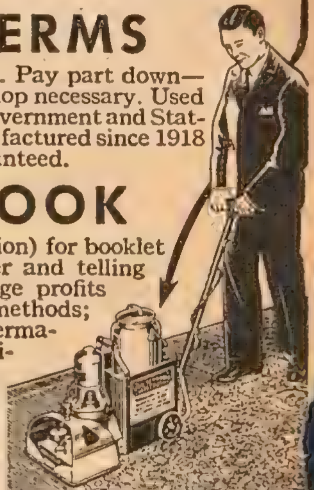

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Vox Pop

CRANE TOWER ON PAPER ONLY

CHICAGO, ILL.—One learns from Twenty Questions (Number 7, February 29 Liberty) that the Crane Tower in our fair city is 880 feet high, topping the well known Woolworth Building by some 88 feet.

Ha-ha! I've lived in Chicago for twenty-three years and have yet to see a building that is even 650 feet high. As for the so-called Crane Tower, we have a small building about ten floors high.

Come on, Vox Pop, have your weekly give us the right answers!—*Walter "Red" Voss.*

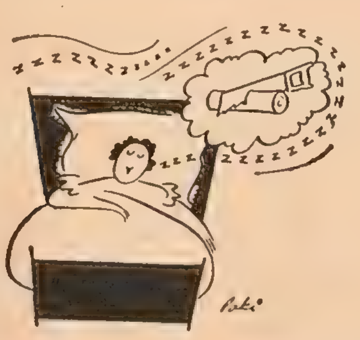
[We were wrong. This question and answer were received from sources we considered reliable, and our check on the facts was not as careful as usual. To a recent query, the Chicago Association of Commerce replied: "We are informed that six or seven years ago plans were drawn up for a huge building on Michigan Avenue to house the Crane Company offices, which was to have a tower known as the Crane Tower. Some publicity was given this project and architects' drawings of the building appeared in the papers. The plan never developed beyond that stage, however." Our apologies to our faithful readers.—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]

THAT GUY JIMMY CAIN

SUTTON, SURREY, ENG.—I read your publication Liberty weekly. What a book that is! I wish we had a journal half as good in this stick-in-the-mud Isle. And that guy Jimmy Cain! Can he write! I am sure enjoying his Double Indemnity yarn. The other articles, too, are swell. I hope you keep up the Socko love letters also. Liberty costs eight cents here, but is it worth it!—*A. J. Reed.*

SNOOTY SNORERS' PRIDE

GALENA, ILL.—Having just finished reading Princess Kropotkin's article anent snoring (April 11 Liberty), I want to say that I am an accomplished snorer. On more than one occasion I woke myself up with a particularly vicious and resonant snort that dispelled any claim I might have to being a person of refinement and culture.



Since my pride is gone now, I lay claim to compete with some of our best Pullman pests or schnozzle musicians and ask, Can't something be done about this? Anything—short of murder! Why can't some of these clever inventors concentrate on that and turn out something to save the day (or yet the night), so that we snooty snorers can get back our cherished pride?—*Irene Gillette.*

NEW TYPE OF MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Liberty's review (March 7) of The Trail of the Lonesome Pine carries the erroneous statement:

"Director Henry Hathaway tested make-ups for a week, finally lighting on a light coating of powder and lipstick, *sans* grease paint and rouge."

The truth *is* that every actor in this production, from the top-notch stars to the most unimportant extra players, wore a new type of make-up which we created especially for Technicolor. The make-up *did* include the application of rouge and it *does* have a grease-paint foundation. It is the outcome of twelve years of hard work, during which time we have experimented with all types of make-up in our efforts to make the people look natural in Technicolor.

To date, there has never been a satisfactory screen make-up *sans* a grease-paint foundation for either black-and-white or color photography. You might like to know these facts.—*Max Factor.*

HOW TWO CHANGED COLOR AT THE FRONT

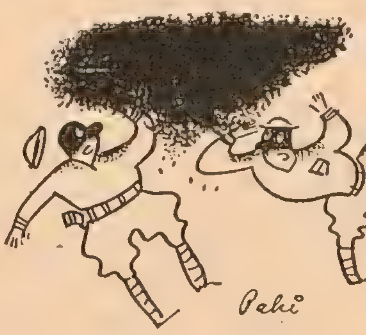
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since my last there've been a couple of good vet yarns in Vox Pop. Here's my next:

For some time after we arrived in France our entire outfit was a part of a French army corps. In the same town where we were billeted there was an outfit of those very dark gentlemen from one of the African French colonies known as Senegalese. Their best weapon was a razor-sharp, scythelike knife on a long rope. At from ten to twenty paces those buzzards could shave a man, slice his ears off, or, what they usually did, drop his head from his person. Those dusky denizens were about the meanest polecats I've run across in two decades in the military. Discipline was an unknown thing to them. They went A. W. O. L. or berserk at the least provocation.

An old pal of mine, Peter Pindar Payne of Denver, and I were on guard duty together. We were ordered to the busy railroad crossing to keep a French artillery movement from becoming tangled up with passing supply trains. Any one who has been in France will remember the small stone houses hard by all railway crossings. Peter and I were sitting on our packs near a big empty fireplace in one of those houses. The enemy commenced bombarding our town.

Peter went to the door to determine what damage was being done. At that instant a 105 shell lit close enough to him to whiff him squarely into my lap. We both dove into the old fireplace. The explosion of the shell wrecked the old chimney, and all the soot which had been accumulating since Napoleon's time literally buried us. While we were digging ourselves out of the black debris, some French scouts entered. One of them clouted me over the head with the butt of his gun and I went out like a snuffed candle.

It took a great deal of soap, water, and fast talking for us to convince them we were not escaped Senegalese. When they were persuaded that we were Americans they chose to regard us as practical jokers and put us in the guardhouse for three days.



Peter insists to this day that the war would have been over three days earlier had they not taken advantage of our accident.—*Dan Edwards.*

DO ANGELS CATCH COLD?

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Now that Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has fully explained most of the numerous fantastic, pathetic, heartrending, bloodcurdling, laughable, damnable, hair-raising angles of the Lindbergh case in a most masterly manner and left absolutely nothing to be desired by your constant readers, like myself, yet before he signs off I have a question to ask him: I want an explanation of his description of Jafsie in the April 18 Liberty, where he said:

"His voice had the husky sweetness of an angel with a slight cold."

Who ever heard of an editor getting close enough to an angel to know whether her voice was sweet, either with or without a slight cold? How did she get the cold? Was she prowling around a cemetery, scantily clad, tossing ransom cash over a stone wall? Is it really true that angels are subject to slight colds? Did he write this description after consulting that spiritualist? When this question is answered I am sure all your readers will want to call the case closed. —*J. B. Hinchliffe.*

[Our correspondent forgets that not all "angels" are of heaven, and that those who consent to live on earth are, alas, subject to our mortal ills. And why should editors be excluded from their company? More than most others, perhaps, they need their guidance, whether they speak huskily or not. But, ecclesiastically speaking, in Revelation a pastor or minister of a church is called an "angel"—and certainly we have all heard clergymen cough! I have, and I have also known another variety of "angel" to get very cold feet.—EDITOR OF LIBERTY.]

CONTESTS GET HIM GROGGY

DAYLIGHT, TENN.—Gr-r-r, I could lick twice my weight in hungry wildcats! Who started crossword puzzles and cash prize contests, anyway?

In the last five years have spent $900 buying postage stamps, answering contests and crossword puzzles, and always the same result. Some sea captain's wife or a soda jerker wins.

Why doesn't Liberty start a contest that will interest the common everyday class of people as well as society and lounge lizards?

Liberty is swell. Its stories are wonderful. But this contest business has got me groggy!—*Carlos Vinson.*

HOW LONG MUST OUR AMATEURS WAIT?

PEN ARGYL, PA.—Since one of the rules of the amateur contests states that "the editors will not enter into correspondence regarding contributions," will you print the following information in the Vox Pop pages for the benefit of all contributors?

When an amateur sends in a contribution, how long must he wait before he can be certain that his effort will not be used in Liberty? This is something that puzzles many amateurs.—*John Wasso, Jr.*

[After waiting two months, say, a contributor would be wise to conclude that he hadn't hit the mark.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HE DESERVES A TIN MEDAL

ROYAL CENTER, IND.—So Lindbergh flew the ocean, did he? And Doc Dafoe—

Well, anyway, I'm the guy that found seven pieces of pork in a can of pork and beans.—*Eddie Porter.*

VOX POP INTO TALKIES

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—It seems to me that Liberty would not be complete without your two-page section. From it I have learned many polite ways of calling other people so-and-sos. It's a liberal education and I'm here to prove it.

Why not let many other people enjoy these writings by making a movie short of Vox Pop selections? Many of the excellent Liberty serials have been made into movies.

My idea is to take the plans, schemes, and experiences submitted to Vox Pop and make skits of them. To start each reel, a spoken Macfadden editorial might be used.

Of course every letter sent to Vox Pop could not be used, but many good ones have been published that could be.—*W. A. Hickok.*

"PATRIOTISM, LOYALTY . . . SHOULD BE OUR GUIDE"

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Wonders never cease! Twenty million times or more have I seen Macfadden's familiar face pictured, but never smiling before—or is it—well, what's wrong? Liberty of April 11 contained it. He must have liked his editorial Patriotism, Loyalty to Our Country Should Be Our Guide. I did.—*John F. Perry.*

SPOKANE, WASH.—Liberty has always been a big value for a nickel, but the editorials are extremely narrow-minded and shallow.

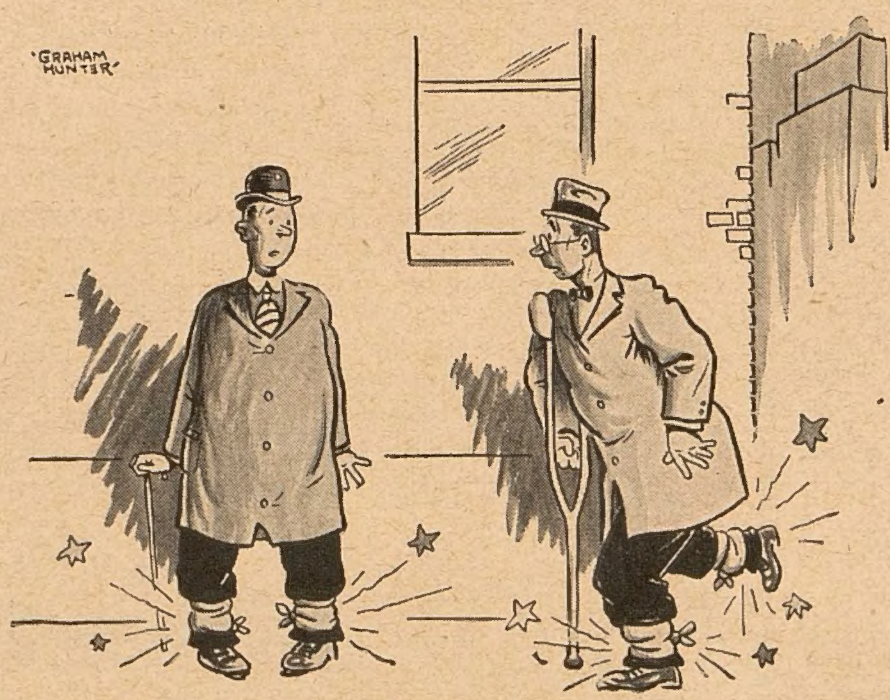
Why prate about patriotism, the Constitution, and balancing the budget, while more than half the population are unable to obtain the necessities and comforts essential for a contented, happy, and healthy existence?—*W. H. Mitchell.*

VOTES FOR MACFADDEN

TOPPENISH, WASH.—Why can't Bernarr Macfadden be induced to become a candidate for President? He seems to have the qualifications.

Among my own limited circle of acquaintances, all of whom are undecided whether to vote for some political lightweight pushed into the limelight by propaganda, or accept another four years of experimentation à la Roosevelt and hope for the best, I am certain that if Bernarr Macfadden were a candidate he would get twenty-five votes. Such response can only be typical of other communities.

It is worth serious thought.—*Fred J. Gamble.*



"Oh, so *your* wife's taken up bridge, too, eh?"

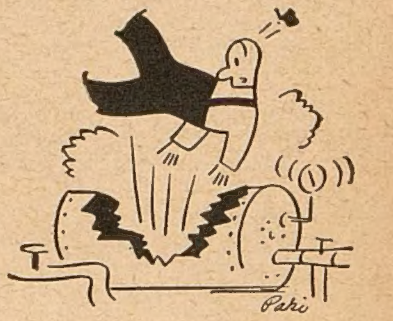
SUPERPHYSICAL SOURCES

DETROIT, MICH.—Your Mr. Collins, who "investigated" the Bronx medium Mrs. Birritella (April 4 Liberty), seems mystified that she might have obtained information on the Lindbergh affair from superphysical (not supernatural) sources, and he knows it couldn't be possible.

Very likely Mr. Collins's great-granddaddy would have also asserted that the auto, the submarine, the airplane, and the radio just couldn't be. Yet a dumbbell English medium, Mother Shipton, had the crazy idea to predict and even describe them all some four hundred years ago, and she was charged with witchcraft and burned at the stake by the religious zealots of her time.—*J. Morris.*

BULLET HOLE IN A BOILER

SCOTIA, N. Y.—What gripes me in some of your fiction stories is the fact that I run across something not true to life. For example, in Our Nell (March 28 Liberty, page 26) the author says: "Then suddenly there was a lot of steam where the bullets went through Nellie's boiler, and after that a low exasperate boom when she exploded."



If the boiler didn't explode before the bullets let some steam out (which of course reduced the steam pressure within the boiler), how in the world could it explode afterward? A bullet hole in a boiler would act just like a safety valve does, i. e., let off excess steam before the steam pressure reaches a dangerous point.

And don't try to tell me that a small bullet hole or two would weaken the boiler plate enough to cause it to explode under reduced steam pressure.—*R. F. Emerson.*

THE ONE LAW RESPECTED

VALLEJO, CALIF.—*Re* your items in April 4 Vox Pop, I think your proposal of hoosegow week ends for speeders, and the abolition of Pardon Boards—yes, and Parole Boards also—are just what is needed. But I don't think any congressman would dare to sponsor such bills.

The only law in this country that is respected by criminals is lynch law. Crooked lawyers can't beat it.—*John W. Oliver.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

WARSAW, POLAND--Unique strike tactics were put into use by 12,000 workers employed in state monopoly enterprises in tobacco, alcohol, and coffee.

Instead of walking out the workers have refused to collect their wages.

HAMBROE, SWEDEN—A newly married couple stood blushingly in front of the church. In accordance with a custom of the district, the bridegroom's brother proudly raised his shotgun to fire a salute of honor.

He fired once. The second time he slipped as he pulled the trigger.

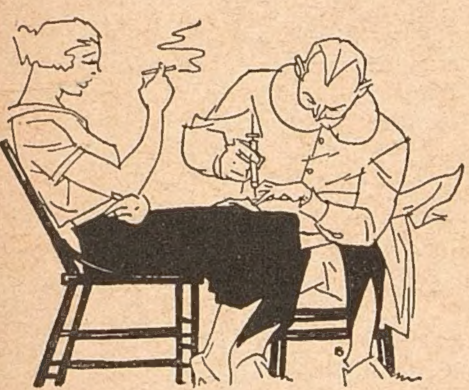
The bride and her sister were taken to the hospital—suffering from numerous shot wounds.

SPOKANE, WASH.—"Do you have a birth certificate?" asked Old-Age Pension clerk Robert B. Halliday of John Porter, applicant.

"Nope," answered Porter, "but I have this."

He removed his shirt and displayed a ulder tattooed with his name, date d place of birth, and date of marriage.

N DIEGO, CALIF.—Norman E. Mason on a divorce decree, charging he found s wife in a tattoo parlor having initials ttooed on her legs. He said he didn't ecognize the initials.



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LUCKY OMENS

It is lucky in love affairs to see the moon over the left shoulder; lucky in business to see it over the right shoulder.

The new moon is propitious in marking the beginning of planting, courtships, and business ventures.

The waning moon is to be followed in journeys by sea and land and in all matters pertaining to economy in family and business matters.

A bright star seen above the new moon means the granting of any good wish ere that moon waxes and wanes.

—Roy L. McCardell.

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Don't hatch your chickens until they're ounted.

—The AAA.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY SEWELL A. BOOTH

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

WHY GARBO IS MAKING HER LAST PICTURE

The mysterious woman "who carries in her bosom the ache which is at the mainspring of human consciousness," Greta Garbo is under contract to make two more pictures for Hollywood. Will she finish out her stint? If she should not, what will the reason be? Is the woman whose ten years of triumph is already a Hollywood legend destined for early and complete film oblivion? Frederick L. Collins, Liberty's peer of filmdom writers, gives you the newest Garbo probabilities next week in Liberty.

ALSO

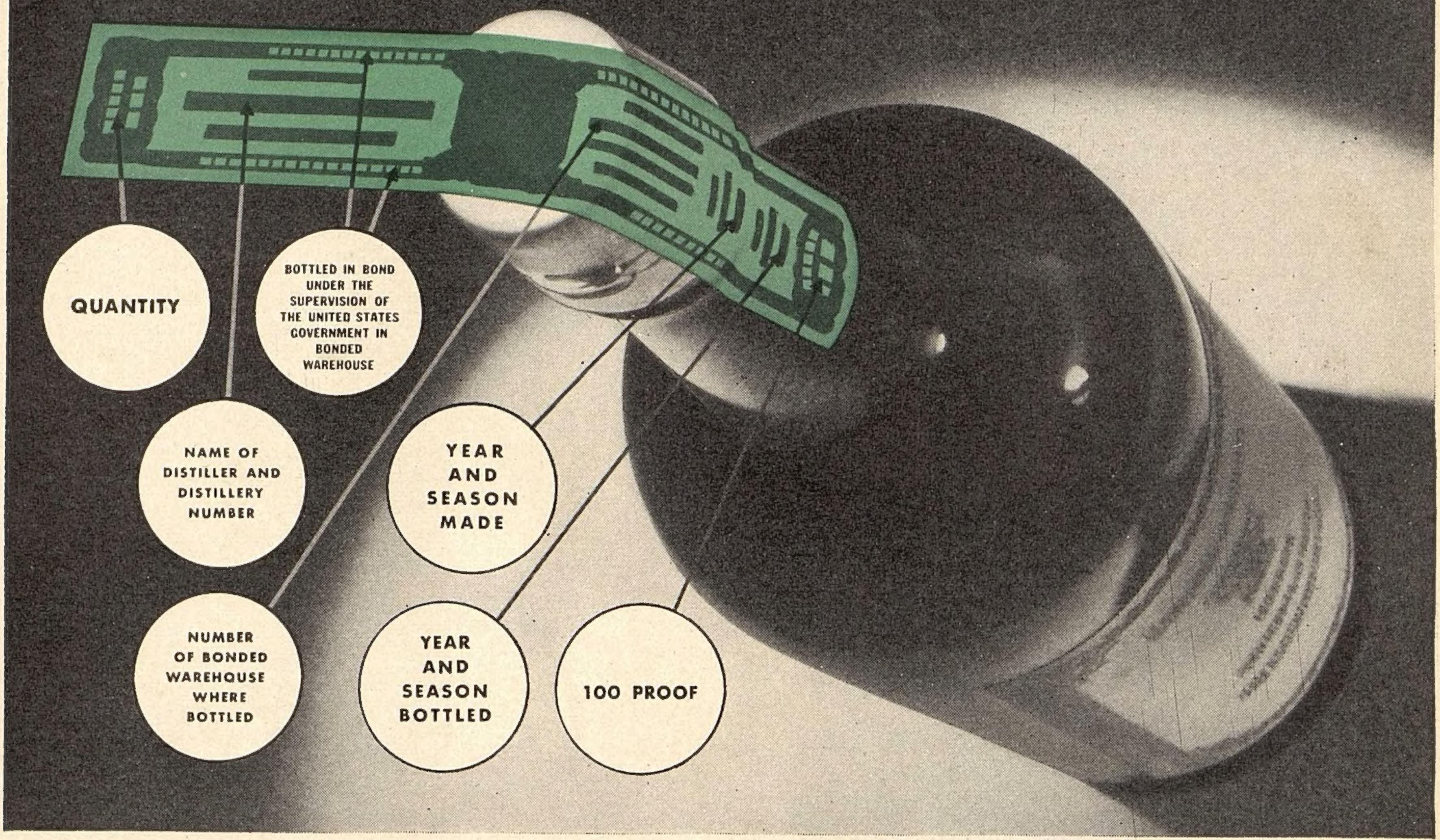
DARK MASQUERADE—WITHOUT WARNING—WOMEN OF THE WORLD—THE GIRL HE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR—A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON ETIQUETTE—HITLER PLANNING TO BE KIND TO JEWS?—OLYMPIC FORECAST—IF LINCOLN WERE IN THE WHITE HOUSE TODAY

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MAY 20

What do you mean Bottled in bond?


QUANTITY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN BONDED WAREHOUSE
NAME OF DISTILLER AND DISTILLERY NUMBER
YEAR AND SEASON MADE
NUMBER OF BONDED WAREHOUSE WHERE BOTTLED
YEAR AND SEASON BOTTLED
100 PROOF

KEEP your eyes open the next time you step up to a bar or into a liquor store and you will see that some whiskies have green stamps, some have red ones, some have blue and others have yellow.

Only one of these signifies that the whiskey is *bottled in bond under the supervision of the United States Government and that stamp is GREEN.*

The red stamp signifies nothing regarding the age, nothing regarding the proof. It is only an evidence that the Federal tax is paid.

The blue and yellow stamps identify whiskey bottled in bond in Canada.

Now look at the diagram printed at the top of this page, and find out what that green stamp means.

The green stamp can be used only when the whiskey meets the following requirements:

- Every drop must be straight whiskey—at least *four years in the wood.*
- Every drop must be distilled in the United States, stored and ripened in the United States, and bottled under the U. S. Government supervision.
- Every drop must be *100 proof.*

No other whiskey in the world has to meet such a rigid set of standards.

But even among American bottled in bond whiskies, there is a difference—for the quality of the whiskey as finally bottled is determined first of all by the skill and care with which it is distilled—and you can safely count on these when you see the National Distillers emblem on the label.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS
STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Bottled in Bond
Under the Supervision of the
U. S. Government
All 100 Proof and at least 4½ years old

BOURBONS	RYES
OLD GRAND-DAD	**OLD OVERHOLT**
OLD TAYLOR	**MOUNT VERNON**

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

A Good Guide to Good Whiskey

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

a Toast
to a
good cigarette

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...you are never lonely
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...you are never happy
without them

ALL AROUND THE CLOCK
Chesterfields will give you
downright pleasure
—they will satisfy you

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